McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. MAY, 1898. No. 1.

THE POLAR ZONE.

A STORY BY JOHN A. HILL.

VERY few of my friends know me for a seafaring man, but I sailed the salt seas, man and boy, for nine months and eighteen days, and I know just as much about sailing the hereinbefore mentioned salt seas as I ever want to.

Ever so long ago, when I was young and tender, I used to have fits of wanting to go into business for myself. Along about the front edge of the seventies, pay for "toting" people and "truck" over the eastern railroads of New England was not of sufficient plenitude to worry a man as to how he would invest his pay check—it was usually invested before he got it. One of my periodical fits of wanting to go into business for myself came on suddenly one day, when I got home and found another baby in the house. I was right in the very worst spasms of it when my brother Enoch, whom I hadn't seen for seventeen years, walked in on me.

Enoch was fool enough to run away to sea when he was twelve years old—I suppose he was afraid he would get the chance to do something besides whaling. We were born down New Bedford way, where another boy and myself were the only two fellows in the district, for over forty years, who didn't go hunting whales, icebergs, foul smells, and scurvy, up in King Frost's bailiwick, just south of the Pole.

Enoch had been captain and part owner of a Pacific whaler; she had recently burned at Honolulu, and he was back home now to buy a new ship. He had heard that I, his little brother John, was the best locomotive engineer in the whole world, and had come to see me—partly on account of relationship, but more to get my advice about buying a steam whaling-ship. Enoch knew more about whales and ships and such things than you could put down in a book, but he had no more idea *how* steam propelled a ship than I had what a "skivvie tricer" was.

Well, before the week was out, Enoch showed me that he was pretty well fixed in a financial way, and as he had no kin but me that he cared about, he offered me an interest in his new steam whaler, if I would go as chief engineer with her to the North Pacific.

The terms were liberal and the chance a good one, so it seemed, and after a good many consultations, my wife agreed to let me go for *one* cruise. She asked about the stops to be made in going around the Horn, and figured mentally a little after each place was named—I believe now, she half expected that I would desert the ship and walk home from one of these stops, and was figuring on the time it would take me.

When the robins were building their nests, the new steam whaler, "Champion," left New Bedford for parts unknown (*via* the Horn), with the sea-sickest chief engineer that ever smelt fish oil. The steam plant wasn't very much—two boilers and a plain twenty-eight by thirty-six double engine, and any amount of hoisting rigs, blubber-boilers, and other paraphernalia. We refitted in San Francisco, and on a clear summer morning turned the white-painted figure-head of the

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"Champion" toward the north and stood out for Behring Sea. But, while we lay at the mouth of the Yukon River, up in Alaska, getting ready for a sally into the realm of water above the Straits, a whaler, bound for San Francisco and home, dropped anchor near us, the homesickness struck in on me, and—never mind the details now—your Uncle John came home without any whales, and was mighty glad to get on the extra list of the old road.

The story I want to tell, however, is another man's story, and it was while lying in the Yukon that I heard it. I was deeply impressed with it at the time, and meant to give it to the world as soon as I got home, for I set it all down plain then, but I lost my diary, and half forgot the story—who wouldn't forget a story when he had to make two hundred and ten miles a day on a locomotive and had five children at home? But now, after twenty years, my wife turns up that old diary in the garret this spring while house-cleaning. Fred had it and an old Fourth-of-July cannon put away in an ancient valise, as a boy will treasure up useless things.

Under the head of October 12th, I find this entry:

"At anchor in Yukon River, weather fair, recent heavy rains; set out packing and filed main-rod brasses of both engines. Settled with Enoch to go home on first ship bound south. Demented white man brought on board by Indians, put in my cabin."

In the next day's record there appears the following: "Watched beside sick man all night; in intervals of sanity he tells a strange story, which I will write down to-day."

The 14th has the following:

"Wrote out story of stranger. See the back of this book."

And at the back of the book, written on paper cut from an old log of the "Champion," is the story that now, more than twenty-five years later, I tell you here:

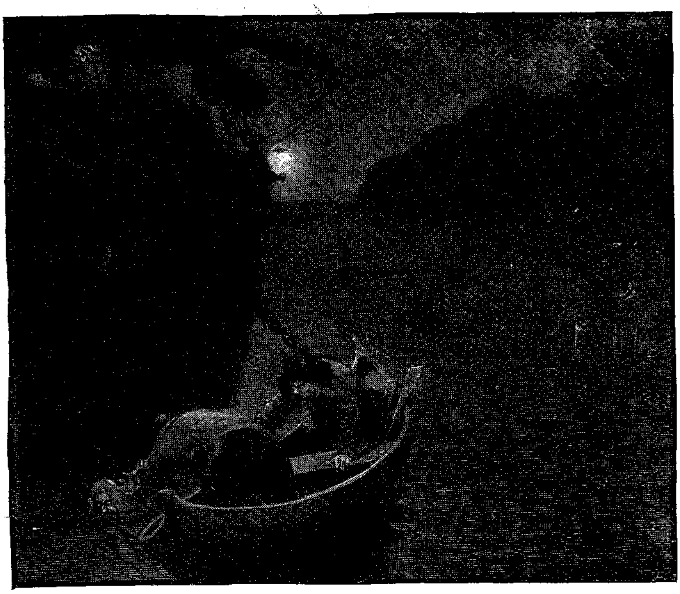
On the evening of the 12th, I went on deck to smoke and think of home, after a hard day's work getting the engines in shape for a siege. The ship was very quiet, half the crew being ashore, and some of the rest having gone in the boat with Captain Enoch to the "Enchantress," homeward bound and lying about half a mile below us. I am glad to say that Enoch's principal business aboard the "Enchantress" is to get me passage to San Francisco. I despise this kind of dreariness—rather be in State prison near the folks.

I sat on the rail, just abaft the stack, watching some natives handle their big canoes, when a smaller one came alongside. I noticed that one of the occupants lay at full length in the frail craft, but paid little attention until the canoe touched our side. Then the bundle of skins and Indian clothes bounded up, almost screamed, "At last!" made a spring at the stays, missed them, and fell with a loud splash into the water.

The Indians rescued him at once, and in a few seconds he lay like one dead on the deck. I saw at a glance that the stranger in Indian clothes was a white man and an American.

A pretty stiff dram of liquor brought him to slightly. He opened his eyes, looked up at the rigging, and, closing his eyes, he murmured: "Thank God!—'Frisco—Polaria!"

I had him undressed and put him into my berth. He was shaking as with an ague, and when his clothes were off we plainly saw the reason—he was a skeleton, starving. I went on deck at once to make some inquiry of the Indians about our strange visitor, but their boat was just disappearing in the twilight.

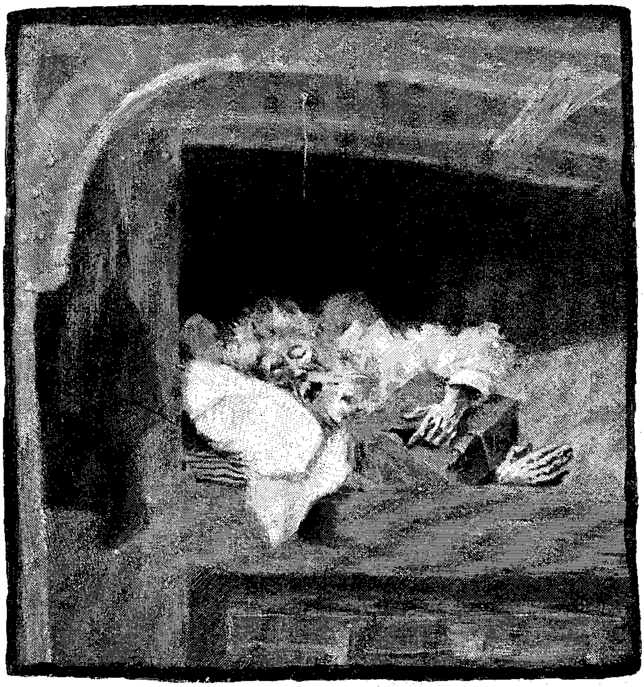


"The Indians rescued him at once."

The man gained strength, as we gave him nourishment in small, frequent doses, and talked in a disjointed way of everything under the sun. I sat with him all night. Toward morning he seemed to sleep longer at a time, and in the afternoon of yesterday fell into a deep slumber, from which he did not waken for nearly twenty hours.

When he did waken, he took nourishment in larger quantities, and then went off into another long sleep. The look of pain on his face lessened, a healthy glow appeared on his cheek, and he slept so soundly that I turned in—on the floor.

I was awake along in the small hours of the morning, and heard my patient stirring, so I got up and drew the little curtain over the bulls-eye port—it was already daylight. I gave him a drink and a biscuit, and told him I would go to the cook's galley and get him some broth, but he begged to wait until breakfast time—said he felt refreshed, and would just nibble a sea biscuit. Then he ate a dozen in as many minutes.



“. . . *Leaving him with his arms around his ‘sacred’ package*”

“Did you take care of my pack?” he said eagerly, throwing his legs out of the berth, and looking wildly at me.

“Yes, it's all right; lie down and rest,” said I; for I thought that to cross him would set him off his head again.

“Do you know that dirty old pack contains more treasures than the mines of Africa?”

“It don't look it,” I answered, and laughed to get him in a pleasant frame of mind—for I hadn't seen nor heard of his pack.

“Not for the little gold and other valuable things, but the proofs of a discovery as great as Columbus made, the discovery of a new continent, a new people, a new language, a new civilization, and riches beyond the dreams of a Solomon——”

He shut his eyes for a minute, and then continued: “But beyond Purgatory, through Death, and the other side of Hell——”

Just here Enoch came in to inquire after his health, and sat down for a minute's chat. Enoch is first, last, and all the time captain of a whaler; he knows about whales and whale-hunters just as an engineer on the road knows every speck of scenery along the line, every man, and every engine. Enoch couldn't talk ten minutes without being “reminded” of an incident in his whaling life; couldn't meet a whaleman without “yarning” about the whale business. He lit his pipe and asked: “Been whaling, or hunting the North Pole?”

“Well, both.”

“What ship?”

“The ‘Duncan McDonald.’”

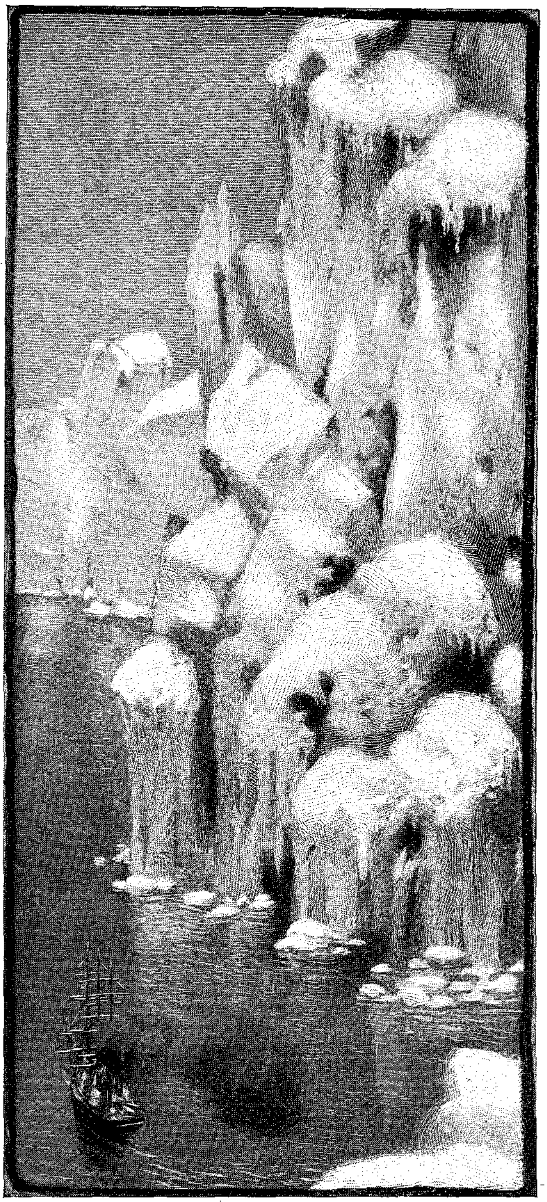
“The—the ‘McDonald!’—why, man, we counted her lost these five years; tell me about her, quick. Old Chuck Burrows was a particular friend of mine—where is he?”

“Captain, Father Burrows and the ‘Duncan McDonald’ have both gone over the unknown ocean to the port of missing ships.”

“Sunk?”

“Aye, and crushed to atoms in a frozen hell.”

Enoch looked out of the little window for a long time, forgot his pipe, and at last wiped a tear out of his eye, saying, as much to himself as to us: “George Burrows made me first mate of the first ship he ever sailed. She was named for his mother, and we left her in the ice away up about the seventy-third parallel. He was made of the salt of



" *What seemed to be a giant iceberg . . .*"

the earth—a sailor and a nobleman. But he was a dare-devil—didn't know fear—and was always venturing where none of the rest of us would dare go. He bought the 'McDonald,' remodeled and refitted her after he got back from the war—she was more than a whaler, and I had a feeling that she would carry Burrows and his crew away forever——"

Eight bells rung just here, and Enoch left us, first ordering breakfast for the stranger, and saying he would come back to hear the rest after breakfast.

As I was going out, a sailor came to the door with a flat package, perhaps six inches thick and twelve or fourteen square, covered with a dirty piece of skin made from the intestines of a whale, which is used by the natives of this clime because it is light and waterproof.

"We found this in a coil of rope, sir; it must belong to him. It must be mostly lead."

It was heavy, and I set it inside the door, remarking that here was his precious pack.

"Precious! aye, aye, sir; precious don't describe it. Sacred, that's the word. That package will cause more excitement in the world than the discovery of gold in California. This is the first time it's been out of my sight or feeling for months and months; put it in the bunk here, please."

I went away, leaving him with his arms around his "sacred" package.

After breakfast, Enoch and I went to the little cabin to hear the stranger's story, and I, for one, confess to a great deal of curiosity. Our visitor was swallowing his last bowl of coffee as we went in. "So you knew Captain Burrows and the 'Duncan McDonald,'" said he. "Let me see, what is your name?"

"Alexander, captain of the 'Champion,' at your service, sir."

"Alexander; you're not the first mate, Enoch Alexander, who sat on a dead whale all night, holding on to a lance staff, after losing your boat and crew?"

"The same."

"Why, I've heard Captain Burrows speak of you a thousand times."

"But you were going to tell us about the 'Duncan McDonald.' Tell us the whole cruise from stem to stern."

"Let's see, where shall I begin?"

"At the very beginning," I put in.

"Well, perhaps you've noticed, and perhaps you have not, but I'm not a sailor by inclination or experience. I accidentally went out on the 'Duncan McDonald.' How old would you take me to be?"

"Fifty or fifty-five," said Enoch.

"Thanks, Captain, I know I must look all of that; but, let me see, forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy—seventy—what year is this?"

"Seventy-three."

“Seventy-three. Well, I'm only twenty-eight now.”

“Impossible! Why, man, you're as gray as I am, and I'm twice that.”

“I was born in forty-five, just the same. My father was a sea captain in the old clipper days, and a long time after. He was in the West India trade when the war broke out, and as he had been educated in the navy, enlisted at once. It was on one of the gun-boats before Vicksburg that he was killed. My mother came of a well-to-do family of merchants, the Clarks of Boston, and—to make a long story short—died in sixty-six, leaving me considerable money.

“An itching to travel, plenty of money, my majority, and no ties at home, sent me away from college to roam, and so one spring morning in sixty-seven found me sitting lazily in the stern of a little pleasure boat off Fort Point in the Golden Gate, listlessly watching a steam whaler come in from the Pacific. My boatman called my attention to her, remarking that she was spick-and-span new, and the biggest one he ever saw, but I took very little notice of the ship until, in tacking across her wake, I noticed her name in gold letters across the stern—‘Duncan McDonald.’ Now that is my own name, and was my father's; and try as I would, I could not account for this name as a coincidence, common as the name might be in the highlands of the home of my ancestors; and before the staunch little steamer had gotten a mile away, I ordered the boat to follow her. I intended to go aboard and learn, if possible, something of how her name originated.

“As she swung at anchor, off Goat Island, I ran my little boat alongside of her and asked for a rope. ‘Rope?’ inquired a Yankee sailor, sticking his nose and a clay pipe overboard; ‘might you be wantin' to come aboard?’

“‘Yes, I want to see the captain!’

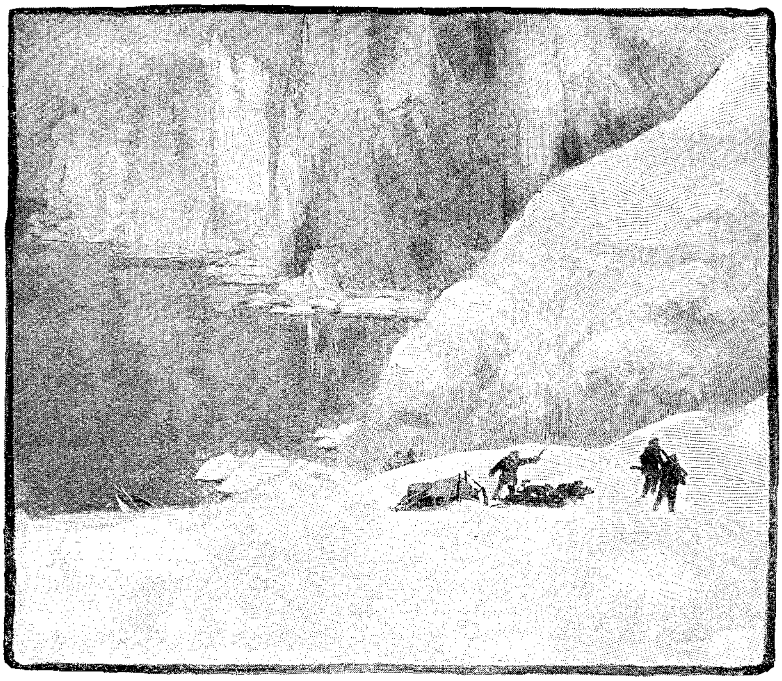
“‘Well, the cap'en's jest gone ashore; his gig is yonder now, enemost to the landin'. You come out this evenin'. The cap'en's particular about strangers, but he's always to home of an evenin'.’

“‘Who's this boat named after?’

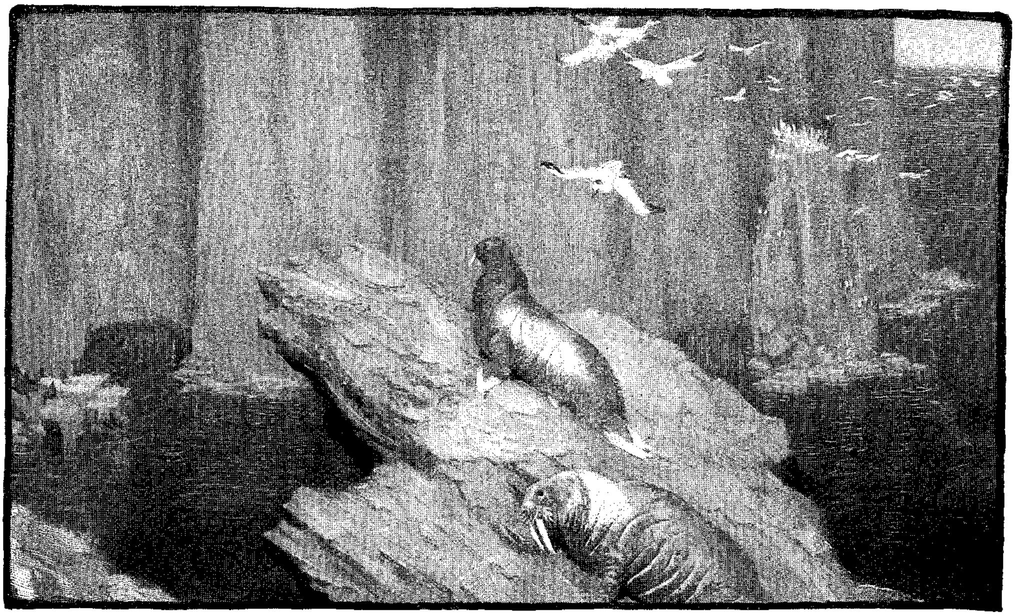
“‘The Lord knows, stranger; I don't. But I reckon the cap'en ken tell; he built her.’

“I left word that I would call in the evening, and at eight o'clock was alongside again. This time I was assisted on board and shown to the door of the captain's cabin; the sailor knocked and went away. It was a full minute I stood there before the knock was answered, and then from the inside, in a voice like the roar of a bull, came the call: ‘Well, come in!’

“I opened the door on a scene I shall never forget. A bright light swung from



“The long-boat landed our little party of six men and seven dogs.”



" We could see, on the rocks at the foot of the crags, seals, and some other animals."

the beams above, and under it sat a giant of the sea—Captain Burrows. He had the index finger of his right hand resting near the North Pole of an immense globe; there were many books about, rolls of charts, firearms, instruments, clothing, and apparent disorder everywhere. The cabin was large, well-furnished, and had something striking about it. I looked around in wonder, without saying a word. Captain Burrows was the finest-looking man I ever saw—six feet three, straight, muscular, with a pleasant face; but the keenest, steadiest blue eye you ever saw. His hair was white, but his long flowing beard had much of the original yellow. He must have been sixty. But for all the pleasant face and kindly eye, you would notice through his beard the broad, square chin that proclaimed the decision and staying qualities of the man."

"That's George Burrows, stranger, to the queen's taste—just as good as a photograph," broke in Enoch.

"Well," continued the stranger, "he let me look for a minute or two, and then said: 'Was it anything particular?'

"I found my tongue then, and answered: 'I hope you'll excuse me, sir; but I must confess it is curiosity. I came on board out of curiosity to——'

"'Reporter, hey?' asked the captain.

"'No, sir; the fact is that your ship has an unusual name, one that interests me, and I wish to make so bold as to ask how she came to have it.'

"'Any patent on the name?'

"'Oh, no, but I——'

"'Well, young man, this ship—by the way, the finest whaler that was ever stuck together—is named for a friend of mine; just such a man as she is a ship—the best of them all.'

"'Was he a sailor?'

"'Aye, aye, sir, and such a sailor. Fight! why, man, fighting was meat and drink to him——'

"'Was he a whaler?'

"'No, he wa'n't; but he was the best man I ever knew who wa'n't a whaler. He was a navy sailor, he was, and a whole ten-pound battery by hisself. Why, you jest ort to see him waltz his old tin-clad gun-boat up agin one of them reb forts—jest naturally skeered 'em half to death before he commenced shooting at all.'

"'Wasn't he killed at the attack on Vicksburg?'

"'Yes, yes; you knowed him, didn't you? He was a——'

"'He was my father.'

"'What? Your father?' yelled Captain Burrows, jumping up and grasping both my hands. 'Of course he was; darn my lubberly wit that I couldn't see that before!' Then he hugged me as if I was a ten-year-old girl, and danced around me like a maniac.

"'By all the gods at once, if this don't seem like Providence—yes, sir, old man Providence himself! What are you a-doin'?

When did you come out here? Where be you goin', anyway?'

“I found my breath, and told him briefly how I was situated. ‘Old man Providence has got his hand on the tiller of this craft or I'm a grampus! Say! do you know I was wishin' and waitin' for you? Yes, sir; no more than yesterday, says I to myself, Chuck Burrows, says I, you are gettin' long too fur to the wind'ard o' sixty fur this here trip all to yourself. You ort to have young blood in this here enterprise; and then I just clubbed myself for being a lubber and not getting married young and havin' raised a son that I could trust. Yes, sir, jest nat'rally cussed myself from stem to stern, and never onct thought as mebbe my old messmate, Duncan McDonald, might 'a'done suthin' for his country afore that day at Vicks—say! I want to give you half this ship. Mabee I'll do the square thing and give you the whole of the tub yet. All I want is for you to go along with me on a voyage of discovery—be my helper, secretary, partner, friend—anything. What de ye say? Say!' he yelled again, before I could answer, ‘tell ye what I'll do! Bless me if—if I don't adopt ye; that's what I'll do. Call me pop from this out, and I'll call you son. *Son!*' he shouted, bringing his fist down with a bang on the table. ‘*Son!* that's the stuff! By the bald-headed Abraham, who says Chuck Burrows ain't got no kin? The ‘Duncan McDonald,' Burrows & Son, owners, captain, chief cook, and blubber cooker. And who says they ain't?'

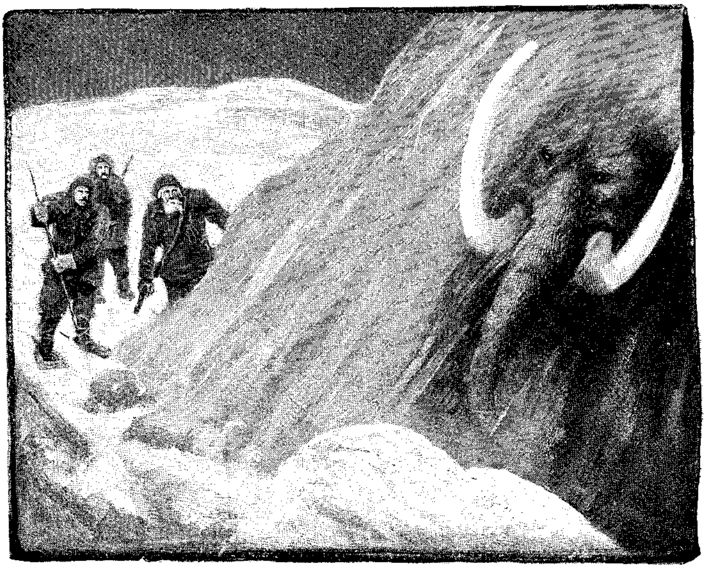
“And the old captain glared around as if he defied anybody and everybody to question the validity of the claims so excitedly made.

“Well, gentlemen, of course there was much else said and done, but that announcement stood; and to the day of his death I always called the captain Father Burrows, and he called me ‘son,' always addressing me so when alone, as well as when in the company of others. I went every day to the ship, or accompanied Father Burrows on some errand into the city, while the boat was being refitted and prepared for a three-years' cruise.

“Every day the captain let me more and more into his plans, told me interesting things of the North, and explained his theory of the way to reach the Pole, and what could be found there; which fascinated me. Captain Burrows had spent years in the North, had noted that particularly open seasons occurred in what appeared cycles of a given number of years, and proposed to go above the eightieth parallel and wait for an open season. That, according to his figuring, would occur the following year.

“I was young, vigorous, and of a venturesome spirit, and entered into every detail with a zest that captured the heart of the old sailor. My education helped him greatly, and new books and instruments were added to our store for use on the trip. The crew knew only that we were going on a three-years' cruise. They had no share in the profits, but were paid extra big wages in gold, and were expected to go to out-of-the-way places and further north than usual. Captain Burrows and myself only knew that there was a brand-new twenty-foot silk flag rolled up in oil-skin in the cabin, and that Father Burrows had declared: ‘By the hoary-headed Nebblekenizer, I'll put them stars and stripes on new land, and mighty near to the Pole, or start a butt a-trying.'

“In due course of time we were all ready, and the ‘Duncan McDonald' passed out of the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific, drew her fires, and stopped her engines, reserving this force for a more urgent time. She spread her ample canvas, and stood away toward Alaska and the unknown and undiscovered beyond.



“. . . *The frozen carcass of an immense mastodon.*”

"The days were not long for me, for they were full of study and anticipation. Long chats with the eccentric but masterful man whose friendship and love for my father had brought us together were the entertainment and stimulus of my existence—a man who knew nothing of science, except that he was master of it in his own way; who knew all about navigation, and to whom the northern seas were as familiar as the contour of Boston Common was to me; who had more stories of whaling than you could find in print, and better ones than can ever be printed.

"I learned first to respect, then to admire, and finally to love this old salt. How many times he told me of my father's death, and how and when he had risked his life to save the life of Father Burrows or some of the rest of his men. As the days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, Captain Burrows and myself became as one man.

"I shall never forget the first Sunday at sea. Early in the morning I heard the captain order the boatswain to pipe all hands to prayers. I had noticed nothing of a religious nature in the man, and, full of curiosity, went on deck with the rest. Captain Burrows took off his hat at the foot of the mainmast, and said:

"'My men, this is the first Sunday we have all met together; and as some of you are not familiar with the religious services on board the 'Duncan McDonald,' I will state that, as you may have noticed, I asked no man about his belief when I employed him —I hired you to simply work this ship—but on Sundays it is our custom to meet here in friendship, man to man, Protestant and Catholic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Fire-worshiper, and pagan, and look into our own hearts, worshiping God as we know him, each in his own way. If any man has committed any offense against his God, let him make such reparation as he thinks will appease that God; but if any man has committed an offense against his fellow-man, let him settle with that man now and here, and not worry God with the details. Religion is goodness and justice and honesty; no man needs a sky-pilot to lay a course for him, for he alone knows where the channel, and the rocks, and the bar of his own heart are—look into your hearts.'

"Captain Burrows stood with his hat in his hand, and bowed as if in prayer, and all the old tars bowed as reverently as if the most eloquent divine was exhorting an unseen power in their behalf. The new men followed the example of the rest. It was just three minutes by the wheel-house clock before the captain straightened up and said 'Amen,' and the men turned away about their tasks.

"'Beats mumblin' your words out of a book, like a Britisher,' said the captain to me; 'can't offend no man's religion, and helps every one on 'em.'

"Long months after, I attended a burial service conducted in the same way—in silence.

"In due course of time we anchored in Norton Sound, and spent the rest of the winter there; and in the spring of sixty-eight, we worked our way north through the ice. We passed the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude on July 4th. During the summer we took a number of whales, storing away as much oil as the captain thought necessary, as he only wanted it for fuel and our needs, intending to take none home to sell unless we were unsuccessful in the line of discovery—in that event he intended to stay until he had a full cargo."

Here our entertainer gave out, and had to rest; and while resting he went to sleep, so that he did not take up his story until the next day.

In the morning our guest expressed a desire to be taken on deck; and, dressed in warm sailor clothes, he rested his hand on my shoulder, and slowly crawled on deck and to a sheltered corner beside the captain's cabin. Here he was bundled up; and again Enoch and I sat down to listen to the strange story of the wanderer.

"I hope it won't annoy you, gentlemen," said he, "but I can't settle down without my pack; I find myself thinking of its safety. Would you mind sending down for it?"

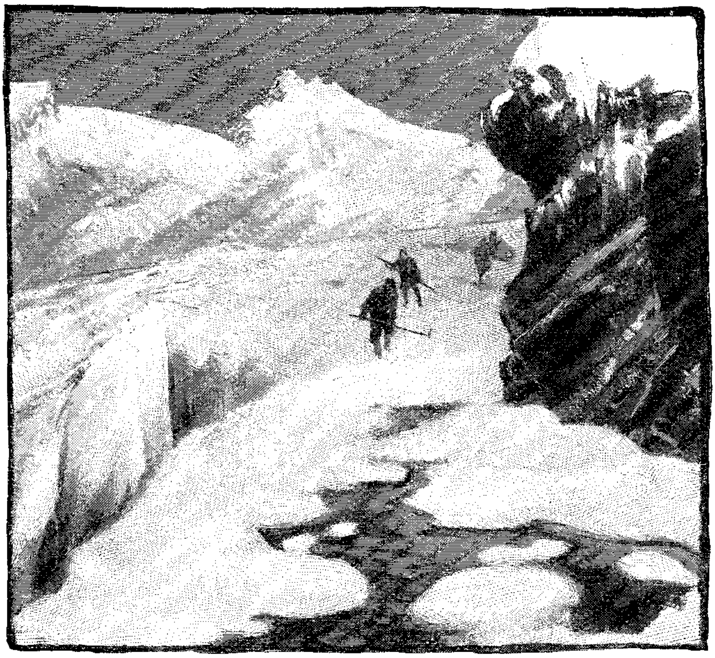
It was brought up, and set down beside him; he looked at it lovingly, slipped the rude strap-loop over his arm, and seemed ready to take up his story where he left off. He began:

"I don't remember whether I told you or not, but one of the objects of Captain Burrows's trip was to settle something definite about the location of the magnetic pole, and other magnetic problems, and determine the cause of some of the well-known distortions of the magnetic needle. He had some odd, perhaps crude, instruments, of his own design, which he had caused to be constructed for this purpose, and we found them very efficient devices in the end. Late in July, we found much open water, and steamed steadily in a northwesterly course. We would find a great field of icebergs, then miles of floe, and then again open water. The aurora was seen every evening, but it seemed pale and white.

"Captain Burrows brought the 'Duncan McDonald's' head around to the west in open water, one fine day in early August, and cruised slowly; taking a great many observations, and hunting, as he told me, for floating ice—he was hunting for a current. For several days we kept in the open water, but close to the ice, until one morning the captain ordered the ship to stand due north across the open sea.

"He called me into his cabin, and with a large map of the polar regions on his table, to which he often referred, he said: 'Son, I've been hunting for a current; there's plenty of 'em in the Arctic Ocean, but the one I want ain't loafing around here. You see, son, it's currents that carries these icebergs and floes south; I didn't tell you, but some days when we were in those floes, we lost as much as we gained. We worked our way north through the floe, but not on the surface of the globe; the floe was taking us south with it. Maybe you won't believe it, but there are currents going north in this sea; once or twice in a lifetime, a whaler or passage-hunter returns with a story of being drifted *north*—now that's what I want, I am hunting for a northern current. We will go to the northern shore of this open water, be it one mile or one thousand, and there—well, hunt again.'

"Well, it was in September when we at last got to what seemed the northern shore of this open sea. We had to proceed very slowly, as there were almost daily fogs and occasional snow-storms; but one morning the ship rounded to, almost under the shadow of what seemed to be a giant iceberg. Captain Burrows came on deck, rubbing his hands in glee.



"We were often obliged to go around a great boulder of granite."

"'Son,' said he, 'that is no iceberg; that's ancient ice, perpetual ice, the great ice-ring—palæocrystic ice, you scientific fellows call it. I saw it once before, in thirty-seven, when a boy; that's it, and, son, beyond that there is something. Take notice that that is ice; clear, glary ice. You know a so-called iceberg is really a snowberg; it's three-fourths under water. Now, it may be possible that, that being ice which will float more than half out of water, the northern currents may go under it—but I don't believe it. Under or over, I am going to find one of 'em, if it takes till doomsday.'

"We sailed west, around close to this great wall of ice, for two weeks, without seeing any evidence of a current of any kind, until there came on a storm from the northwest that drove a great deal of ice around the great ring; but it seemed to keep rather clear of the great wall of ice and to go off in a tangent toward the south. The lead showed no bottom at one hundred fathoms, even within a quarter of a mile of the ice.

"It was getting late in the season, the mercury often going down to fifteen below zero, and every night the aurora became brighter. We sailed slowly around the open water, and finally found a place where the sheer precipice of ice disappeared and the shore sloped down to something like a beach. Putting out a sea-anchor, the 'Duncan McDonald' kept within a half-a-mile of this icy shore. The captain had determined to land and survey the place, which far away back seemed to terminate in mountain peaks of ice.

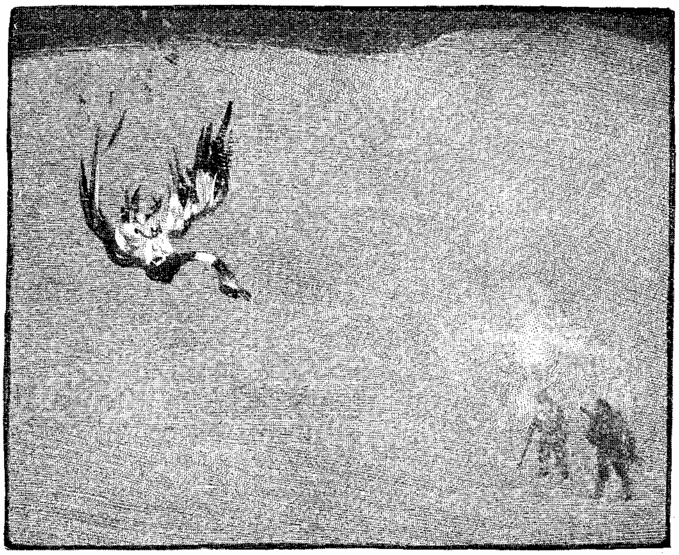
"That night the captain and I sat on the rail of our ship, talking over the plans for to-morrow's expedition, when the ship slowly but steadily swung around her stern to the mountain of ice—the engines had been moving slowly to keep her head to the wind. Captain Burrows jumped to his feet in joy. 'A current!' he shouted; 'a current, and toward the north, too—old man Providence again, son; he allus takes care of his own!'

"Some staves were thrown overboard, and, sure enough, they floated toward the ice; but there was no evidence of an opening in the mighty ring, and I remarked to Captain Burrows that the current evidently went under the ice.

"'It looks like it did, son; it looks like it did; but if it goes under, we will go over.'

"After we had taken a few hours of sleep, the long-boat landed our little party of five men and seven dogs. We had food and drink for a two weeks' trip, were well armed, and carried some of our instruments. It appeared to be five or six miles to the top of the mountain, but it proved more than thirty. We were five days in getting there, and did so only after a dozen adventures that I will tell you at another time.

"We soon began to find stones and dirt in the ice, and before we had gone ten miles, found the frozen carcass of an immense mastodon—its great tusks only showing above the level; but its huge, woolly body quite plainly visible in the ice. The ice was melting, and there were many streams running towards the open water. It was warmer as we proceeded. Dirt and rocks became the rule, instead of the exception, and we were often obliged to go around a great boulder of granite. While we were resting, on the third day, for a bite to eat, one of the men took a dish, scooped up some sand from the bottom of the icy stream, and 'panned' it out. There was gold in it: gold enough to pay to work the ground. About noon of the fifth day, we reached the summit of the mountain, and from there looked down the other side—upon a sight the like of which no white men had ever seen before.


"There were some wild screams in the air, and a bird came down."

"From the very summits of this icy-ring mountain the northern side was a sheer precipice of more than three thousand feet, and was composed of rocks, and rocks only, the foot of the mighty crags being washed by an open ocean; and this was lighted up by a peculiar crimson glow. Great white whales sported in the waters; huge sea-birds hung in circles high in the air; yet below us, and with our glasses, we could see, on the rocks at the foot of the crags, seals and some other animals that were strange to us. But follow the line of beetling crags and mountain peaks where you would, the northern side presented a solid blank wall of awful rocks, in many places the summit overhanging and the shore well under in the mighty shadow. Nothing that any of us had ever seen in nature before was so impressive, so awful. We started on our return, after a couple of hours of the awe-inspiring sight beyond the great ring, and for full two hours not a man spoke.

" 'Father Burrows,' said I, 'what do you think that is back there?'

" 'No man knows, my son, and it will devolve on you and me to name it; but we won't unless we get to it and can take back proofs.'

" 'Do you think we could get down the other side?'

" 'No, I don't think so, and we seem to have struck it in the lowest spot in sight. I'd give ten years of my life if the "Duncan McDonald" was over there in that duck pond.'

" 'Captain,' said Eli Jeffries, the second mate, 'do you know what I've been thinkin'? I believe that 'ere water we seen is an open passage from the Behring side of the frozen ocean over agin' some of them 'ere Roosian straits. If we could get round to the end of it, we'd sail right through the great North-west Passage.'

" 'You don't think there is land over there somewhere?'

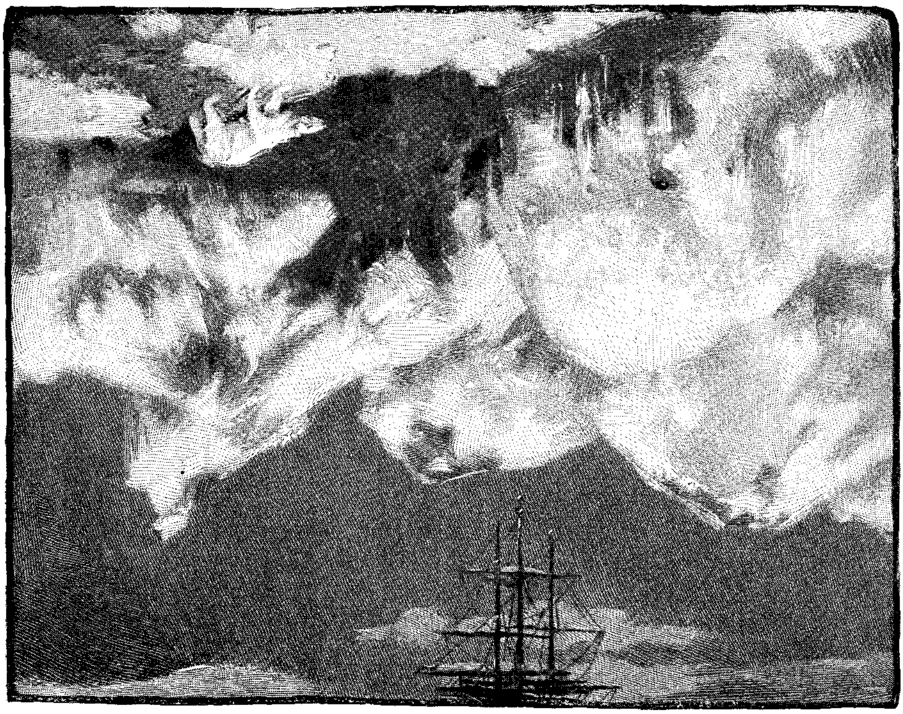
" 'Nope.'

" 'Didn't take notice that the face of your "passage" was granite or quartz rocks, hey? Didn't notice all them animals and birds, hey?——'

" 'Look out!' yelled the man ahead with the dog-sledge.

" A strange, whirring noise was heard in the foggy light, that sounded over our heads. We all dropped to the ground, and the noise increased, until a big flock of huge birds passed over us in rapid flight north. There must have been thousands of them. Captain Burrows brought his shot-gun to his shoulder and fired. There were some wild screams in the air, and a bird came down to the ice with a loud thud. It looked very large a hundred feet away, but sight is very deceiving in this white country in the semi-darkness. We found it a species of duck, rather large and with gorgeous plumage.

" 'Goin' north, to Eli's "passage" to lay her eggs on the ice,' said the captain, half sarcastically.



"It looked very near, and . . . we could distinguish polar bears on the ice-crags."

"We reached the ship in safety, and the captain and I spent long hours in trying to form some plan for getting beyond the great ice-ring.

"'If it's warm up there, and everything that we've seen says it is, all this cold water that's going north gets warm and goes out some place; and rest you, son, wherever it goes out, there's a hole in the ice.'

"Here we were interrupted by the mate, who said that there were queer things going on overhead, and some of the sailors were ready to mutiny unless the return trip was commenced at once. Captain Burrows went on deck at once, and you may be sure I followed at his heels.

"'What's wrong here?' demanded the captain, in his roaring tone, stepping into the midst of the crew.

"'A judgment against this pryin' into God's secrets, sir,' said an English sailor, in an awe-struck voice. 'Look at the signs, sir,' pointing overhead.

"Captain Burrows and I both looked over our heads, and there saw an impressive sight, indeed. A vast colored map of an unknown world hung in the clouds over us—a mirage from the aurora. It looked very near, and was so distinct that we could distinguish polar bears on the ice-crags. One man insisted that the mainmast almost touched one snowy peak, and most of them actually believed that it was an inverted part of some world, slowly coming down to crush us. Captain Burrows looked for several minutes before he spoke. Then he said: 'My men, this is the grandest proof of all that Providence is helping us. This thing that you see is only a picture; it's a mirage, the reflection of a portion of the earth on the sky. Just look, and you will see that it's in the shape of a crescent, and we are almost in the center of it; and, I tell you, it's a picture of the country just in front of us. See this peak? See that low place where we went up? There is the great wall we saw, the open sea beyond it, and, bless me, if it don't look like something green over in the middle of that ocean! See, here is the "Duncan McDonald," as plain as A, B, C, right overhead. Now, there's nothing to be afraid of in that; if it's a warning, it's a good one—and if any one wants to go home to his mother's, and is old enough, *he can walk!*'

"The captain looked around, but the sailors were as cool as he was—they were reassured by his honest explanation. Then he took me by the arm, and, pointing to the painting in the sky, said: 'Old man Providence again, son, sure as you are born; do you see that lane through the great ring? There's an open, fairly straight passage to the inner ocean, except that it's closed by about three miles of ice on our side; see it there, on the port side?'

"Yes, I could see it, but I asked Captain Burrows how he could account for the open passages beyond and the wall of ice in front; it was cold water going in.

"'It's strange,' he answered, shading his eye with his hand, and looking long at the clear passage, like a great canal between the beetling cliffs. All at once, he grasped my arm and said in excitement, pointing towards the outer end of the passage: 'Look!'

"As I looked at the mirage again, the great mass of ice in front commenced to slowly turn over, outwardly.

"'It's an iceberg, sir, only an iceberg!' said the captain, excitedly, 'and she is just holding that passage because the current keeps her up against the hole; now, she will wear out some day, and then—in goes the "Duncan McDonald"!'

"'But there are others to take its place,' and I pointed to three other bergs, apparently some twenty miles away, plainly shown in the sky; 'they are the reinforcements to hold the passage.'

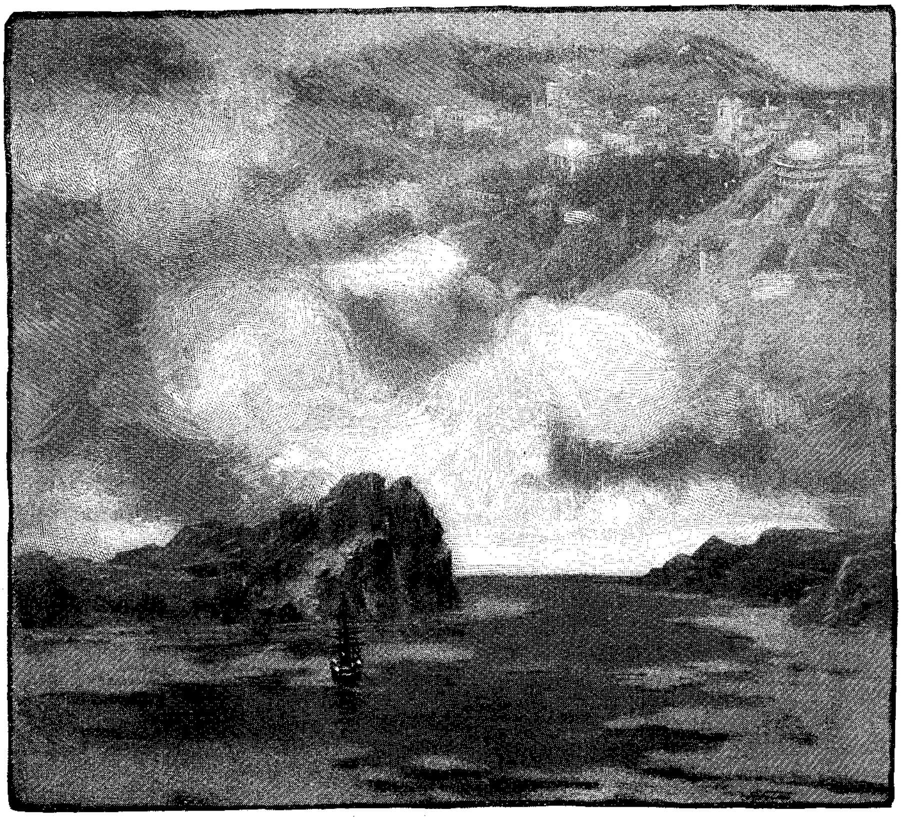
"'Looks that way, son, but by the great American buzzard, we'll get in there somehow, if we have to blow that berg up.'

"As we looked, the picture commenced to disappear, not fade, but to go off to one side, just as a picture leaves the screen of a magic lantern. Over the inner ocean there appeared dark clouds; but this part was visible last, and the clouds seemed to break at the last moment, and a white city, set in green fields and forests, was visible for an instant, a great golden dome in the center remaining in view after the rest of the city was invisible.

"'A rainbow of promise, son,' said the captain.

"I looked around. The others had grown tired of looking, and were gone. Captain Burrows and myself were the only ones that saw the city.

"We got under way for an hour, and then stood by near the berg until eight bells the next morning; but you must remember it was half dark all the time up there then. While Captain Burrows and myself were at breakfast, he cudgeled his brains over ways and means for moving that ice, or prevent-



"*A white city . . . was visible for an instant.*"

ing other bergs from taking its place. When we went on deck, our berg was some distance from the mouth of the passage, and steadily floating away. Captain Burrows steamed the ship cautiously up toward the passage; there was a steady current coming out.

"'I reckon,' said Eli Jeffries, 'they must have a six-months' ebb and flow up in that ocean.'

"'If that's the case,' said Captain Burrows, 'the sooner we get in, the better;' and he ordered the 'Duncan McDonald' into the breach in the world of ice.

"Gentlemen, suffice it to say that we found that passage perfectly clear, and wider as we proceeded. This we did slowly, keeping the lead going constantly. The first mate reported the needle of the compass working curiously, dipping down hard, and sparking—something he had never seen. Captain Burrows only said: 'Let her spark!'

"As we approached the inner ocean, as we called it, the passage was narrow; it became very dark and the waters roared ahead. I feared a fall or rapid, but the 'Duncan McDonald' could not turn back. The noise was only the surf on the great crags within. As the ship passed out into the open sea beyond, the needle of the compass turned clear around and pointed back. 'Do you know, son,' said Captain Burrows, 'that I believe the so-called magnetic pole is a great ring around the true Pole, and that we just passed it there? The whole inside of this mountain looks to me like rusted iron instead of stone, anyhow.'"

Here our story-teller rested and dozed for a few minutes; then rousing up, he said: "I'll tell you the rest to-morrow; yes, to-morrow; I'm tired now. To-morrow I'll tell you about a wonderful country; wonderful cities; wonderful people! I'll show you solar pictures such as you never saw, of scenes, places, and people you never dreamed of. I will show you implements that will prove that there's a country where gold is as common as tin at home—where they make knives and forks and stew-pans of it! I'll show you writing more ancient and more interesting than the most treasured relics in our Sanscrit libraries. I'll tell you of the two years I spent in another world. I'll tell you of the precious cargo that went to the bottom of the frozen ocean with the staunch little ship, 'Duncan McDonald'; of the bravest, noblest commander, and the sweetest angel of a woman that ever breathed and lived and loved. I'll tell you of my escape and the hell I've been through. To-morrow——"

He dozed off for a few moments again.

"But I've got enough in this pack to turn the world inside out with wonder—ah, what a sensation it will be, what an educational feature! It will send out a hundred harum-scarum expeditions to find Polaria—but there are few commanders like Captain Burrows; he could do it, the rest of 'em will die in the ice. But when I get to San Fran——. Say, Captain, how long will it take to get there, and how long before you start?"

Enoch and I exchanged glances, and Enoch answered: "We wa'n't goin' to 'Frisco."

"Around the Horn, then?" inquired the stranger, sitting up. "But you will land me in 'Frisco, won't you? I can't wait, I must——"

"We're goin' *in*," said Enoch; "goin' north, for a three-years' cruise."

"North!" shouted the stranger, wildly. "Three years in that hell of ice. Three years! My God! North! North!"

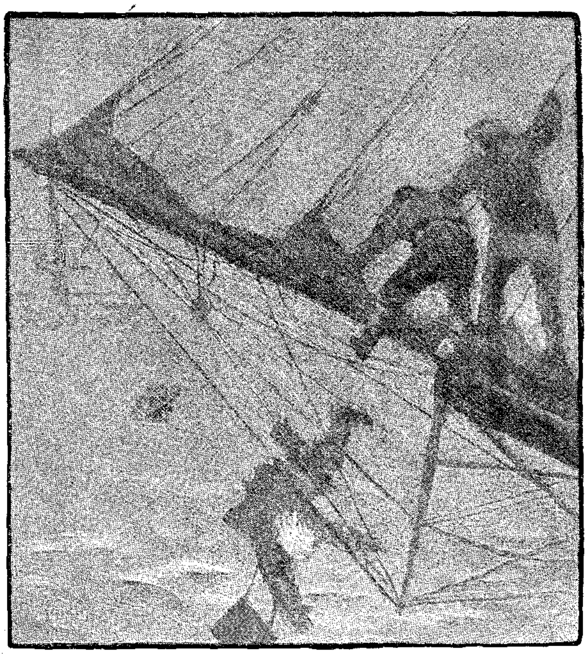
He was dancing around the deck like a maniac, trying to put his pack-loop over his head. Enoch went toward him, to tell him how he could go on the "Enchantress," but he looked wildly at him, ran forward and sprang out on the bowsprit, and from there to the jib. Enoch saw he was out of his mind, and ordered two sailors to bring him in. As they sprang on to the bow, he stood up and screamed:

"No! No! No! Three years! Three lives! Three hells! I never——"

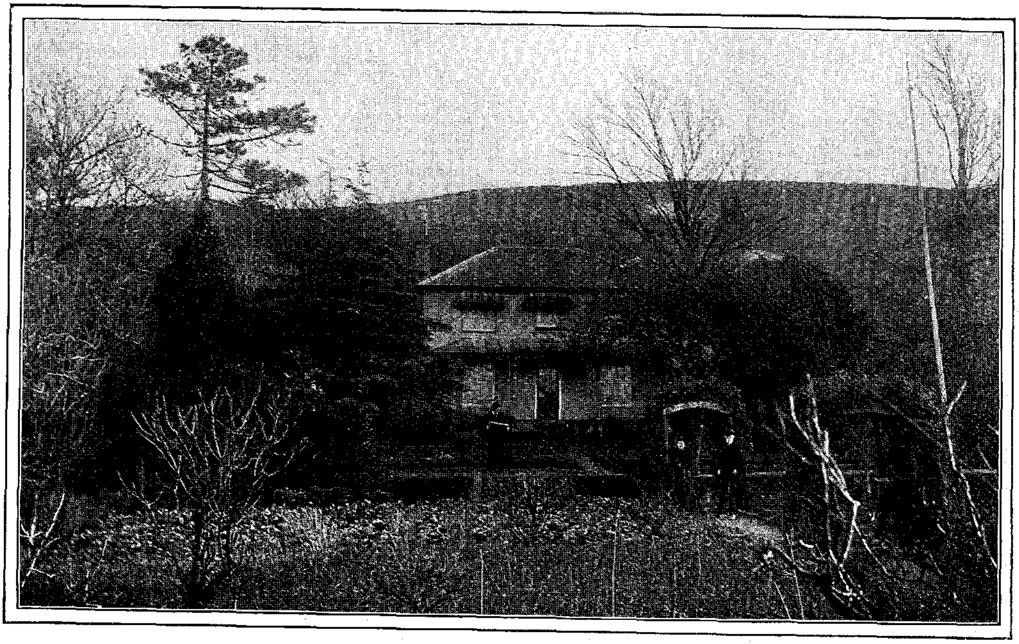
One of the men reached for him here, but he kicked at the sailor viciously, and turning sidewise, sprang into the water below.

A boat, already in the water, was manned instantly; but the worn-out body of another North Pole explorer had gone to the sands of the bottom where so many others have gone before; evidently his heavy pack had held him down, there to guard the story it could tell—in death as he had in life.

"The worn-out body of another North Pole explorer had gone."



EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Polar Zone" is the first of a number of short stories written by Mr. John A. Hill that are to appear in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. This story is of the sea; but, as the story itself discloses, Mr. Hill is a railroad man, and the succeeding stories will treat of railroad life, which Mr. Hill has known in its most adventurous and romantic phases. The stories were published some years ago in a railroad journal; but they have perhaps more interest for the general public even than for railroad people, and their extraordinary quality fully warrants their republication.


Professor Milne's house at Shide, Isle of Wight.

JOHN MILNE: OBSERVER OF EARTHQUAKES.

By Cleveland Moffett.

IN AN EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATORY.—PLOTTING THE GREATER HOLLOWS OF THE SEA.

AT the very center of the Isle of Wight, in a little place called Shide, that most people in England never heard of, lives a scientist who probably knows more about earthquakes than any one else in the world—John Milne, member of learned societies, late professor of seismology at the University of Tokio, and a charming man into the bargain. His house looks down upon the roads where the Queen drives daily while at Osborne, and not far distant rise the towers of Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles I. was a prisoner.

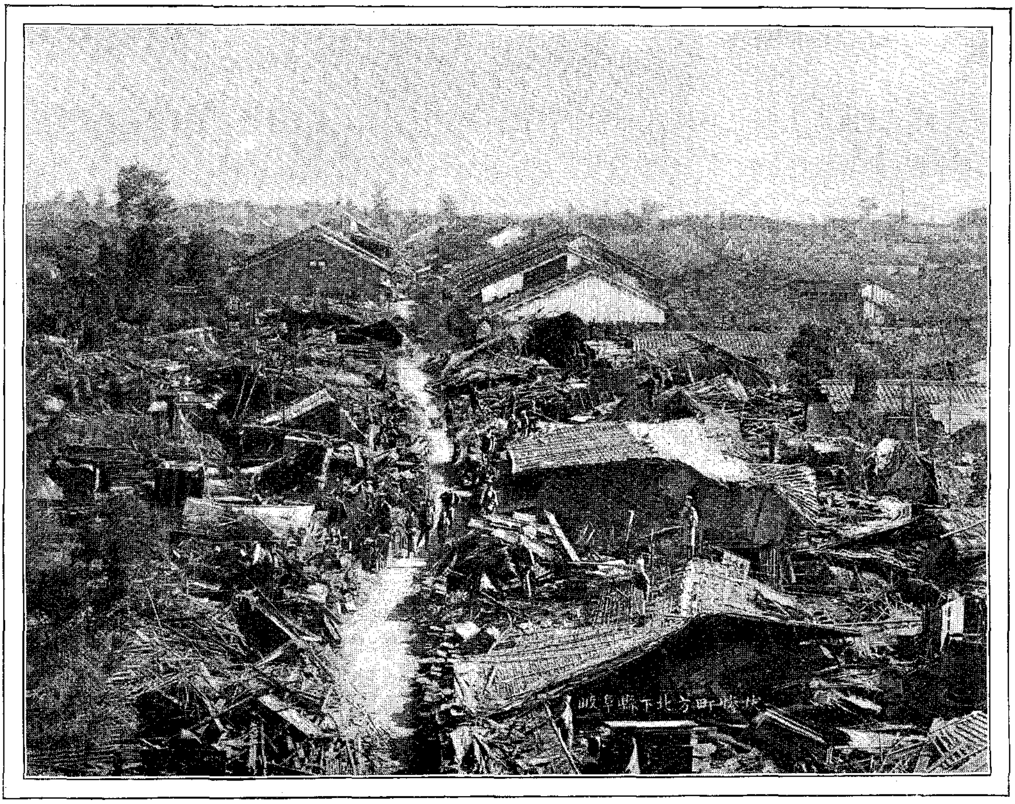
Here, on a quiet hill, grown over with old trees and banks of ivy, away from all rush and noise, Professor Milne may be found, as I found him, working among strange instruments of his own devising, operated by clockwork and electricity, and possessing such sensitiveness that an earthquake shock in Borneo will set them swinging for hours. With these wonderful pendulums, of which I shall speak presently, the Professor watches throbbings and quiverings of the earth that are unfelt by our unaided senses, and draws conclusions to serve the needs of men.

It is Professor Milne to whom London editors despatch hurrying reporters when news comes from Japan of another earthquake calamity, and he usually corrects their information—as in June, 1896, when Shide was besieged by newspaper men.

"This earthquake happened on the 17th," said they, "and the whole eastern coast of Japan was overwhelmed with tidal waves, and 30,000 lives were lost."

"That last is very probable," answered the Professor, "but the earthquake happened on the 15th, not on the 17th;" and then he gave them the exact hour and minute when the shocks began and ended.

"But our cables put it on the 17th."



GIFU, JAPAN, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1891.

This and the pictures following on pages 19, 20, 21 are from Japanese photographs reproduced in "The Great Earthquake in Japan, 1891," by John Milne and W. K. Burton.

"Your cables are mistaken."

And, sure enough, later despatches came with information that the destructive earthquake had occurred on the 15th, within half a minute of the time Professor Milne had specified. There had been some error of transmission in the earlier despatches.

Again, a few months later, the newspapers published cablegrams to the effect that there had been a severe earthquake at Kobe, with great injury to life and property.

"That is not true," said Professor Milne. "There may have been a slight earthquake at Kobe, but nothing that need cause alarm."

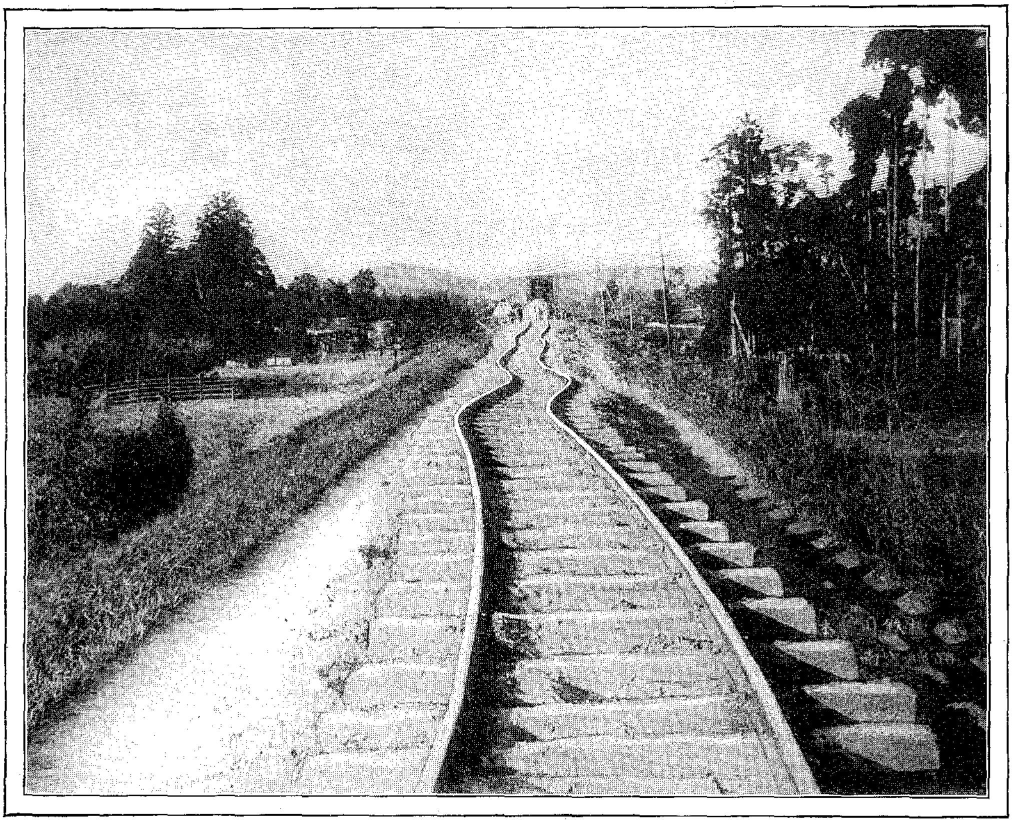
And the mail reports a few weeks later confirmed his reassuring statement, and showed that the previous sensational despatches had been grossly exaggerated.

Professor Milne is also the man to whose words cable companies lend anxious ear; for what he says often means thousands of pounds to them. Early in January, 1898, it was officially reported that two West Indian cables had broken on December 31, 1897.

"That is very unlikely," said Professor Milne; "but I have a seismogram showing that these cables may have broken at 11.30 A.M. on December 29, 1897." And then he located the break at so many miles off the coast of Haiti.

This sort of thing, which is constantly happening, would look very much like magic if Professor Milne had kept his secrets to himself; but he has given them freely to all the world, and for a year or more has been making every effort, with the encouragement of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to have earthquake observatories established at various points on the earth's surface, with instruments similar to his own, so that by comparison of records, fuller knowledge may be had of movements in the earth's crust and changes in the ocean's bed.

And various governments, universities, and learned societies, quick to see the importance of such knowledge, have sent favorable replies, so that now Harvard University, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has its own earthquake observatory; Yerkes Observatory at Williams' Bay, Wisconsin, is expected to have one shortly; New Zealand is putting up



RAILROAD TRACK TWISTED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN IN 1891.

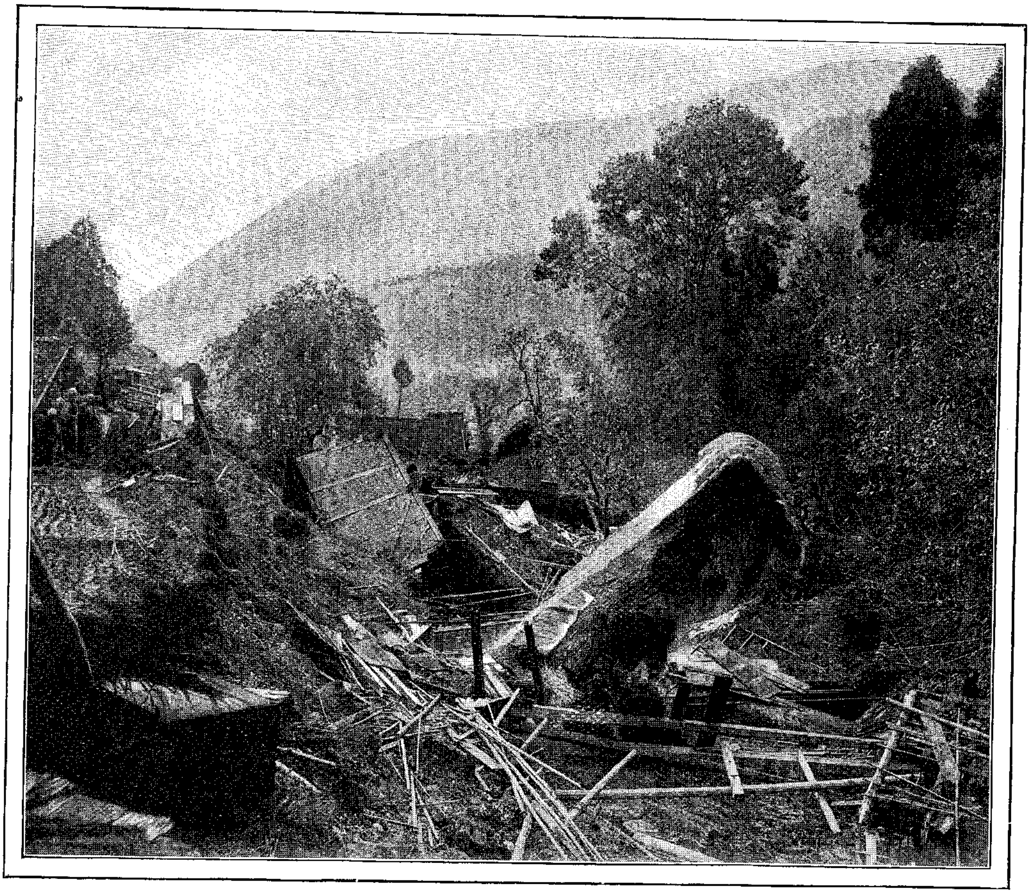
two; South Africa has one, at Cape Town; Toronto, Canada, has one; India has three; Japan has one; Mauritius has one; South America has one, in Argentina; Beirout, in Syria, is in correspondence for one, and so also is Siberia.

In short, there seems to be little doubt that within a few months no fewer than twenty of these seismic stations will be in operation in different parts of the globe, all equipped with the Milne instruments, and all in regular communication with the head, or central, station at Shide. It is taken as certain that a comparison of records from all these earthquake observatories will make it impossible for an important seismic disturbance to occur anywhere, whether on land or under the sea, without its precise location being immediately known, as well as all essential facts regarding it. And when it is borne in mind that at present seventy-five per cent. of the whole number of earthquakes occur in the bed of the ocean, the value of such statistics to cable companies (and what country is not interested in the proper working of ocean cables?) is at once apparent.

Twice, for instance, it has happened in Australia (in 1880 and 1888) that the whole island has been thrown into excitement and alarm, the reserves called out, and other measures taken, because the sudden breaking of cable connections with the outside world has led to the belief that military operations against the country were preparing by some foreign power. A Milne pendulum at Sydney or Adelaide would have made it plain in a moment that the whole trouble was due to a submarine earthquake occurring at such a time and such a place. As it was, Australia had to wait in a fever of suspense (in one case there was a delay of nineteen days) until steamers arriving brought assurances that neither Russia nor any other possibly unfriendly power had begun hostilities by tearing up the cables.

PROFESSOR MILNE'S LIFE AND EXPERIMENTS IN JAPAN.

Before explaining the workings of these wonderful seismic instruments which are to do the world such famous service, I will tell how it happened that Professor Milne be-



THE WORK OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1891 IN NEO VALLEY, JAPAN.

came a student of earthquakes; for, unlike poetry, seismology is not a career that men are born to. In the Professor's own words: "It was Japan that did it, and that famous cable-laying American, Cyrus Field." Mr. Field heard of Milne back in the seventies, when the young Lancashireman had just finished his studies at King's College, London, and the School of Mines, and was casting about him for such work as the world might have for him to do. He had no more idea then of becoming an earthquake specialist in Japan than he had of hunting pigs in Borneo. Yet he lived to do both. Mr. Field had inquired at the School of Mines for a bright, competent young man who could go out to Newfoundland in the service of the cable company and locate some coal fields for them. Milne was selected, and told to report at a certain office in the city.

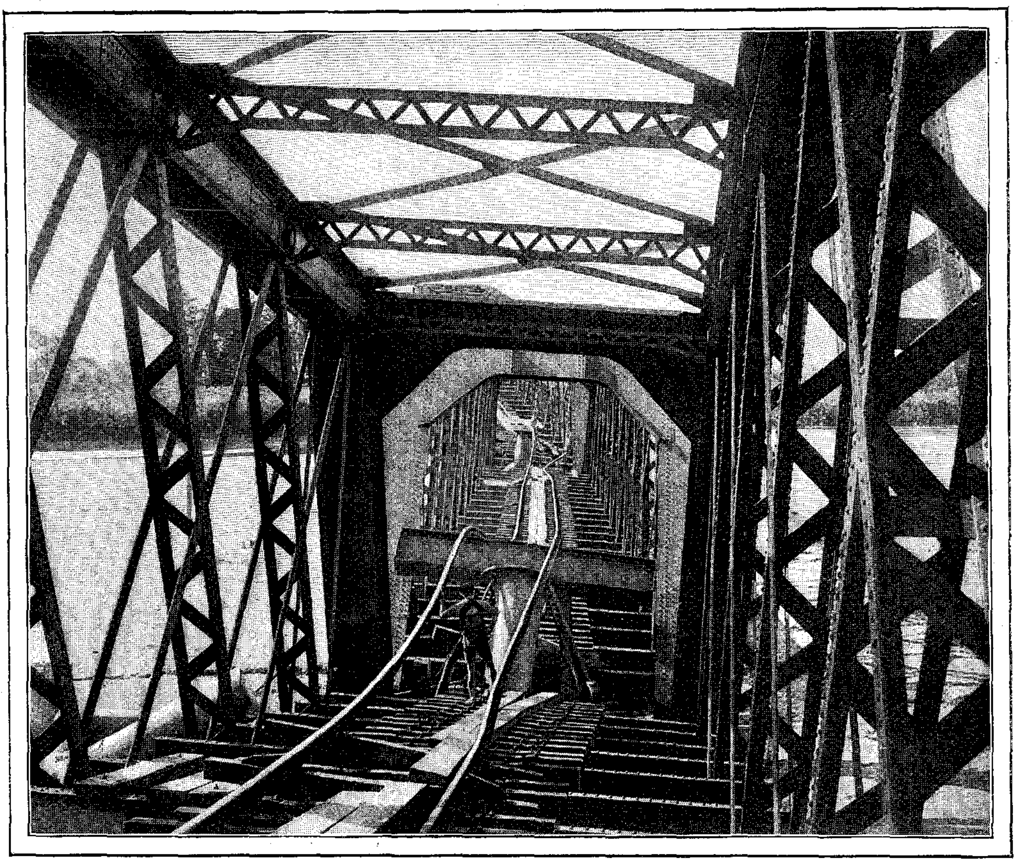
"I am glad to see you, sir," said the millionaire, when Milne was shown in. "We want to know if you can sail for Newfoundland on Tuesday next?" This in the most matter-of-fact tone and with scarcely any prelude.

Milne was fairly at a loss for words; he was barely twenty-one, and had but small experience in business matters. Finally he managed to ask about compensation.

"There will be no trouble on that point," said Mr. Field; "you can leave a memorandum on Monday of what you want for your services; I dare say it will be satisfactory. The point is now, can you sail on Tuesday?"

That was Friday, and Milne pointed out that the shops closed early on Saturdays, and on Sunday he could get nothing, so he was uncertain whether he could be ready in time.

At this, Mr. Field leaned forward on his desk, and said, with a look half serious, half quizzical, that Milne never forgot: "My young friend, I suppose you have read that the world was made in six days. Now do you mean to tell me that, if this whole world was made in six days, you can't get together the few things you need in four?"



EFFECT OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1891 ON THE NAGARA GAWA RAILWAY BRIDGE, JAPAN.

Milne was silent a moment, and then said: "I'll be ready, sir, on Tuesday." And so he sailed for Newfoundland—and what he did there is a separate chapter. But it was all to his credit, for soon came an offer from the Japanese Government, intent upon getting the best brains in Europe to assist in the nation's development, inviting Milne to join its service, at a handsome salary, in the department of mines and public works.

So it came about, twenty-five years ago, that this young Englishman took up his abode in Tokio, and in due course turned his attention to earthquakes. This happens quite naturally when one finds oneself in a country where there are two or three earthquakes a day on an average, counting small and large, throughout the year, and where in many instances a single one of these earthquakes has been a more serious matter to Japan in loss of life, and almost as serious a matter in resulting expenditure, as her recent war with China.

Under such circumstances, it was not difficult for a keenly interested and scientifically-trained European to develop into an earthquake enthusiast; and Milne was soon putting forth seismic theories with the best of them, and trying experiments with rough-and-ready seismoscopes and seismometers, which were sometimes rows of pins propped up in a certain way, so that in falling they would give indications as to wave direction, or sometimes bits of string with weights at the end designed to act as recording pendulums; or, again, gravestones tumbled over on their sides in the hope that by their slide or shifting they would show the line and intensity of the earthquake movement.

He produced plans of earthquake-proof houses: houses with roof-timbers running down to the floor sills, which was equivalent, practically, to having the roof rest on the ground. He also showed the Japanese engineers how to build bridges with parabolic piers, so that at any horizontal section they offer equal resistance to effects of momentums applied at the base.

And, as the value of his conclusions became apparent through actual tests, the Japanese Government, properly grateful, established a chair of seismology at the university, and picked Milne out as the one best qualified to fill it; which meant that here was a young man, fresh from a country where there are no earthquakes, officially appointed to teach people who had lived among earthquakes all their lives what earthquakes are, and what measures should be taken against them—in short, the whole business of seismology.

Then began an interesting set of experiments, carried on for years by Professor Milne, with artificial earthquakes, which he could turn on at will by touching an electric button. Dynamite was used here, buried in the ground, and exploded when the seismographer was ready. Sometimes he would set off five or six of these little earthquakes at one time, and take the records with a like number of seismographs placed at different distances, and connected electrically, so as to show the rate of wave transmission. Once the Professor, in his eagerness to watch the seismograph at the very moment of shock, placed himself within twenty feet of a mine, his position being barricaded by earthworks, with an old door over the top to keep off falling stones.

When all was ready, he waved his hand to an assistant who stood at some distance ready to send the current. Bang! went the dynamite like a broadside of heavy cannon, and the Professor had scarcely fixed his eyes upon the moving smoked-glass disk with the little recording fingers on it, when about a ton of earth came smashing down upon the door, flattening out man and instrument, and bringing that experiment to an untimely end.

On another occasion, at the command of the emperor, a seismic exhibition was organized in the palace yard, where a number of miniature towns and villages had been laid out neatly for the purpose of being blown up and shaken down when his majesty should touch the button. Everything went off perfectly, and the courtiers were delighted. For twenty years Professor Milne carried on his experiments, and success seldom failed him. Then he returned to England.

Coming now to Professor Milne's instruments and their work at Shide, I will repeat what may have been already understood, that they are designed to record movements in the earth coming from distant, not near-by, centers of disturbance; they would be of no more service for an earthquake within a hundred miles of them

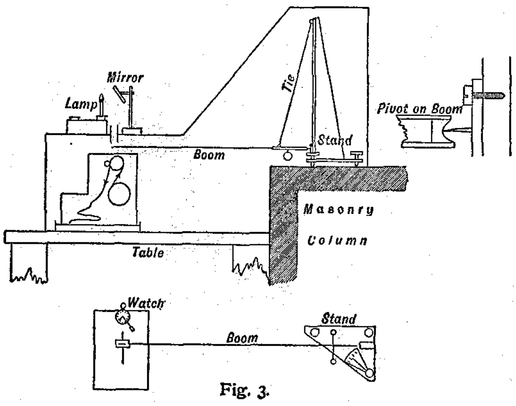
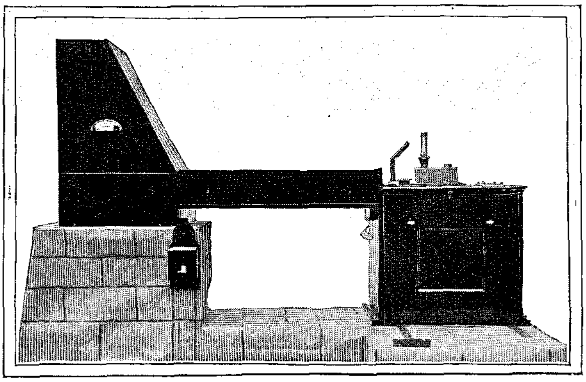
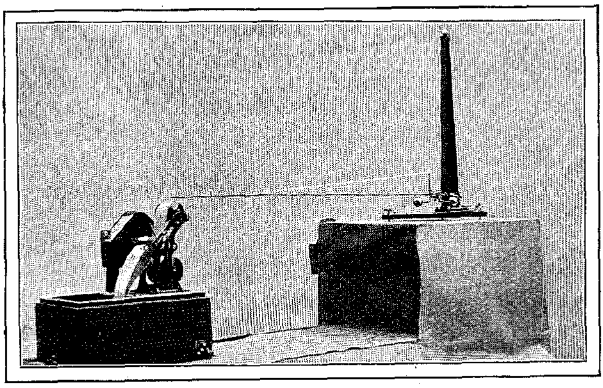


Fig. 3.

DIAGRAM SHOWING VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL SECTIONS OF THE MORE SENSITIVE OF PROFESSOR MILNE'S TWO PENDULUMS, OR SEISMOGRAPHS.



PROFESSOR MILNE'S SENSITIVE PENDULUM, OR SEISMOGRAPH, AS IT APPEARS ENCLOSED IN ITS PROTECTING BOX.

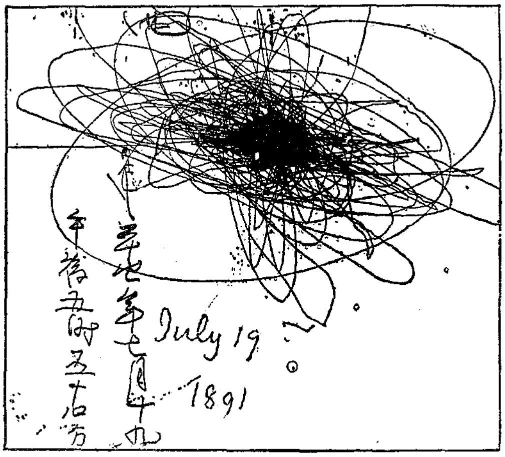


THE SENSITIVE PENDULUM, OR SEISMOGRAPH, AS IT APPEARS WITH THE PROTECTING BOX REMOVED.

than a telescope would be at the theatre. The seismographs used all over Japan record earthquakes that can be felt; the Milne horizontal pendulums record earthquake waves that cannot be felt. After years given to the practical side of seismology, Professor Milne is now studying its theoretical side, although, as has been seen, much practical good is resulting from his investigations.

THE EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATORY.

My first view of the instruments was at night. Professor Milne walked beside me, carrying a lantern, and his Japanese assistant, Shinobo Hirota, who is nicknamed "Snow" on the Isle of Wight, went ahead to open the doors of the strong-walled little houses where the pendulums were guarded. There are two of these pendulums, both constructed on the same principle, but the one more sensitive than the other. "Snow" showed us the sensitive one first; and when I saw it, I saw only a little lamp burning on a red box with steps to it. The box covered the pendulum. The whole place suggested some silent altar with undying flame. I could hear a clock ticking inside the box.



RECORD MADE ON A STATIONARY SURFACE BY THE VIBRATIONS OF THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE OF JULY 19, 1891.

Showing the complicated character of the motion (common to most earthquakes), and also the course of a point at the center of disturbance.

"What is the lamp for?" I asked.

"To photograph the end of the boom," said the Professor. "It lets a point of light down through that slit. When the earth moves, the boom swings."

"Oh," said I. "And what is the clock for?"

"The clock works the machinery. I'll explain it in the morning, and show you how 'Snow' develops the seismograms."

"Snow" looked pleased, and led the way to the other little house. Here we found a pendulum that was not covered up. It rested on a heavy column of masonry, and one end of it pressed a tiny silver needle against a vertical band of smoked paper that moved slowly between two rollers. There was a clock ticking here also, but no little lamp.

"This," said the Professor, "is an everyday pendulum, to let us know if anything is happening. If there is, then we look at the other pendulum for fuller details. The other one is not so easy to get at. Just glance along that paper band and you can see if there has been an earthquake anywhere in the last twenty-four hours. No, there has been nothing; the line is straight; see—that long white line—the needle makes it as the band turns."

"Suppose there had been an earthquake?"

"I'll show you what would have happened. Come around here; that's right. Now press against the column, not hard, just with your hand. There it goes. See?"

It was like pressing against a chimney, but the boom of the pendulum responded instantly, and the needle swerved out on the paper and then back again, marking a narrow loop.

"You tipped the column and altered its level just as an earthquake wave from Japan or Borneo would have done. That is the whole purpose of these instruments, to indicate slight changes of level. They are sensitive to a difference in level of one inch in ten miles. That's not a very steep grade, is it?"

And then he went on to tell how a pair of these pendulums, placed on two buildings at opposite sides of a city thoroughfare, would show that the buildings literally lean toward each other during the heavy traffic period of the day, dragged over from their level by the load of vehicles and people pressing down upon the pavement.

"All these tons of weight make the earth's surface contract between the two rows of buildings, and that tips them together just as you tipped this column. You see the earth is so elastic that a comparatively small impetus will set it vibrating. Why, even two hills tip together when there is a heavy load of moisture in a valley between them. And then when the moisture evaporates in a hot sun, they tip away from each other. These pendulums show that."

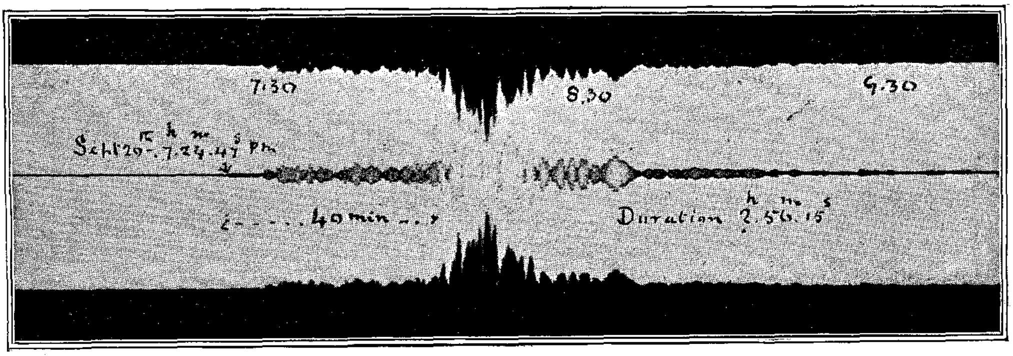
I listened in wonder, and presently we went back into the house, which is a real corner of Japan, with a Japanese servant salaaming about and bringing in pleasant things to drink, and the Professor's wife, a Japanese lady, doing the honors with all the grace of her own country.

And the Professor gave some amusing reminiscences of their troubles in getting the instruments properly set up. To begin with, there were imperceptible air currents that would set the booms swinging in a most perplexing way; and when these were disposed of, there came the ghost of Charles I. out of its dungeon and blew the little lamp out, being displeased, so the neighbors declared, at their invading old Carisbrooke Castle (as they did) with such unholy contrivances. After much vain conjecture over this lamp incident, "Snow" finally discovered that it was the doing of a small beetle, which had managed to drop down the tiny glass chimney from the castle ceiling and get himself burned to ashes before extinguishing the flame.

Next there appeared upon the scene—or rather made himself felt—a little gray "money-spinner," that managed to hide inside the red box and would come out nights for experiments of his own. This little spider knew nothing about earthquakes, but took the greatest interest in the swinging of the boom, and soon began to join in the game himself. He would catch the end of the boom with his feelers and tug it over to one side as far as ever he could. Then he would anchor himself there and hold on like grim death until the boom slipped away. Then he would run after it, and tug it over to the other side, and hold it there until his strength failed again. And so he would keep on for an hour or two until quite exhausted, enjoying the fun immensely, and never dreaming that he was manufacturing wonderful seismograms to upset the scientific world, since they seemed to indicate shocking earthquake disasters in all directions.

Such yarns as these the Professor spun for me that evening in his charming Japanese-English home, and he showed me photographs of earthquakes in Japan, taken by himself and his friend Professor Burton, and pictures of volcanoes blowing their heads off, and he told me of exciting adventures crossing Iceland with a remarkable man named Watts, who would jump across yawning chasms just to see if he could do it. Finally, we went to bed.

The next day gave me a better understanding of the instruments, and a good idea of the regular routine of work in an earthquake observatory. I followed "Snow" through his ordinary round in the little houses, saw him wind the clocks that keep the record bands moving, glance through the slit in the red box to make sure that the boom was swinging free, fill the lamp, see that the watch which marks the hours on the band was right to the second, mix some fresh developer for the films, and then, for my especial benefit, draw the red window, and develop the accumulation of four days, a strip about fifteen feet long, which might have on it a record of earthquake horrors, or might have nothing. You can never tell until the end of the week, when in the ordinary course a batch of seven days' films is developed. In this case there was nothing, only a straight line down the length of the band. The earth had been behaving itself. But they showed me other films from other weeks that indicated a very different state of things.



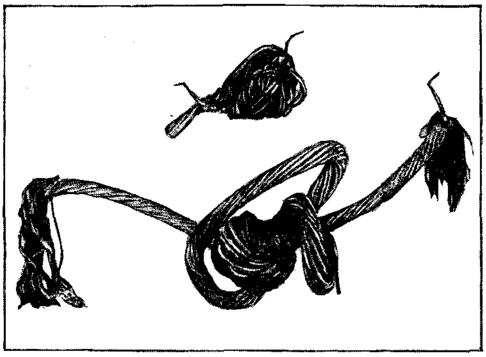
SEISMOGRAM OF A BORNEO EARTHQUAKE THAT OCCURRED SEPTEMBER 20, 1897.

As for the instruments, I saw that they are simple enough in principle, though most admirable in perfection of adjustment and delicacy of working. Beautiful devices they are, to do for our sense of level, if I may so express it, what the microscope does for our eyesight. A horizontal pendulum, or boom, poised against a knife edge at the base of a mast, that is the essential feature. A wire stay from the masthead supports the far end of the boom, and a weight hung from it keeps everything taut.

Then two backscrews allow either leg of the supporting tripod to be raised or lowered by the thickness of a spider's web, and even so small a change of level as that disturbs the end of the boom. And that makes the point of light move on the band of paper, and that movement is photographed, so that the record shows a slight loop. As nothing is allowed to disturb the boom, once the pendulum is adjusted, it follows that if the record band shows loops and curves instead of a straight line, it is because the earth's surface has moved underneath the supporting column and changed its level.

As a matter of fact, the earth's surface moves very frequently with tremors like a creature of life, and with long heavings caused by distant seismic disturbances. And for each of these movements the pendulums give an individual record with characteristic waverings and loops on the band, and queer ups and downs that mean nothing to the inexperienced eye, but everything to the seismologist. When "Snow" brings in news of something on the band, there is excitement in that quiet house at Shide as among waiting tiger hunters at a crashing in the jungle.

In each of these records the time is marked in hours along the edge of the band, this being done automatically by hourly passage of the long hand of the watch over the slit in the red box, that shuts off the light for an instant and makes a line on the photographic film.



PIECES OF A SUBMARINE CABLE PICKED UP IN THE GULF OF MEXICO IN 1888. THE KINKS ARE CAUSED BY SEISMIC DISTURBANCES, AND THEY SHOW HOW MUCH DISTORTION A CABLE CAN SUFFER AND STILL REMAIN IN GOOD ELECTRICAL CONDITION, AS THIS WAS FOUND TO BE.

When a man finds himself in the midst of such an unfamiliar subject as earthquake shocks that cannot be felt, he naturally asks questions, and I asked a great many during my stay at Shide. For instance:

"Does the ground really move, Professor, when these waves come from the other side of the earth?"

"Undoubtedly; it rises and falls just as the ocean does. You see, the earth's crust is very elastic; it is constantly quivering and pulsatory, I might almost say breathing."

"How much does the ground rise and fall with one of these waves?"

"Oh, about three inches."

"What! the solid earth comes up three inches right under us and then goes down three inches?"

"Certainly, it does that very frequently."

"But why don't we see it or feel it?"

"Because it moves so slowly and evenly; fifteen seconds, perhaps, for the lift, and as many more for the descent. And then the waves are so long—several miles between two crests—that everything about us rises and falls together; half of all London heaves up and settles down with a single breathing."

"And how long does it take these waves to travel around the earth, say from Japan?"

"They don't travel around the earth—they travel through the earth; that is one of the most important discoveries we have made. If they were transmitted in the earth's crust around the circumference we should get two records for every earthquake—one coming the shortest way round, the other coming the longest way; for, of course, these wave-movements would be propagated in both directions. Waves through the air, for instance, from volcanic explosions, always come to us both ways around the earth, the one being recorded after the other. Do you see that?"

"Yes."

"Well, we never get two records of earthquakes, we only get one; so we conclude from this and other reasons, that the transmission is straight through the earth. Do you understand ?"

"You mean that these waves come to us along the chord of the arc instead of along the arc itself," I ventured, recalling my geometry.

"Exactly, and now I come to the most important thing: we find that all these waves from distant earthquakes reach Shide in practically the same number of minutes, no matter where the earthquakes occur. They come from Japan in sixteen minutes, from South America in sixteen minutes, from Java in sixteen minutes, and so on as far as our data extend. When all the stations are working, we shall be able to verify this conclusion; but it certainly looks already as if the period of wave transmission through the earth was uniform."

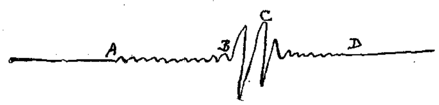
"I don't see, Professor, if all these different earthquake waves get here in the same time, how you can tell one from the other, or know that this one started in South America and that one in South Africa, and so on ?"

"I may say in a general way," he replied, "that we know them by their signatures, just as you know the handwriting of your friends; that is, an earthquake wave which has traveled 3,000 miles makes a different record in the instruments from one that has traveled 5,000 miles, and that again a different record from one that has traveled 7,000 miles, and so on. Each one writes its name in its own way, as you have seen on the bands. It's a fine thing, isn't it, to have the earth's crust harnessed up so that it is forced to mark down for us on paper a diagram of its own movements!"

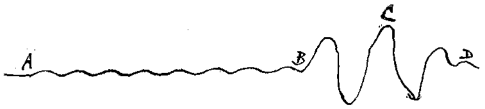
"Are these differences in the wave signatures due to differences in the distance traveled ?"

"Exactly. See here, I can make it plain to you in a moment."

He took pencil and paper again, and dashed off an earthquake wave like this:



"There you have the signature of an earthquake wave which has traveled only a short distance, say 3,000 kilometers; but here is the signature of the very same wave after traveling, say, 9,000 kilometers.



"You see the difference at a glance; the second seismogram (that is what we call these records) is very much more stretched out than the first, and a seismogram taken at 12,000 kilometers from the start would be more stretched out still. This is because the waves of transmission grow longer and longer, and slower and slower, the further they spread from the source of disturbance. In both figures, the point A, where the straight line begins to waver, marks the beginning of the earthquake; the rippling line AB shows the preliminary tremors which always precede the heavy shocks, marked C; and D shows the dying away of the earthquake in tremors similar to AB.

"Now it is chiefly in the preliminary tremors (we call them the P.T.'s) that the various earthquakes reveal their identity. The slower waves come, the longer it takes to record them, and the more stretched out they become in the seismograms. And by carefully noting these differences, especially those in time, we get our information. Suppose we have an earthquake in Japan. If you were there in person you would feel the preliminary tremors very fast, five or ten in a second, and their whole duration before the heavy shocks would not exceed ten or twenty seconds. But these preliminary tremors, transmitted to the Isle of Wight, would keep the pendulums swinging from thirty to thirty-two minutes before the heavy shocks, and each vibration would occupy five seconds.

"There would be similar differences in the duration of the heavy vibrations; in Japan they would come at the rate of about one a second, here at the rate of about one in twenty or forty seconds. It is the time, then, occupied by the preliminary tremors that tells us the distance of the earthquake. Earthquakes in Borneo, for instance, give P. T.'s occupying about forty-one minutes, in Japan about half an hour, in the earthquake region east of Newfoundland about eight minutes, in the disturbed region of the West Indies about nineteen or twenty minutes, and so on."

"Then, really, the information you get from the seismogram is simply that an earthquake has occurred somewhere at a certain distance from the instrument ?"

"Yes; but that is quite sufficient to locate the earthquake with absolute precision, since the other stations working with us have similar information. So many miles from Shide, and so many miles from Batavia, and so many miles from Argentina, and we must, with the help of a pair of compasses on the map, fix the place beyond question. And that is why it is desirable to have as many observatories as possible in different parts of the earth. Who can say, for instance, what great sums might be saved cable companies if they knew the precise boundaries of danger regions in the ocean's bed?"

"Are such regions well marked?"

"So well marked that a blind man could pick them out by running his fingers over a map of the ocean's bottom made in relief. Wherever he found sudden slopes going down from hundreds to thousands of fathoms, he could say with confidence, 'There is one.' We know in a general way some of these dangerous regions — there is one off the west coast of South America from Ecuador down; there is one in the mid-Atlantic, about the equator, between twenty degrees and forty degrees west longitude; there is one at the Grecian end of the Mediterranean; one in the Bay of Bengal; and one bordering the Alps; there is the famous 'Tuscarora Deep,' from the Phillippine Islands down to Java; and there is the North Atlantic region, about 300 miles east of Newfoundland. In the 'Tuscarora Deep' the slope increases 1,000 fathoms in twenty-five miles, until it reaches a depth of 4,000 fathoms.

"There have been submarine earthquakes here, like that of June 15, 1896, that have shaken the earth from pole to pole; and more than once different cables from Java have been broken simultaneously, as in 1890, when the three cables to Australia snapped in a moment. And the great majority of breaks in the North Atlantic cables have occurred at the place just indicated, where there are two slopes, one from 708 to 2,400 fathoms in a distance of sixty miles, and the other from 275 to 1,946 fathoms within thirty miles. On October 4, 1884, three cables, lying about ten miles apart, broke simultaneously at the spot. The significance of such breaks is greater when you bear in mind that cables frequently lie uninjured for many years on the great level plains of the ocean bed, where seismic disturbances are infrequent."

PROFESSOR JOHN MILNE.

From a photograph by S. Suzuki, Kudanzaka, Tokio.

Then the Professor went on to explain in detail how the cables are broken by these submarine earthquakes, the two chief causes being landslides, where enormous masses of earth plunge from a higher to a lower level, and in so doing crush down upon the cable, and "faults," that is, subsidences of great areas, which occur on land as well as at the bottom of the sea, and which in the latter case may drag down imbedded cables with them. Statistics show that fifteen breaks in Atlantic cables between 1884 and 1894 cost the companies about $3,000,000, and it is estimated that if the whole coast line of the world was looped with cables, as may be the case some day, there would be not less than three hundred interruptions annually from seismic disturbances.

It is evident, then, that as the laying of ocean cables increases, it is of the first importance that cable companies be in possession of the best available knowledge as to the more dangerous regions in the ocean's bed and the safer regions. This knowledge can come only through the study of such phenomena as are being investigated now at the earthquake observatories of the world.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Charles A. Dana,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

VII.

WITH GRANT AND HIS GENERALS IN THE MARCH TO PETERSBURG.—IN THE PANIC AT WASHINGTON RAISED BY EARLY.

THE Army of the Potomac, to which I went in May, 1864, at Mr. Lincoln's request, was composed of the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth Army Corps, and of one cavalry corps. In command of the army was Major-General George G. Meade. He was a tall, thin man, rather dyspeptic, I should suppose, from the fits of nervous irritation to which he was subject. He was totally lacking in cordiality with those with whom he had business, and, as a consequence, was generally disliked by his subordinates. With General Grant, Meade got along perfectly, because he had the first virtue of a soldier—that is, obedience to orders. He was an intellectual man, agreeable to talk to when his mind was free; but silent and indifferent to everybody when he was occupied with that which interested him.

As a commander, Meade seemed to me to lack the boldness that was necessary to bring the war to a close; he lacked self-confidence and tenacity of purpose; and he had not the moral authority that Grant had attained from his grand successes in other fields. As soon as Meade had a commander, he was all right; but when he himself was the commander, he began to hesitate. Meade had entirely separate headquarters and a separate staff, and Grant sent his orders to him.

THE CORPS COMMANDERS.

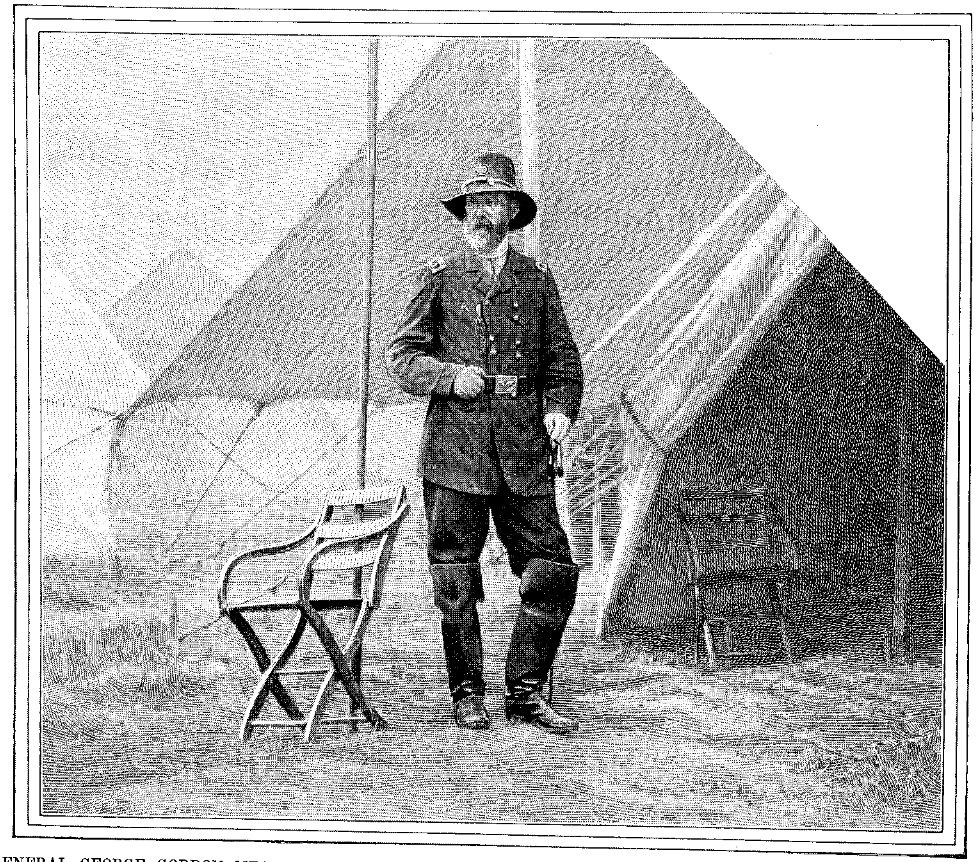
In command of the Second Army Corps was Major-General W. S. Hancock. He was a splendid fellow, a brilliant man, as brave as Julius Cæsar, and always ready to obey orders, especially if they were fighting orders. He had more of the aggressive spirit than almost anybody else in that army. Major-General G. K. Warren, who commanded the Fifth Army Corps, was an accomplished engineer.

Major-General John Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Army Corps, I had known for over twenty years. Sedgwick graduated at West Point in 1837, and was appointed a second lieutenant in the Second Artillery. At the time of the Mackenzie rebellion in Canada, Sedgwick's company was stationed at Buffalo, New York, a considerable length of time. I was living at Buffalo then, and in this rebellion the young men of the town organized a regiment of city guards, and I was a sergeant in one of those companies; so that I became quite familiar with all the military movements then going on. Then it was that I got acquainted with Sedgwick. He was a very solid man; no flummery about him; you could always tell where he was to be found, and in a battle that was apt to be where the hardest fighting was. He was not an ardent, impetuous man, like Hancock, but was steady and sure.

Two days after I reached the army, on May 9th, not far from Spotsylvania Court House, Sedgwick was killed. He had gone out in the morning to inspect his lines, and, getting beyond the point of safety, was struck in the forehead by a sharpshooter and instantly killed. The command of the Sixth Corps was given to General H. G. Wright. Wright was another engineer officer, well educated, of good, solid intellect, with capacity for command, but no special predilection for fighting. From the moment Meade assumed command of the army, two days before Gettysburg, the engineers rapidly came to the front; for Meade had the pride of corps strongly implanted in his heart.

Major-General A. E. Burnside, whom I had last seen at Knoxville, in December, was in command of the Ninth Army Corps. Immediately after the siege of Knoxville, at his own request, Burnside had been relieved of the command in East Tennessee by Major-General John G. Foster. The President, somehow, always showed Burnside great respect and good will. After Grant's plans for the spring campaign were made known, the Ninth Corps was moved by rail to Annapolis, where it was recruited up to about 25,000 men. As the time for action neared, it was set in motion, and by easy marches reached and reinforced the Army of the Potomac on the morning of the 6th of May, in the midst of the battle of the Wilderness. It was not formally incorporated with that army until later; but, by a sort of fiction, was held as a distinct army, Burnside acting in concert with Grant, and receiving his orders directly from him, as did Meade. These two armies were the excuse for Grant's personal presence without actually superseding Meade.

In my opinion, the great soldier of the Army of the Potomac was General Humphreys. He was the chief of staff to General Meade, and was a strategist, a tactician, and an engineer. Humphreys was a fighter, too, and in this an exception to most engineers. He was a very interesting figure. He used to ride about in a black felt hat, the brim of which was turned down all around, making him look like a Quaker. He was very pleasant to deal with, unless you were fighting against him, and then he was not so pleasant. He was one of the loudest swearers that I ever knew. The men of distinguished and brilliant profanity in the war were General Sherman and General Humphreys—I could not mention any others to be classed with them. General Logan was a strong swearer, but he was not a West Pointer: he was a civilian. Sherman and Humphreys would swear to make everything blue, when some despatch had not been delivered correctly, or they were provoked.



GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC FROM JUNE 28, 1863, UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. BORN, 1815; DIED, 1872.

Humphreys was a very charming man, and quite destitute of vanity. I think he had consented to go and serve with Meade as chief of staff out of pure patriotism. He preferred an active command, and, eventually, on the eve of the end, succeeded to the command of the Second Corps, and bore a conspicuous part in the Appomattox campaign.

GRANT'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN IN 1864.

Meade was in command of the Army of the Potomac, but it was Grant, the Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the United States, who was really directing its movements. The central idea of the campaign had not developed to the army when I reached headquarters, but it was soon clear to everybody. Grant's great operation was the endeavor to interpose the Federal army between Lee's army and Richmond, so as to cut Lee off from his base of supplies. He meant to get considerably in advance of Lee—between him and Richmond—thus compelling Lee to leave his intrenchments and hasten southward. If in the collision thus forced Grant found that he could not smash Lee, he meant to make another move to get behind his army. That was to be the strategy of the campaign of 1864. That was what Lee thwarted, though he had a narrow escape more than once.

The previous history of the Army of the Potomac had been to advance and fight a battle, then either to retreat or lie still, and finally to go into winter quarters. The men had become so accustomed to this that few, if any, of them believed that the new commander-in-chief would be able to do differently from his predecessors. I remember distinctly the sensation in the ranks when the rumor first went around that our position was south of Lee's. It was the morning of May 8th. The night before, the army had made a forced march on Spotsylvania Court House. There was no indication the next morning that Lee had moved in any direction. As the army began to realize that we were really moving south, and at that moment were probably much nearer Richmond than was our enemy, the spirits of men and officers rose to the highest pitch of animation. On every hand I heard the cry, "On to Richmond."

But there were to be a great many more obstacles to our reaching Richmond than General Grant himself, I presume, realized on May 8, 1864. We met one that very morning; for when our advance reached Spotsylvania Court House, it found Lee's troops there, ready to dispute the right of way with us, and two days later Grant was obliged to fight the battle of Spotsylvania before we could make another move south. It is no part of my present plan to go into detailed description of the battles of this campaign, but rather to recall incidents and deeds which impressed me most deeply at the moment. In the battle of Spotsylvania, a terrific struggle, with many dramatic features, there is nothing I remember more distinctly than a little scene in General Grant's tent between him and a captured Confederate officer, General Edward Johnson. The battle had begun on the morning of May 10th, and had continued all day. On the 11th the armies had rested, but at half-past four on the morning of the 12th, fighting had been begun by an attack by Hancock on a rebel salient. Hancock attacked with his accustomed impetuosity, storming and capturing the enemy's fortified line, with some 4,000 prisoners and twenty cannon. The captures included nearly all of Major-General Edward Johnson's division, together with Johnson himself and General George H. Steuart.

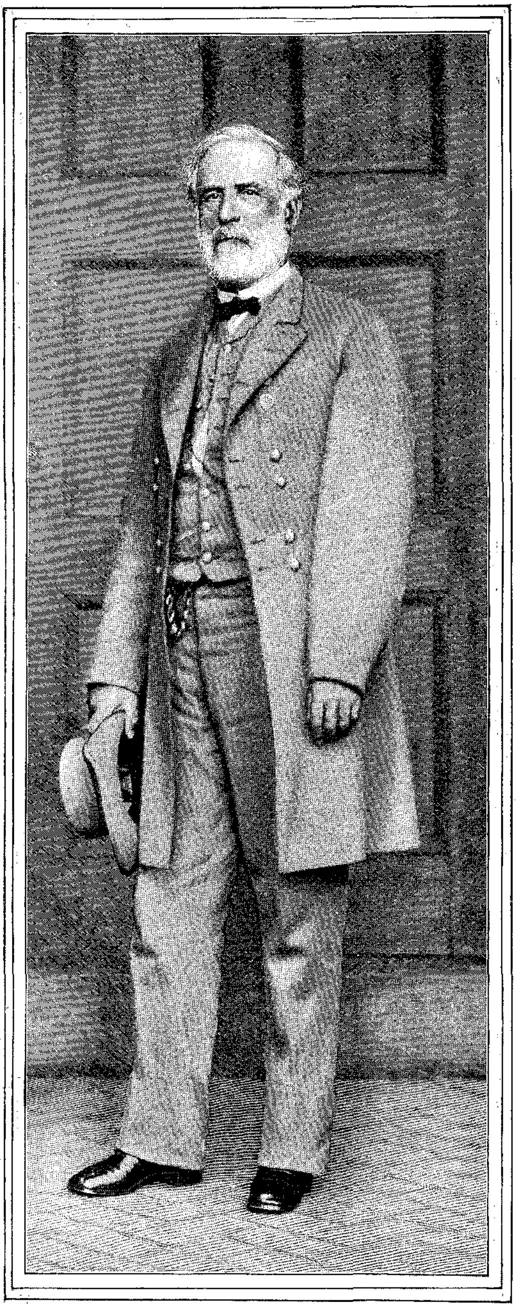
CURIOUS MEETING OF GRANT AND JOHNSON.

I was at Grant's headquarters when General Johnson was brought in a prisoner. He was a West Pointer, had been a captain in the old army before secession, and was an important officer in the Confederate service, having distinguished himself in the Valley in 1863, and at Gettysburg. Grant had not seen him since they had been in Mexico together. The two men shook hands cordially, and at once began a brisk conversation, which was very interesting to me, because nothing was said in it on the subject in which they were both most interested just then, that is, the fight that was going on and the surprise that Hancock had effected. It was the past alone of which they talked.

It was quite early in the morning when Hancock's prisoners were brought in. The battle raged without cessation throughout the day. The results of the struggle were that we crowded the enemy out of some of his most important positions and weakened him by losses of between 6,000 and 7,000 men killed, wounded, and captured, besides taking many battle flags and much artillery, and that our troops rested upon the ground they had fought for.

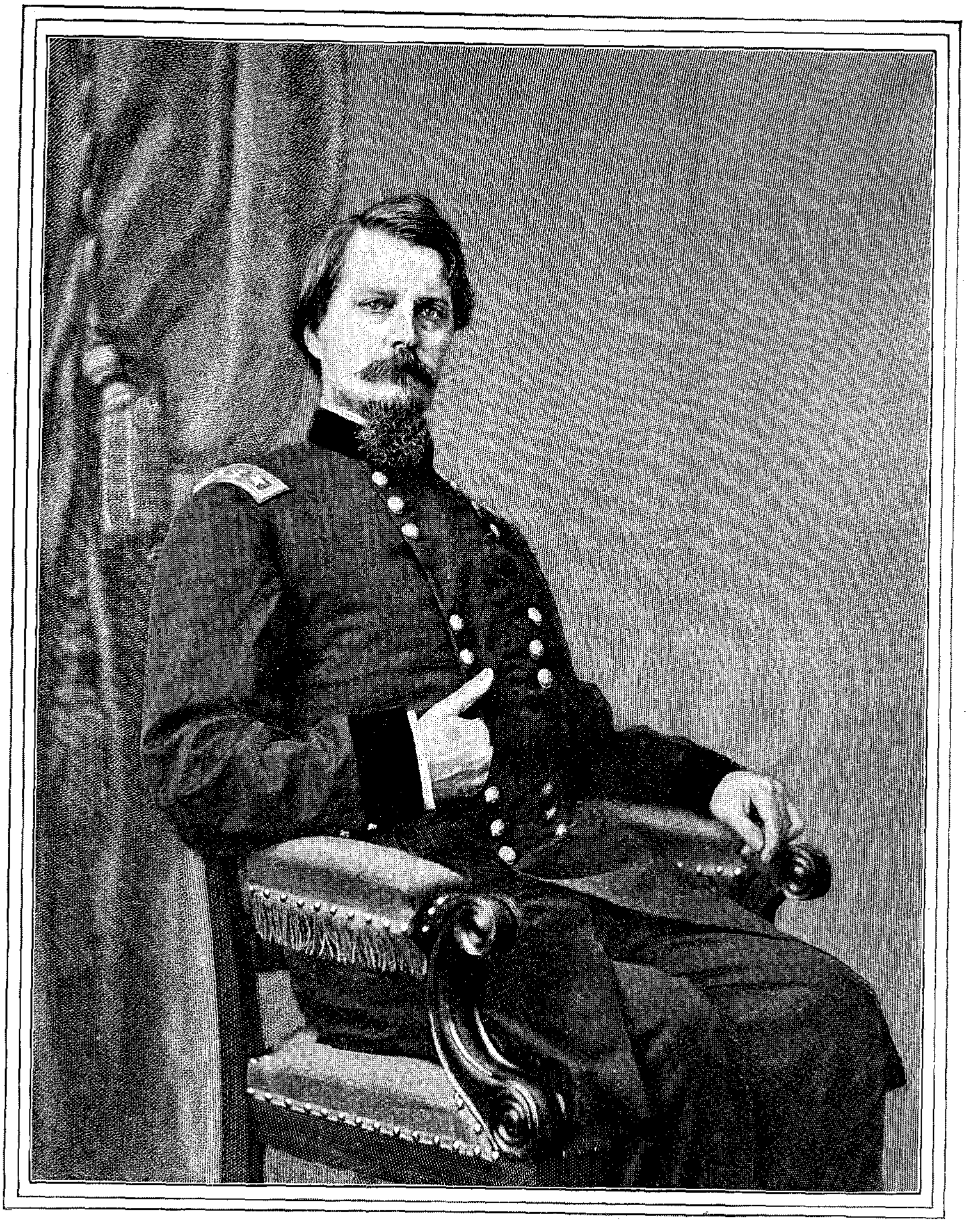
ON THE SPOTSYLVANIA BATTLE-FIELD.

After the battle was over and firing had nearly ceased, Rawlins and I went out to ride over the field. We went first to the salient which Hancock had attacked in the morning. The two armies had struggled for hours for this point, and the loss had been so terrific that the place has always been known since as the "Bloody Angle." The ground around the salient had been trampled and cut in the struggle until it was almost impassable for one on horseback; so Rawlins and I dismounted, and climbed up the bank, over the outer line of the rude breastworks. Within we saw a fence over which earth evidently had been banked, but which now was bare and half down. It was here the fighting had been fiercest. We picked our way to this fence, and stopped to look over the scene. The night was coming on, and, after the horrible din of the day, the silence was intense: nothing broke it but distant and occasional firing, or the low groans of the wounded. I remember that as I stood there I was almost startled to hear a bird twittering in a tree. All around us the underbrush and trees had been riddled and burnt. The ground was thick with dead and wounded men, among whom the relief corps was at work. The earth, which was soft from the heavy rains we had been having before and during the battle, had been trampled by the fighting of the thousands of men until it was soft like thin hasty pudding. Beyond the fence against which we leaned lay a great pool of this mud, its surface as smooth as that of a pond. As we stood there looking silently down at it, of a sudden the leg of a man was lifted up from the pool, and the mud dripped off his boot. It was so unexpected, so horrible, that for a moment we were stunned. Then we pulled ourselves together and called to some soldiers near by to rescue the owner of the leg. They pulled him out with but little trouble, and discovered that he was not dead, only wounded. He was taken to the hospital, where he got well, I believe.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA FROM JUNE 1, 1862, TO THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. BORN, 1807; DIED, 1870.

The first news which passed through the ranks the morning after the battle of Spotsylvania was that Lee had abandoned his position during the night. Though our army was greatly fatigued from the enormous efforts of the day before, the news of Lee's departure inspired the men with fresh energy, and everybody was eager to be in pursuit. Our skirmishers soon found the enemy along the whole



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, COMMANDER OF THE SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN 1864. BORN, 1824; DIED, 1886.

line, however, and the conclusion was that their retrograde movement had been made to correct their position after the loss of the key-points taken from them the day before, and that they were still with us, in a new line as strong as the old one. Of course, we could not determine this point without a battle, and nothing was done that day to provoke one. It was necessary to rest the men.

The two armies were then lying in a semicircle, the Federal left well around to the south. We were concentrated to the last degree, and, so far as we could tell, Lee's forces were equally compact. On the 15th, 16th, and 17th, we lay in about the same position. This inactivity was caused by the weather: a pouring rain had begun on the 11th, and had continued until the morning of the 16th; the mud was so deep that any offensive operation, however successful, could not be followed up. There was nothing to do but lie still and wait for better weather and drier roads.

While waiting for the rain to stop, we had time to consider the field returns of losses which were handed in. The army had left winter quarters at Culpeper Court House on May 4th, and on May 16th the total of killed, wounded, and missing in the Army of the Potomac and the Ninth Corps amounted to a little over 33,000 men. The missing alone numbered 4,900, but some of these were in fact killed or wounded. When Grant looked over the returns, he expressed great regret at the loss of so many men. Meade, who was with him, remarked, I remember, "Well, General, we can't do these little tricks without losses."

OUT-MANŒUVRING LEE.

By the afternoon of May 17th, the weather was splendid, and the roads were rapidly becoming dry, even where the mud was worst. Grant determined to engage Lee, and orders for a decisive movement of the army were issued, to be executed during the night. The attempt was a failure. Lee was not to be ousted; and Grant, convinced of it, issued orders for another movement, which he had had in contemplation for several days, but which he did not wish to try till after a last attempt to get the enemy out of his stronghold. This was nothing less than to slip away from Lee and march on to Richmond again.

The new movement was begun on the night of the 20th. We had anticipated that Lee, discovering our plans, would try to stop our advance, or at least attack our rear; but he did nothing of the kind. The army was withdrawn absolutely without interruption, and by the morning of the 22d the whole force was south of the Mattapony River. We were now in a fine, clear country, good to move and fight in, and the advance of the 22d was most successful. The operations of the next day were much embarrassed by our ignorance of the road and the entire incorrectness of our maps. Nevertheless, by one o'clock in the afternoon, our right wing reached the North Anna. The rest of the army was soon up, and concerted effort was making to cross the stream, which was soon effected. But now, for the first time, Lee blocked our southward march.

By the morning of the 25th, Grant was sure that Lee was before him and strongly intrenched. He soon determined on a new move. This was to withdraw his whole army as quickly as possible, and, before Lee discovered his intention, to move it southeast, across the Pamunkey, and perhaps on across the Chickahominy and the James. The orders for the new move were received with the best spirits by the army, in spite of the fact that the men were much jaded.

Indeed, one of the most important results of the campaign thus far was the entire change which had taken place in the feelings of the armies. The Confederates had lost all confidence, and were already morally defeated. Our army had learned to believe that it was sure of ultimate victory. Even our officers had ceased to regard Lee as an invincible military genius. On the part of the enemy this change was evinced, not only by their not attacking, even when circumstances seemed to invite it, but by the unanimous statements of prisoners taken from them. I never saw more discouraged men than some of those we captured in our efforts to get across the North Anna. Lee had deceived them, they said, and they declared that his army would never fight again except behind breastworks.

The morning after we began to move from our position on the North Anna, I was so confident that I wrote Mr. Stanton: "Rely upon it, the end is near as well as sure."

It was on the night of the 26th that our army was withdrawn from the North Anna. By midnight of the 28th, the troops were all across the Pamunkey and occupying a new position of great strength. The movement had been executed with admirable celerity, and officers and men were in high spirits. The question now was, Where is Lee? By the 30th, we discovered that he was close at hand and strongly intrenched. General Grant wanted to fight, but he declared he would not run his head against heavy works, and so on that day he began to push his lines ahead. This southward move drew Lee out of his breastworks, but we did not succeed in bringing on a battle. There was fighting, to be sure, and we suffered heavy losses; but before we were ready for a general engagement, Lee was again concentrated and intrenched on our front.

The battle Grant sought did not come until June 3d—that of Cold Harbor. Then, by his order, an early morning attack was made on Lee's line. From half-past four in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon, the struggle to break the rebel line continued, with fearful loss to our army. When convinced that success was impossible, Grant ordered the movement suspended, and the army settled back into position. Again it was evident that Lee was not to be driven from his position. And again a flank movement was decided upon, this time south of the James River. But this movement was much more difficult than those from Spotsylvania and the North Anna, and Grant would not move until his preparations were complete. The result was that we lay for nine days where we had fought.

During this time the opposing lines were very close together, and on our side the troops made regular siege approaches to the rebel works. The days passed quietly, with no fighting except an occasional rattle of musketry and now and then a cannon shot. There was frequently a scare on the line, for the enemy was so near that in the dark our men often thought he was coming out to attack; but it never amounted to anything. As a rule, everything was quiet except the picket firing, which could not be prevented when the men were so close together. The only time when this ceased was during the truces to bury the dead.

While we lay at Cold Harbor, as when we had been at Spotsylvania, the principal topic of conversation was the losses of the army. The discussion has never ceased. There are still many persons who bitterly accuse Grant of butchery in this campaign. As a matter of fact, Grant lost fewer men in his successful effort to take Richmond and end the war than his predecessors lost in making the same attempt and failing. An official table showing the aggregate of the losses sustained by the armies of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Butler, and Ord, in the effort to capture the Confederate capital, is here published. It shows exactly what Richmond cost us from May 24, 1861, when McDowell crossed the Potomac into Virginia, to Lee's surrender at Appomattox; and it proves that Grant in eleven months secured the prize with less loss than his predecessors suffered in failing to win it after a struggle of three years.*

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE LOSSES

Sustained in action by the Army of Northeastern Virginia, the Army of the Potomac, and the Army of Virginia, under command of Generals McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864, and the Army of the Potomac (Meade) and the Army of the James (Butler and Ord), constituting the armies operating against Richmond under General Grant, from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865:

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	CAPTURED OR MISSING.	AGGREGATE.
Losses from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864:				
McDowell, May 24 to August 19, 1861	493	1,176	1,342	3,011
McClellan, August 20, 1861, to April 4, 1862	80	268	815	1,163
McClellan, April 5 to August 8, 1862	3,263	13,868	7,317	24,448
Pope, June 26 to September 2, 1862	2,065	9,908	4,982	16,955
McClellan, September 3 to November 14, 1862	2,716	11,979	13,882	28,577
Burnside, November 15, 1862, to January 25, 1863	1,296	9,642	2,276	13,214
Hooker, January 26 to June 27, 1863	1,955	11,160	11,912	25,027
Meade, June 28, 1863, to May 4, 1864	3,877	18,078	9,575	31,530
Total	15,745	76,079	52,101	143,925
Grant's losses from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865:				
May 5 to June 24, 1864—Army of the Potomac, from the Rapidan to the James	7,621	38,339	8,966	54,926
May 5 to June 14—Army of the James, south of James River	634	3,903	1,678	6,215
June 15 to July 31—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James	2,928	13,743	6,265	22,936
Aug. 1 to Dec. 31—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James	2,172	11,138	11,311	24,621
Jan. 1 to April 9, 1865—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James and Sheridan's cavalry	1,784	10,625	3,283	15,692
Total	15,139	77,748	31,503	124,390
SUMMARY:				
Armies of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker and Meade	15,745	76,079	52,101	143,925
Armies under Grant	15,139	77,748	31,503	124,390
Grand Aggregate	30,884	153,827	83,604	268,315
Aggregate of Losses from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864				143,925
Aggregate of Losses from May 4, 1864, to April 9, 1865				124,390
Difference in Grant's favor				19,535

* This is the first complete table ever published of the losses of the armies named; but the comparison was first suggested in the New York "Sun" and other newspapers, some years ago, by Leslie J. Perry, of the War Records Commission.—EDITOR.

TROUBLE WITH NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

While we were encamped at Cold Harbor, General Meade was very much disturbed by a letter published in a Cincinnati paper saying that, after the battle of the Wilderness, he counseled retreat, a course which would have destroyed the nation, but which Grant prohibited. This was entirely untrue. Meade had not shown any weakness since moving from Culpeper, nor once intimated doubt as to the successful issue of the campaign. Nor had he intimated that any other plan or line would be more likely to win. The correspondent who was responsible was with us, and Meade ordered that, as a punishment, he should be paraded through the lines and afterward expelled from the army. This was done on June 8th, the correspondent being led through the army on horseback by the provost-marshal guard. On his back and breast were tacked placards inscribed, "Libeler of the Press."

It was not often, considering the conditions, that correspondents got into trouble in the army. As a rule they were discreet. Besides this case of Meade, I remember now only one other in which I was actively interested; that was a few months later, after I had returned to the Department. Mr. Stanton was annoyed by a telegram which had been published about Sherman's movements, and ordered me to send it to the General, so that we might know how much truth there was in it. I wired him as follows:

War Department, *November* 9, 1864.

Major-General Sherman,
Kingston, Georgia.

Following, copied from evening papers, is sent for your information:

"Cincinnati, *November* 9, 1864.

"Yesterday's Indianapolis 'Journal' says: 'Officers from Chattanooga report that Sherman returned to Atlanta early last week with five corps of his army, leaving two corps in Tennessee to watch Hood. He destroyed the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and is sending the iron into the former place. Atlanta was burned, and Sherman is now marching for Charleston, South Carolina.'"

Sherman sent back two characteristic despatches. The first ran:

Kingston, Georgia,
November 10, 1864.

Hon. C. A. Dana.

Despatch of 9th read. Can't you send to Indianapolis and catch that fool, and have him sent to me to work on the forts? All well.

W. T. Sherman,
Major-General.

The second:

Kingston, Georgia,
November 10, 1864.

Hon. C. A. Dana,
Assistant Secretary of War.

If indiscreet newspaper men publish information too near the truth, counteract its effect by publishing other paragraphs calculated to mislead the enemy, such as "Sherman's army has been much reinforced, especially in the cavalry, and he will soon move several columns in circuit, so as to catch Hood's army;" "Sherman's destination is not Charleston, but Selma, where he will meet an army from the Gulf," etc.

W. T. Sherman,
Major-General.

So I telegraphed to Indianapolis, to General A. P. Hovey, who was stationed there:

War Department, *November* 10, 1864.

Major-General A. P. Hovey,
Indianapolis.

In compliance with the request of Major-General Sherman, the Secretary of War directs that you ascertain what persons furnished the information respecting Sherman's alleged movement, published in the Indianapolis "Journal" of the 8th inst. You will arrest them and send them under guard to such point in the Department of the Cumberland as Major-General Thomas may prefer, where they will be employed in hard labor upon the fortifications until General Sherman shall otherwise order.

General Hovey never found the man, however.

MOVING SOUTH OF THE JAMES.

By the morning of the 12th of June, Grant was ready for his last flank movement of the campaign. Our army at that time, including Sheridan's cavalry, consisted of approximately 115,000 fighting men. The plan for moving this great body was as follows: The Eighteenth Corps was to move to White House without baggage or artillery, and there embark for City Point. The Fifth Corps was to cross the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, and take up position to secure the passage of the remainder of the army, after which it was to cover the rear. The Second, Sixth, and Ninth Corps were to cross in two columns at Long Bridge and Jones's Bridge.

The Fifth Corps having prepared the way, the whole army left the lines about Cold Harbor on schedule time, just as soon after nightfall on the 12th as its movements would be concealed from the observation of the enemy. It was in drawing orders for such complicated movements as these, along different roads and by different crossings, that the ability of General Humphreys, the chief of staff, was displayed. Everything went perfectly from the start. That evening at seven o'clock, when I reached Moody's, four miles from Long Bridge, Warren's (the Fifth) corps was moving rapidly past us. Our cavalry advance, under General Wilson, who had also been transferred to the East, had previously taken Long Bridge and laid a pontoon bridge in readiness for its crossing, so that by nine o'clock that evening the Fifth Corps was south of the Chickahominy, well out toward and covering the approaches from Richmond. All day on the 13th, the army was hurrying toward the James. By night the Sixth Corps had reached the river, and the rest of the troops were on the march between there and the Chickahominy, which was our rear.

When I reached the James, early the next day (the 14th), large numbers of men were hard at work on the pontoon bridge and its approaches, by which it was intended that the artillery and trains should be crossed. It was a pretty heavy job to corduroy the marsh, which was fully half a mile wide and quite deep. The bridge of itself was unprecedented in military annals, except perhaps by that of Xerxes, being nearly 700 yards long.

All day on the 14th, everything went like a miracle. The pontoon bridge was finished at two A.M. on the 15th, and the cavalry of Wilson's leading brigade, followed by the artillery trains, instantly began crossing. By ten o'clock that day, Hancock's corps had been ferried over, and he was off toward Petersburg to support Smith, who had taken the Eighteenth Corps around by water from White House, and had been ordered to attack Petersburg that morning. All the news we had that night at City Point, where headquarters had been set up, was that Smith had assaulted and carried the principal line of the enemy before Petersburg.

The next morning early I was off for the heights southeast of the town. Smith's success appeared to be of the most important kind. He had carried heights which were defended by very formidable works. He thought, and indeed we all thought for the moment, that his success gave us perfect command of the city and railroad. I went over the conquered lines with General Grant and the engineer officers, and they all agreed that the works were of the very strongest kind; more difficult even to take than Missionary Ridge, at Chattanooga.

General Smith told us that the negro troops fought magnificently, the hardest fighting being done by them. The forts they stormed were, I think, the worst of all. After the affair was over, General Smith went to thank them, and tell them he was proud of their courage and dash. He said they had no superiors as soldiers, and that hereafter he should send them into a difficult place as readily as the best white troops. They captured six out of the sixteen cannon which he took.

It soon appeared, however, that Smith was far from having captured points which commanded Petersburg. His success had but little effect in determining the final result. He had stopped his advance a few minutes and a considerable space too soon, because, as he subsequently alleged, it was too dark and his men were too much fatigued for further operations, and he feared Lee had already reinforced the town.

On June 16th, the day after Smith's attack, more of the troops arrived before Petersburg. General Meade also arrived on the ground, and the job of capturing Petersburg was now taken up in earnest by the whole Army of the Potomac. It was no longer a mere matter of advancing eighty or one hundred rods, as on the night previous, for meanwhile the enemy had been largely and rapidly reinforced. Much time and many thousands of valuable lives were to be expended in getting possession of this vital point, which had really been in our grasp on the evening of the 15th. That afternoon commenced a series of assaults on the works of the enemy. The fighting lasted all night, the moonlight being very clear. Our loss in these attacks was heavy.

The next day (the 17th) another attack was made at Petersburg. It was long persisted in, but Meade found that his men were so worn out with marching, fighting, and digging that they must have rest, and so laid off until noon of the 18th, when, all of the army being up, a general assault was ordered. Nothing important was gained, and General Grant directed that no more assaults should be made. He said that after this he should manœuver to get possession of Petersburg.

LEE LOSES GRANT.

During all this period, from Cold Harbor to Petersburg, we knew nothing of Lee. In making the disposition for this great and successful movement—a far more brilliant evolution than McClellan's "change of base," two years before, over the same roads almost—an eye was had, of course, to deceiving Lee as to the ultimate direction of the army. The design succeeded beyond Grant's most sanguine hopes. As soon, on the morning of the 13th, as the Confederate chieftain discovered our withdrawal, he moved his army across the Chickahominy in hot haste, flinging it between his capital and the foe supposed to be advancing on a new line between the James and Chickahominy. He held and fortified a line from White Oak Swamp to Malvern Hill, and he remained stock still for four days, wondering what had become of Grant.

He had been completely deceived, and could not be made to believe by Beauregard, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, that Grant's whole army had turned up before Petersburg. His troops, as we know now, did not cross the James, to go to the relief of Beauregard, until the 17th. He was caught napping, and but for mistakes by subordinates in carrying out Grant's plans, Lee's cause would have been lost. In the operations from the night of the 12th, when Grant changed his line and base, with an army of 115,000 men and all its vast trains and artillery, crossing a wide and deep river on a temporary bridge, until June 18th, when at last Lee awoke to the situation, General Beauregard shines out on the Confederate side far more brilliantly than the general-in-chief. He unquestionably saved Petersburg, and probably (for the time) the Confederacy itself; but for him, Lee had at that time lost the game.

THE FIRST WEEKS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Grant had decided against a further direct attack on the works of Petersburg, but he was by no means idle. He sent out expeditions to break up the railroads leading into the town. He began extending his lines around to the south and southwest, so as to make the investment as complete as possible. Batteries were put in place, weak spots in the fortifications were felt for, and regular siege works were begun. Indeed, by July 1st, the general opinion seemed to be that the only way we should ever gain Petersburg would be by a systematic siege.

Before the army had recovered from its long march from Cold Harbor and the failure to capture the town, there was an unusual amount of controversy going on among the officers. Smith was being berated generally for failing to complete his attack on June 15th, and subsequently he and Hancock had a bitter controversy about the responsibility for the failure. Butler and "Baldy" Smith were deep in a controversial correspondence, and Meade and Warren were so at loggerheads that Meade notified Warren on the 20th that he must either ask to be relieved as corps commander or he (Meade) would prefer charges against him. It seemed as if Meade grew more unpopular every day after we reached Petersburg. Finally, the difficulties between him and his subordinates became so serious that a change in the commander of the Army of the Potomac seemed probable. Grant had great confidence in Meade, and was much attached to him personally; but the almost universal dislike of Meade which prevailed among officers of every rank who came in contact with him, and the difficulty of doing business with him, felt by every one except Grant himself, so greatly impaired his capacity for usefulness, and rendered success under his command so doubtful, that Grant seemed to be coming to the conviction that he must be relieved.

I had long known Meade to be a man of the worst possible temper, especially toward his subordinates. I think he had not a friend in the whole army. No man, no matter what his business or his service, approached him without being insulted in one way or another; and his own staff officers did not dare to speak to him unless first spoken to, for fear of either sneers or curses. The latter, however, I had never heard him indulge in very violently; but he was said to apply them often without occasion and without reason. At the same time—as far as I was able to ascertain—his generals had lost their confidence in him as a commander. His orders for the last series of assaults upon Petersburg, in which we lost 10,000 men without gaining any decisive advantage, were, in effect, that he had found it impracticable to secure the coöperation of corps commanders, and that, therefore, each one was to attack on his own account and do the best he could by himself. The consequence was that each gained some advantage of position, but each exhausted his own strength in so doing; while for the want of a general purpose and a general commander to direct and concentrate the whole, it all amounted to nothing but heavy loss to ourselves.

The first week of July, the subject came to pretty full discussion at Grant's headquarters, on occasion of a correspondence between Meade and Wilson. The Richmond

"Examiner" had charged Wilson's command with stealing, not only negroes and horses, but silver plate and clothing, on a raid he had just made against the Danville and Southside railroads; and Meade, taking up the statement of the "Examiner" for truth, read Wilson a lecture, and called on him for explanations. Wilson denied the charge, and said he hoped Meade would not condemn his command because its operations had excited the ire of the public enemy. Meade replied that Wilson's explanation was satisfactory; but this correspondence started a conversation in which Grant expressed himself quite frankly as to the general trouble with Meade and his fear that it would become necessary to relieve him. In that event, he said it would be necessary to put Hancock in command.

About the only pleasant incident which relieved all this disputing was a visit the President made us on June 21st. As soon as he arrived, he wanted to visit the lines before Petersburg. General Grant, Admiral Lee, myself, and several others went with him. I remember that, as we passed along the lines, Mr. Lincoln's high hat was brushed off by the branch of a tree. There were a dozen young officers whose duty it was to get it and give it back to the President; but Admiral Lee was off his horse before any of these young chaps, and recovered the hat for the President. Admiral Lee must have been forty-five or fifty years old. It was his agility that impressed me so much.

As we came back, we passed through the division of colored troops which had so greatly distinguished itself under Smith on the 15th. They were drawn up in double lines on each side of the road, and welcomed the President with hearty shouts. It was a memorable thing to behold him whose fortune it was to represent the principle of emancipation, passing bareheaded through the enthusiastic ranks of those negroes armed to defend the integrity of the nation.

EARLY'S RAID ON WASHINGTON.

In the first days of July, we began to get inquiries at City Point from Washington concerning the whereabouts of the Confederate Generals Early and Ewell. It was reported in the capital, our despatches said, that they were moving down the Shenandoah Valley. We seemed to have pretty good evidence that Early was with Lee, defending Petersburg, and so I wired the Secretary on July 3d. The next day we felt less positive. A deserter came in on the morning of the 4th, and said that it was reported in the enemy's camp that Ewell had gone into Maryland with his entire corps. Another twenty-four hours, and Meade told me that he was at last convinced that Early and his troops had gone down the Valley. In fact, Early had been gone three weeks. He left Lee's army near Cold Harbor on the morning of the 13th of June, when we were on the march to the James. Hunter's defeat of Jones near Staunton had forced Lee to divide his army, in order to stop Hunter's dangerous advance on Lynchburg.

On the 6th, General Grant was convinced that Washington was the objective. The raid threatened was sufficiently serious to compel the sending of troops to its defence, and a body of men immediately embarked. Three days later, I started myself to Washington, in order to keep Grant informed of what was going on. When I arrived, I found both Washington and Baltimore in a state of great excitement; and both cities filled with people who had fled from the enemy. The damage to private property done by the invaders was said to have been almost beyond calculation. Mills, workshops, and factories of every sort were reported destroyed, and from twenty-five to fifty miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad torn up.

During my first day in town (July 11th), all sorts of rumors came in. General Lew Wallace, in command at Baltimore, sent us word that a large force of the enemy had been seen that morning near Baltimore. The Confederate generals were said to have dined together at Rockville a day or two before. The houses of Governor Bradford and Francis P. Blair, Sr., and his son Montgomery, the Postmaster-General, were reported burned. We could see from Washington clouds of dust in several quarters around the city which we believed to be raised by bodies of hostile cavalry. There was some sharp skirmishing that day, too, on the Tennallytown road, as well as later in front of Fort Stevens, and at night the telegraph operators at the latter place reported a considerable number of camp-fires visible in front of them.

I found that the Washington authorities had utilized every man in town for defense. Some fifteen hundred employees of the quartermaster's department had been armed and sent out; the veteran reserves about Washington and Alexandria had likewise been sent to the front. General Augur, commanding the defenses of Washington, had also drawn from the fortifications on the south side of the town all the men that in his judgment could possibly be spared. To this improvised force were added that day some six boat-loads of troops which General Grant had sent from the Army of the Potomac. These troops went at once to Fort Stevens.

With the troops coming from Grant, there was force enough to save the capital; but I soon saw that nothing could possibly be done toward pursuing or cutting off the enemy, for want of a commander. General Hunter and his forces had not yet returned from their swing around the circle. General Augur commanded the defenses of Washington, with A. McD. McCook and a lot of brigadier-generals under him, but he was not allowed to go outside. Wright only commanded his own corps. General Gillmore had been assigned to the temporary command of those troops of the Nineteenth Corps just arrived from New Orleans and all other troops in the Middle Department, leaving Wallace to command Baltimore alone. But there was no head to the whole. General Halleck would not give orders, except as he received them from Grant; the President would give none; and until Grant directed positively and explicitly what was to be done, everything was practically at a standstill. Things, I saw, would go on in the deplorable and fatal way in which they had been going for a week. Of course, this want of head was causing a great deal of sharp comment on all sides. Postmaster-General Blair was particularly incensed, and indeed with real cause, for he had lost his house at Silver Springs. Some of his remarks reached General Halleck, who immediately wrote Mr. Stanton the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, *July* 13, 1864.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

Sir: I deem it my duty to bring to your notice the following facts: I am informed by an officer of rank and standing in the military service that the Hon. M. Blair, Postmaster-General, in speaking of the burning of his house in Maryland, this morning, said, in effect, that the officers in command about Washington are poltroons; that there were not more than 500 rebels on the Silver Springs road, and we had 1,000,000 of men in arms; that it was a disgrace; that General Wallace was in comparison with them far better, as he would at least fight. As there have been for the last few days a large number of officers on duty in and about Washington who have devoted their time and energies, night and day, and have periled their lives in the support of the Government, it is due to them, as well as to the War Department, that it should be known whether such wholesale denouncement and accusation by a member of the Cabinet receives the sanction and approbation of the President of the United States. If so, the names of the officers accused should be stricken from the rolls of the Army; if not, it is due to the honor of the accused that the slanderer should be dismissed from the Cabinet.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

The very day on which Halleck wrote this letter, we had evidence that the enemy had taken fright at the arrival in Washington of the troops sent by Grant and were moving off toward Edwards Ferry. It was pretty certain that they were carrying off a large amount of cattle and other plunder with them. By the end of another day, there seemed no doubt that Early had got the main body of his command across the river with his captures. What they were, it was impossible to say precisely. One herd of cattle was reported as containing 2,000 head, and the number of horses and mules taken from Maryland was reported as about 5,000. This, however, was probably somewhat exaggerated.

The veterans, of course, moved out at once to attempt to overtake the enemy. The irregulars were withdrawn from the fortifications, General Meigs marching his division of quartermaster's clerks and employees back to their desks; and Admiral Goldsborough, who had marshaled the marines and sailors, returning to smoke his pipe on his own doorstep.

The pursuit of Early proved, on the whole, an egregious blunder, relieved only by a small success at Winchester, in which four guns and some prisoners were captured. Wright accomplished nothing, and drew back as soon as he got where he might have done something worth while. As it was, Early got off with the whole of his plunder.

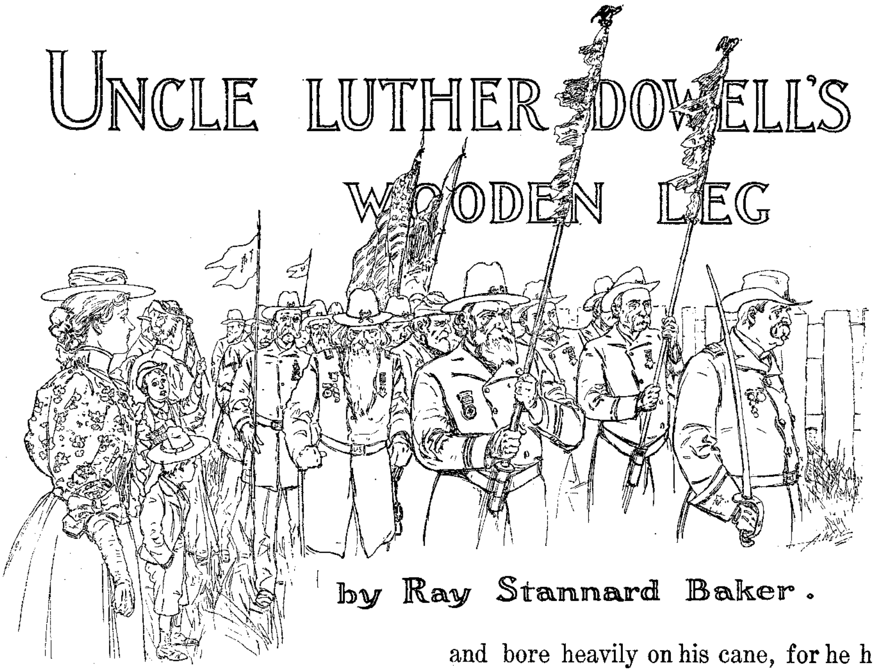
One of the best letters Grant sent me during the War was at the time of this Early raid on Washington. When the alarms of invasion first came, Grant ordered Major-General David Hunter, then stationed at Parkersburg, West Virginia, to take direction of operations against the enemy's forces in the Valley. Hunter did not come up to Mr. Stanton's expectations in this crisis, and when I reached Washington, the Secretary told me to telegraph Grant that, in his opinion, Hunter ought to be removed. Three days later, I repeated in my despatch to Grant certain rumors about Hunter that had reached the War Department. The substance of them was that Hunter had been engaged in an active campaign against the newspapers in West Virginia, and that he had horsewhipped a soldier with his own hand. I received an immediate reply.

CITY POINT, VA., *July* 15, 1864.—8 P.M.
C. A. DANA,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

I am so sorry to see such a disposition to condemn so brave an old soldier as General Hunter is known to be, without a hearing. He is known to have advanced into the enemy's country toward their main army, inflicting a much greater damage upon them than they have inflicted upon us with double his force, and moving directly away from our main army. Hunter acted, too, in a country where he had no friends; whilst the enemy have only operated in territory where, to say the least, many of the inhabitants are their friends. If General Hunter has made war upon the newspapers in West Virginia, probably he has done right. In horsewhipping a soldier he has laid himself subject to trial; but, nine chances out of ten, he only acted on the spur of the moment, under great provocation. I fail to see yet that General Hunter has not acted with great promptness and great success. Even the enemy give him great credit for courage, and congratulate themselves that he will give them a chance of getting even with him.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

UNCLE LUTHER DOWELL'S WOODEN LEG



by Ray Stannard Baker.

UNCLE TOMMY DOWELL and Uncle Luther Dowell were twins only in age and patriotism. In everything else they were as different as black and white or hot and cold. Uncle Tommy was short, and puffy, and bald of head, with a reminiscent twinkle in his blue eye, and a certain sprightliness in his step that quite belied his age. Also, he had two good, stout, stubby legs, although they were a bit bowed and stiff, so that he thumped smartly with his heels when he walked.

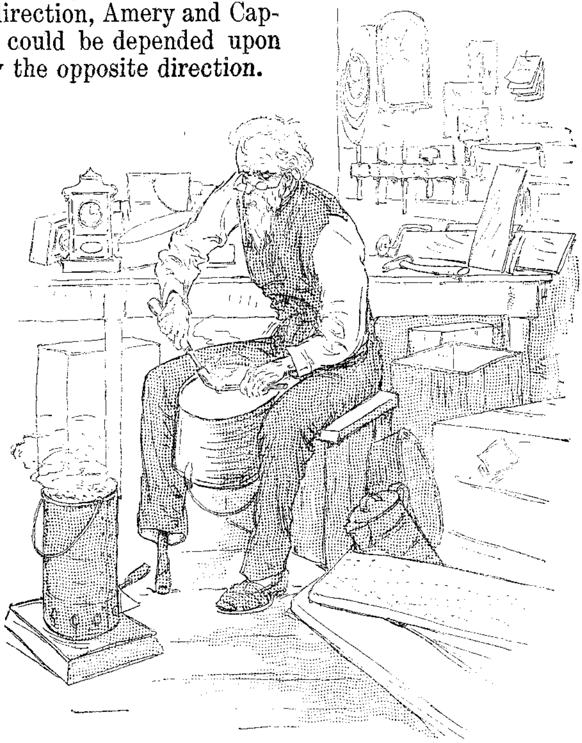
What Uncle Tommy lacked of reaching nature's standard of a man, Uncle Luther made up. He was gaunt and stooping, and so spare that one almost expected to hear him rattle in his old blue clothes like withered peas in a pod. Fine trouble lines mapped his forehead, and his beard was thin and gray. When he walked, he lurched at every step and bore heavily on his cane, for he had left his good right leg on the bloody slopes at Chickamauga, and for nearly thirty years he had stumped painfully about on a wooden leg.

Uncle Tommy was bluff and prosperous. He lived in a comfortable house in West Alden, and when all of his children came home for Thanksgiving dinner, Uncle Tommy's wife put all the spare leaves in the dining-table and carved two turkeys.

Uncle Luther had a little one-story shop, across the county line in the adjoining town of Amery, where he soldered leaky milk pans and tinkered clocks. It was next the lane, in the farther corner of his son Jonathan's land, and he made up his own bed and cooked his meals in the little room in the rear. He seemed at least twenty years older than Uncle Tommy, and he had become querulous and quavery, so that Jonathan and his thrifty wife groaned under the responsibility of looking after him.

And that shows how two brothers, who have been boys together, men together, and soldiers together, may drift apart. For years Uncle Tommy and Uncle Luther had not met, except at gatherings of old soldiers, and these were *not* pleasant meetings. For the two little towns, albeit they lay out on the wide Minnesota prairie, with only an imaginary line between them, could not agree. It was the kind of dissension that grows rank and strong in little communities where there are few outside interests to occupy the intervals of attention. And the old soldiers took it up, and fought it out as valiantly as they had marched on Vicksburg. They might have had a Grand Army post, with reminiscent camp-fires, and they might have had Fourth of July celebrations and Memorial Day parades; but as certainly as Uncle Tommy led the hosts of West Alden in one direction, Amery and Captain Enoch Bradley could be depended upon to march in exactly the opposite direction.

As for Uncle Luther, he always followed Uncle Tommy's procession, wherever it might lead. Again and again the old soldiers of the two towns met in the interests of harmony. Uncle Tommy would come to preside, and Uncle Luther would second the motions, and then they all would slump off into the quagmire of dissension. At such times the fires of a stirring past would blaze up in Uncle Luther's faded eyes, his stooped shoulders would stiffen back, a faint flush would steal into his cheeks, and he would nod his old gray head as if in time to martial music that none but he could hear. Sometimes the tears came up to his eyes, and the boy who was fortunate enough to hear him talk thrilled with the quick pride of strife, and longed to shoulder a carbine and march away to the music of fife and drum.


"Where he soldered leaky milk pans and tinkered clocks."

For two years the towns had held Memorial Day services, but they had been mournfully dispirited. Uncle Tommy, by sheer force of character, had been marshal of the day, and Uncle Luther and a few stragglers from Amery had marched with the parade; but Captain Enoch and his supporters stood by with gloomy forbearance, and offered no word of encouragement. There was really little need of Memorial Day services, except in the abstract. The cemetery, where the discord of the two towns was buried, lay on a bare prairie knoll, set around with precise rows of spindling cottonwoods that languished half the summer with thirst and whipping winds and dust—and it contained no soldiers' graves. But Uncle Tommy's parades marched up the road to the cemetery gate and back again, and Uncle Luther felt that the country's dead, wherever they *might* lie, had been honored.

On the third year the old soldiers met again, thoroughly determined to be harmonious. In ten minutes' time Uncle Tommy was thumping on the pine table with his cane, and several of the other old soldiers were clinging to Captain Enoch's coat-tails, while the two men glared and threatened. And then Captain Enoch executed a well-planned flank movement, routed Uncle Tommy, and ran up the Amery colors. A few minutes later his faction, acting with the right of might, had decided upon all the important features of the parade. And to further rout Uncle Tommy and his retainers, they appointed Uncle Luther to the honored position of marshal of the day.

At first Uncle Luther was dumb with astonishment. He had as good right to be marshal as Uncle Tommy. They had belonged to the same regiment, and both had reached the rank of corporal, Uncle Luther on one leg and Uncle Tommy on two. But Uncle Luther always had deferred to Uncle Tommy as if he had been an older brother, and it seemed to him hardly short of sacrilege to appear as Uncle Tommy's rival. So he struggled to his feet, and held up a lean finger to catch Captain Enoch's eye.

"I rather have Tommy have the place," he faltered; "he's better fitted for it than I be."

But Uncle Tommy was storming down the room.

"Keep it," he roared, and he went out, slamming the door after him.

Uncle Luther followed him a few steps, wistfully, and then he dropped back in his seat, and listened dumbly while Captain Enoch and the exultant revolters planned the details of the parade.

"It's Amery's turn this year," gloated Captain Enoch.

Uncle Luther walked up the road alone. His step was brisker than usual, and there was a brighter gleam in his eye. He could not help feeling proud that he had been honored. There were other men in Amery who would have served better in his place—he knew that well enough, for he was old, and he didn't walk easily—but he was glad with the joy of appreciation. For so many years he had been an unnoticed, crippled tinker, and when at last recognition came to him, even at the expense of his more fortunate brother, he could not help exulting.

"Well, I fought fer it," he mumbled; "an' I bled fer it. I'd a-given both my legs, if necessary—they know that." Then, after a pause, he said aloud: "But I wisht Tommy'd got it."

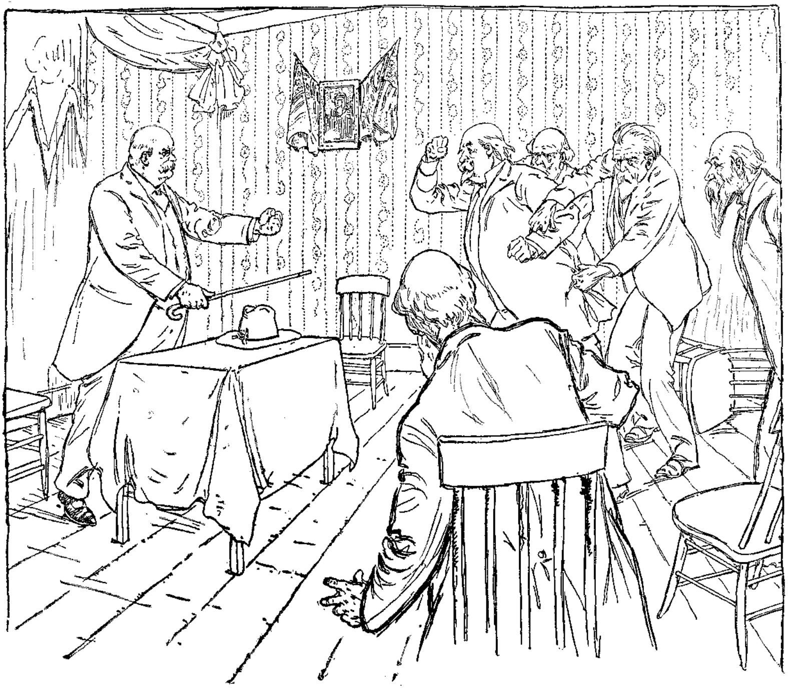
He opened the door of his little shop, and went in. His eyes swept the familiar disorder of the room, the rusty tools hanging on the wall, the blear-faced old clocks, the pots and pans, all the toys of a second childhood. He was glad to be at home again, for he was worn out and trembling with the unwonted excitement of the meeting. Outside, the sun shone on the green prairies, and there was warm, puddly dust in the road; but Uncle Luther's blood was thin and cold, and he shivered in the damp interior of the shop. So he brought his soldering brazier from the corner and stirred the coals into a bright glow. Then he bent over to warm his hands.

Jonathan Dowell came down the lane between his prosperous fields, on his way to town. Little Dick was with him. When Uncle Luther saw them, he went to the door and beckoned.

"Come in, Jonathan, come in," he called.

His face shone with pride, and he told with feverish eagerness of the new honor which the day had brought him.

"Nonsense," interrupted Jonathan, testily; "don't you know, father, that you're gettin' too old an' feeble to take part in such things? You ain't able to walk to the graveyard an' back, an' you're only stirrin' up trouble between the



"*Several of the other old soldiers were clinging to Captain Enoch's coat-tails.*"

families. Uncle Tommy'll never forgive you.''

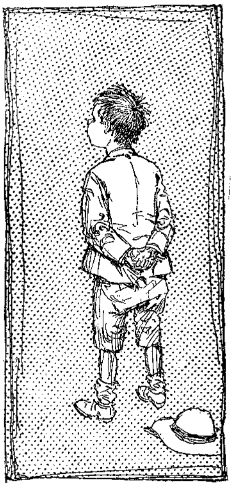
"I know it,'' he faltered; "I know it, Jonathan. Tommy'd ought to have it. I told 'em so. I said Tommy'd ought to have it.''

The end of the lane was the end of Dick's little world, and he turned and loitered back, humming a tune to himself, as a child will. Uncle Luther stood in the doorway, and watched him wistfully. Of a sudden he recalled how Uncle Tommy had looked when they were boys together.

"Jus' like Tommy, exactly,'' he said, half aloud, gazing fondly at the little fellow. Then he bent over stiffly and beckoned.

"Come see gran'pa,'' he said, smiling enticingly.

Dick crossed his hands behind his back, and looked at Uncle Luther soberly. He was a sunny-haired little fellow, with blue eyes and puckery red lips, and he stood full in the bright May sunshine.



"Dick crossed his hands behind his back."

Uncle Luther regarded him seriously.

"I told 'em I didn't want to march,'' he said protestingly. "I said Tommy'd do it better'n I could; but Captain Enoch, ner any of 'em, wouldn't listen to me. Don't go 'way, Dicky, don't go 'way, an' leave gran'pa,'' beseechingly.

But the little boy was edging away; he didn't understand, and he was afraid.

"Don't go 'way,'' said Uncle Luther, eagerly; "come an' see what gran'pa's got for Dicky.''

He turned, and hobbled painfully across his shop. He put on his spectacles, and opened a drawer in his work-bench, and in its depths he found a stick of horehound candy. Dick stood with one pudgy hand resting on the door frame, peering into the shop with wide eyes.

"Candy,'' announced Uncle Luther expressively.

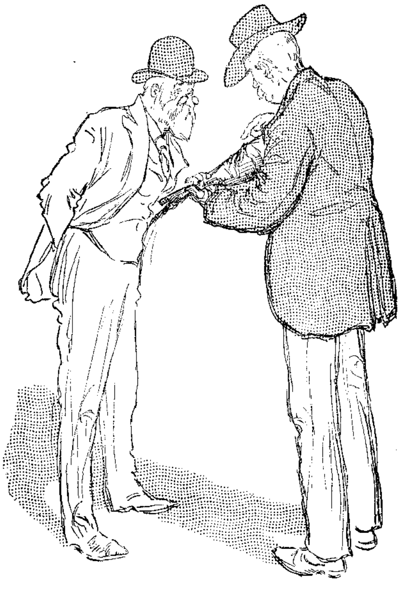
Dick drew a little nearer, glancing from the candy to his grandfather's wrinkled face. Uncle Luther waved the stick like a wizard's wand, and lured Dick nearer and nearer until a dirty little hand closed over the candy. Then he reached out slyly and cautiously, and gathered Dick in his arms.

"Ain't you goin' to kiss gran'pa?'' he asked eagerly.

But the little boy wriggled away, and ran out of the door. Uncle Luther watched him loitering up the lane in the sunshine, sucking his candy, until the vision blurred in his dim old eyes. Then he returned to his brazier. He sat down, and drew his chair almost over it. He bent double, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands, and there he sat alone for a long time. Finally he straightened up. The subtle warmth of the fire had stolen through all his body. He leaned back in his chair, his head drooped over to one side, and his work-worn old hands lay palm upward on his knees. He was fast asleep.

The brazier under him continued to glow, and send its cheery comfort stealing up around his chair. It had a friendliness and hearty warmth that were more than the kindness of many of the old man's friends.

The dusk of evening came down, and filled the corners with shadows. And presently a glow that was not all in the brazier began to illumine the center of the room. A thin, wavering mist of smoke curled up around the old man, and crept silently along the dingy ceiling. A moment later there was a sharp burst of flame, that disappeared as suddenly as it came. The old man's trouser-leg rested against the hot brasier, and the fine fire gnawed and sparkled in the heavy cloth. A few shavings on the littered floor of the shop were crisping with sudden wisps of flame, and the chair legs were on fire.



"To examine the remains of the fifty-dollar leg."

But Uncle Luther slept on, wholly unconscious of his danger.

Jonathan Dowell, returning from the village, saw a sinister glare in the shop windows. He rushed into the room, seized the old man, and lifted him swiftly to one side. Then he beat out the fire with a gunny sack.

Uncle Luther sat up, trembling and terrified. His wooden leg was gone. It had burned almost to the stump, and the charred remains were still smoking.

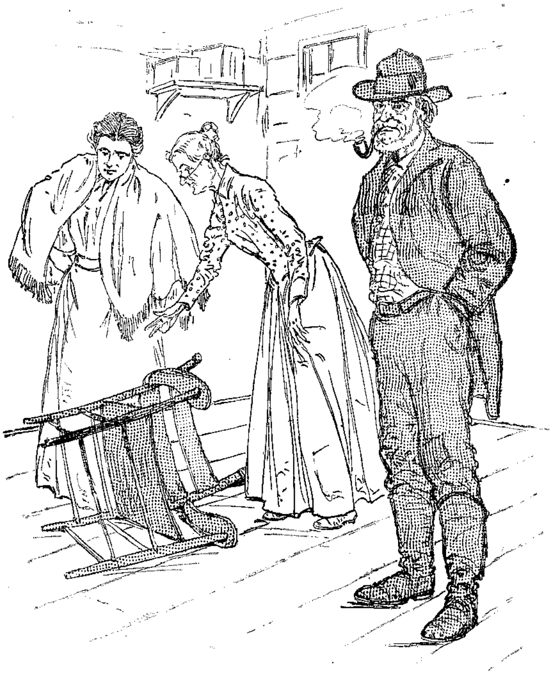
Jonathan Dowell's voice rang with anger.

"What won't you do next, father?" he said. "You've set yourself on fire, and nearly burned up the shop. That wooden leg of yours cost me just fifty dollars, and it'll be a long time before I can afford another."

And then he saw dimly the agony in his father's face, and he softened. He was not a bad man, nor even a harsh man—only thoughtless. "You must learn to be more careful, father," he said gently, and yet insistently, as if he talked to a child.

Uncle Luther was glad when his son went away. He crept to his little back room like a wounded dog, and lay down on the bed. Old age had made him slow, and he could not realize at first the full magnitude of his disaster; but he knew that he had deeply angered his son.

"Too bad to trouble Jonathan an' his wife," he muttered. "Cory *is* so thrifty an' partic'lar. I'm careless, I know it. I'm gettin' old." And then after a time his mind reverted to the earlier interests of the day, and he said aloud: "I wisht Tommy'd got it."



" To point out where the fire had charred the chair."

News travels quickly in a small town, and the next morning the sympathetic and the curious came to condole with Uncle Luther, and to examine the remains of the fifty-dollar leg, and to point out where the fire had charred the chair. They went about solemnly, as at a funeral, glancing sideways from the corners of their eyes, and yet not missing anything.

Among the very first to call was Captain Enoch Bradley, who was a hearty, warm-blooded, irascible old fellow, and his bluff sympathy went far toward solacing Uncle Luther in his affliction.

"'Twan't so bad as if you hadn't lost it before," he comforted.

But Uncle Luther had no mind for treating his loss frivolously. The years had crushed all of the humor out of him, and left him only tragedy.

"I was thinkin'," he said, "that now I can't march, p'raps you—p'raps Amery—might let Tommy have it——"

Captain Enoch frowned darkly, but Uncle Luther hurried on:

He's more commandin' than I be, er ever was, er ever will be, an' he's had practice——"

"Oh, you'll be ready to march by Decoration Day," interrupted Captain Enoch.

"It's good of you to say so," said Uncle Luther, "but I jus' can't do it. Tommy's the man;" and then he added wistfully, "I wisht I could see Tommy."

But Uncle Tommy did not come. Uncle Luther heard, however, that Uncle Tommy had been appointed marshal of the parade, and he was glad of it. For himself, he was busied after the first day or two with a stout piece of ash, which he slowly whittled down with a draw-shave to the proportions of a wooden leg. It would not do as well as a regular artificial leg, such as the one he had been wearing, but he hoped that it would serve him for the Memorial Day exercises. He still cherished a desire to march with the parade, although he knew that

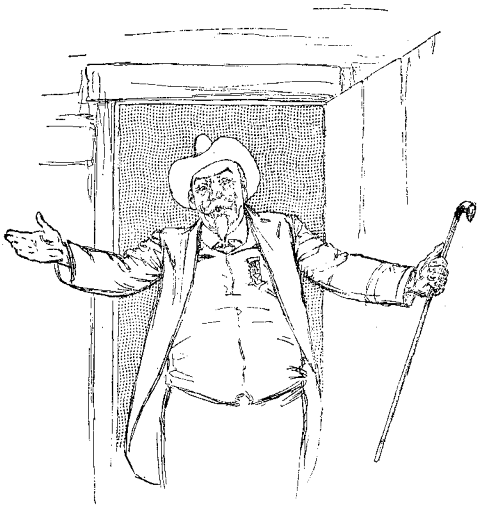
Jonathan would not approve of it. He was afraid of Jonathan. But whole days slipped by when he was not strong enough to work, and yet he clung to the task with feverish eagerness. The man within him protested that he was still good for something, that old age had not robbed him of everything.

On the morning of Memorial Day the whittling was all finished, but there remained the task of attaching the straps, and Uncle Luther knew that he could not hope to complete the leg in time for the exercises. So he laid it away, and toward noon he dressed up in his best blue clothes, and put on his wide-brimmed black hat with the gold cord around the crown. Then he hobbled out of the door, and dropped down on a box by the fence, with his back resting against a post. It was a fresh, clear May morning. During the night there had been a shower, and the grass at the roadside stood up green and dewy. The fields of waving wheat-blades spread away for miles before him, dotted here and there with houses and red barns, and straight rows of Lombardy poplars and cottonwoods. Where Uncle Luther sat he could look up the yellow stretch of roadway, and he knew that he could see the parade almost as soon as it left the town. It would pass the end of the lane on its way to the cemetery, and he hoped, with the vague optimism of the very old and the very young, that it would come back by the same road. Seeing it was next to marching with it.

Uncle Luther put on his long-distance glasses, and he saw a blur of blue moving along the road from the village. Above it there was a blur of red and white. A moment later they resolved themselves into a knot of old soldiers, with the flag flapping above them. Uncle Luther took a long breath, and his eyes shone. Suddenly a band began to play the stirring music of "Marching through Georgia."

"They've got the band," exclaimed Uncle Luther, in a voice that choked with ecstasy.

Unconsciously he rose on his one good foot and took off his hat. His eyes dimmed, and as the enlivening strains of the music came up to him, another picture formed on his misty glasses. He saw the boys in blue—not a meager handful of gray and stooping remnants, but boys, with fresh young faces, and broad shoulders, and proud chins. They were muddy to the knees with marching, they were ragged and tattered, but they swept by to the drums and fifes, regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade; and orderlies clattered up and down with yellow envelopes stuck in their belts; and the shells were screeching from the rebel heights. He saw the companies wheel and deploy; he saw them strip down and form in line at "Charge bayonets." The big, black guns were leaping the ruts in the road, with the gunners clinging desperately to the caissons. Then he saw the long line of gray rise up over the hill, and pour itself down the slope. He saw the ragged, mile long flash of the carbines—and he would have leaped forward to the charge, if for a single moment he had heard the bugle's shrill summons.



"Enoch Bradley . . . a hearty, warm-blooded, irascible fellow."

Uncle Luther's spectacles were dimmed. He polished them off with shaky fingers, and looked again. Behind the band there was a stretch of white that seemed to nod and twinkle in the sunshine.

"They've got the children, too," he faltered.

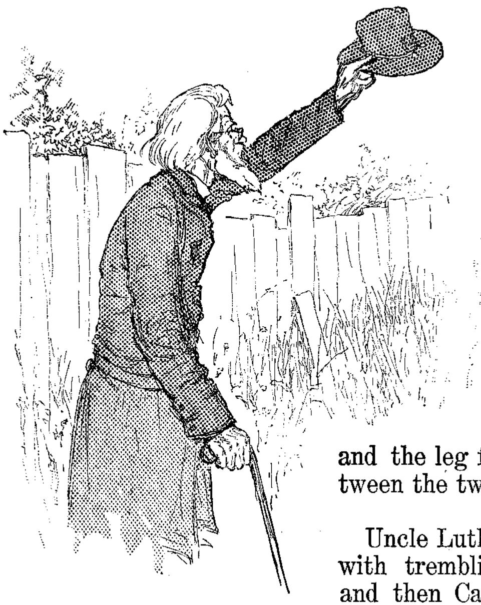
Then the old fellows in blue swung at the corner; they were keeping military line, and something of the old spirit had thrilled their steps into an unwonted precision. The band, wheeling with them, swept into "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Uncle Luther leaped forward on his one good leg, waved his hat around his head, and shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah!" His head was thrown back, his eyes flashed, his breath came quick and hot.

"Down with the traitor, up with the star," he chanted in his thin, quavery old voice.

Now they had reached the end of the

lane, and Uncle Luther could make out the full length of the parade. It was by far the greatest celebration that the town ever had known, and his heart swelled with pride at the thought. Not once did he recall his own disappointment and sorrow; it was all for the glory of the day.

Suddenly Uncle Luther shrunk back. What were they trying to do? He felt an impulse to run forward and tell them that they had missed the way to the cemetery, and that the lane ran only as far as Jonathan Dowell's house. But before he could decide what to do the old soldiers stopped almost in front of his own little shop. The band had swung out to one side. It was playing "America," and the sweet, shrill voices of the children rose and fell with the music. Uncle Luther sank back on his box, trembling. Through a mist of great happiness he saw Uncle Tommy and Captain Enoch advancing toward him side by side. He couldn't believe it at first; he didn't pretend to believe it.



"Waved his hat around his head, and shouted, 'Hurrah, hurrah!'"

"I'm gettin' old," he muttered, "an' I'm not steady in my mind."

But he rose to meet them. Uncle Tommy carried an odd-shaped package in his arms, and when he was near to Uncle Luther, he stopped and cleared his throat. Every one was silent, listening.

"I calc'lated to make a speech," he stammered; "but—we thought we'd decorate the livin' this year. Luther, here's a new leg."

He held out the odd-shaped package helplessly. Uncle Luther did not seem to see it at all. He reached forward and put his hands on his brother's shoulders, and the leg fell down unheeded between the two old men.

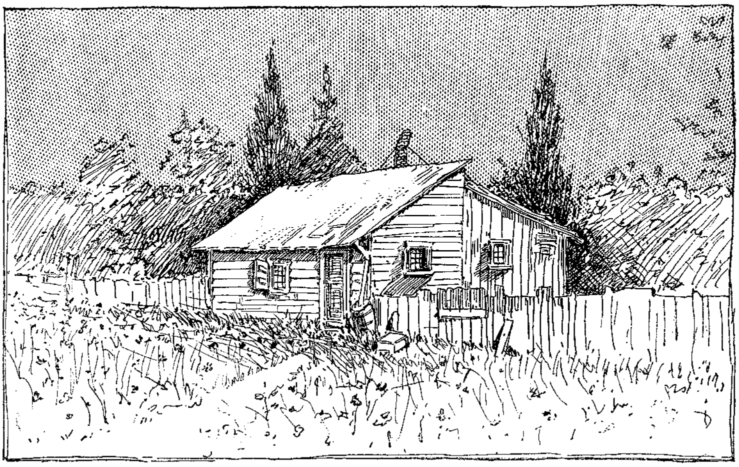
Uncle Luther strapped on the leg with trembling, inefficient fingers, and then Captain Enoch and Uncle Tommy marched him out between them. Uncle Tommy's own horse and buggy, decorated with ribbons and flowers, stood in front of the shop.

"You're goin' to be the marshal of the day," said Captain Enoch.

"But—Tommy——"

"Get in," commanded Uncle Tommy, in a voice that was not to be disputed.

Uncle Luther, sitting as straight as a trooper, drove out at the head of the procession, while the band, with a rattle of drums, swept into "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land."



LIFE PORTRAITS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Born at Shadwell, Virginia, April 2, 1743. Died at Monticello, Virginia, July 4, 1826.

With Notes and an Introduction by Charles Henry Hart.

THOMAS JEFFERSON has had more ardent followers, and more ardent opponents, than perhaps any other patriot in American history. The cause of this is that he was essentially a strong man, and no one can follow the lines of his face without seeing this. In McClure's Magazine for October, 1897, was presented the life mask of Thomas Jefferson, taken by J. H. I. Browere, in 1825, when Jefferson was eighty-two years old. In relation to this, Jefferson said : " I now bid adieu forever to busts and even portraits." It was two-score years earlier that Jefferson sat to Mather Brown for the first portrait that we know of him, and which is the first portrait here reproduced. Others follow by Houdon (1789), Gilbert Stuart (1800), Rembrandt Peale (1803), George Miller (1803), St. Mémin (1805), and Thomas Sully (1821). These portraits, covering a period of thirty-five years, are selected as among the best and most characteristic to which we have access.

When Jefferson was in France, John Trumbull was there, and at the minister's house at Chaillot, in the autumn of 1787, he painted Jefferson's portrait for his picture " The Declaration of Independence." It was one of those small cabinet portraits, on panel, for which Trumbull is so justly celebrated, and is now owned by Mrs. John W. Burke, of Alexandria, Va. The head of Jefferson in the " Declaration of Independence " picture is not a close copy of the original. Charles Willson Peale, to whom Americans are under lasting obligations for preserving authentic portraits of the public men of the Revolutionary epoch, painted a portrait of Jefferson in 1791, which belongs to the city of Philadelphia and is a most interesting delineation of him. James Sharples made a pastel portrait of Jefferson in 1798, which is also owned by the city of Philadelphia, but it is deficient in character and individuality.

A number of portraits of Jefferson were made that cannot be traced, which is the more to be regretted as some of them were by skillful artists. Jefferson took an intelligent interest in art, and posed as a profound connoisseur. He numbered among his personal intimates, Richard and Maria Cosway, Trumbull, Peale, Houdon, Ceracchi, and most of the foreign contingent that emigrated to these shores. It was chiefly due to his instrumentality that George Hadfield, the brother of Maria Cosway, came from England as assistant architect of the Capitol at Washington, and that Cardelli and Persico came from Italy to do the carvings. Jefferson was an amateur of some ability, especially in the not easy field of architecture. The University of Virginia, which he designed, would do no discredit to a professional of recognized experience. Jefferson showed himself to be a man of excellent æsthetic taste, and with an actual knowledge of the subject far beyond the general cultivation of his time. His correspondence teems with suggestions and reflections on design and decoration, showing an understanding of the subject, and not merely idle thoughts bestowed on an ephemeral fad.

Perhaps the most important of the lost portraits of Jefferson is the bust made by Ceracchi, which was destroyed with the burning of the library of Congress, December 24, 1851, and of which there seems to be neither replica or copy. Dr. William Thornton, the first Commissioner of Patents, and an amateur artist of decided proficiency, calls it, in writing to Jefferson, a " superb bust, one of the finest I ever beheld." Jefferson paid Ceracchi $1,500 for the original marble, that being the amount of tax the disgruntled Italian levied upon all those persons whom he had besought to sit to him as a favor, when his scheme for a national monument fell through and he prepared to leave the country.

William J. Coffee, an Englishman, who modeled small busts in terra cotta, made a bust of Jefferson in April, 1818, as also busts of his daughter Mrs. Randolph and granddaughter Ellen, for the three of which

Jefferson paid $105. In commending the sculptor to Madison as "really able in his art," Jefferson said he gave "less trouble than any artist, painter, or sculptor I have ever submitted myself to." This bust is also among the missing, although those of Mrs. Randolph and Ellen are at Edgehill. Pietro Cardelli modeled a bust of Jefferson in 1819, but it is unknown, although a number of plaster copies were subscribed for by disciples of the statesman. It is highly improbable that Jefferson could have been, as he was, on terms of familiar intimacy with Richard and Maria Cosway, each of them skilled miniature painters, and that neither of them should have painted his portrait. Yet such a portrait is not known, any more than the miniature that was painted of him by Thomas Gimbrede, and engraved by the painter for "State Papers and Publick Documents," published in 1815. Another unknown portrait is recorded in Jefferson's financial diary under July 12, 1792: "Paid Williams for drawing my portrait, 14 D."

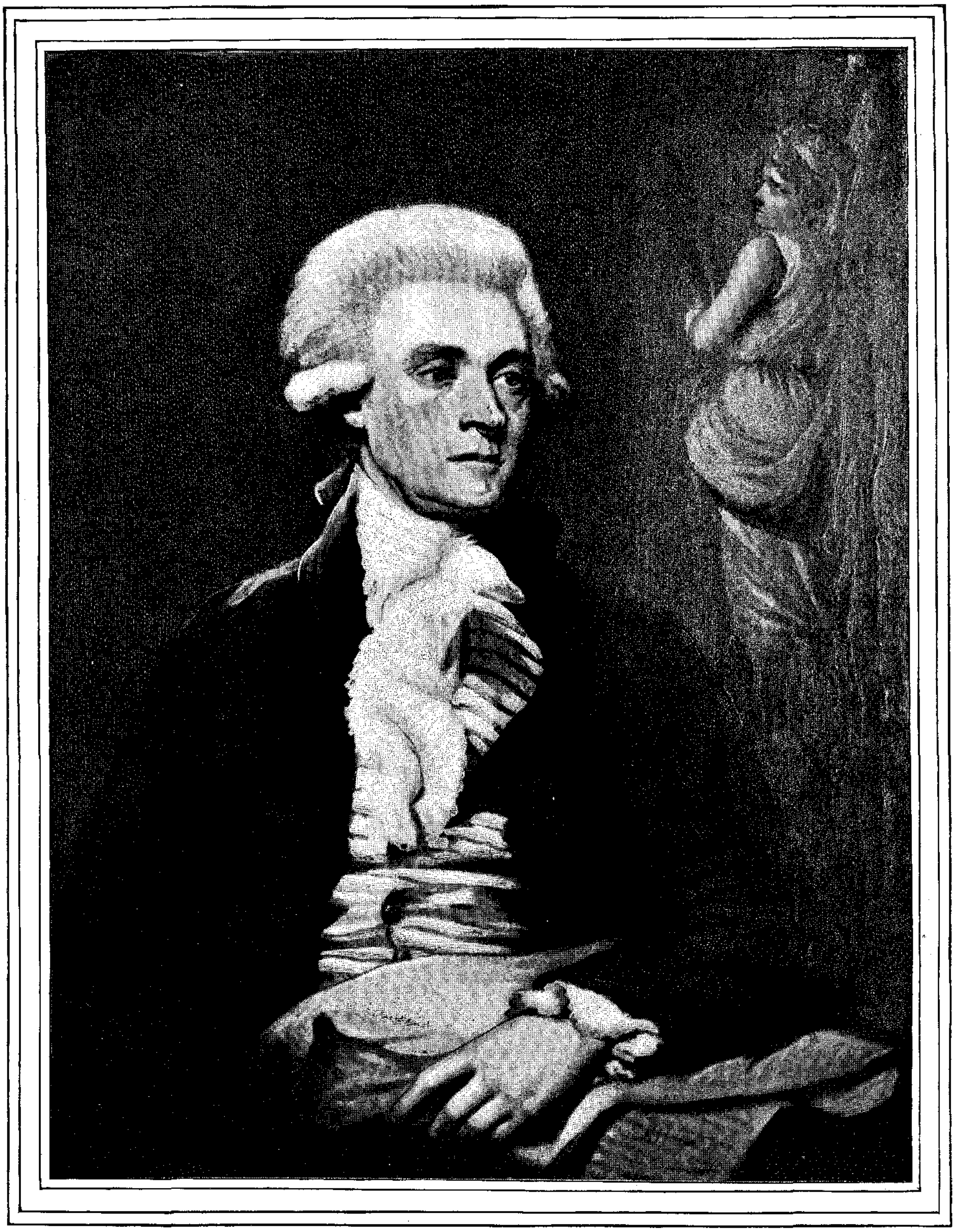
Jefferson seems to have approved of his own profile. In April, 1789, when in France, he had two profiles made, for one of which he paid six francs, and for the other, thirty francs; and early in 1804, Amos Doolittle, an engraver from Connecticut, appears to have made several of him. His profile was also cut at Peale's Museum about this time. The next year Gilbert Stuart painted his famous profile in monochrome. There are a number of these so-called Stuart profiles, but the identity of the original by Stuart is undetermined. Hon. T. J. Coolidge of Boston, great-grandson of Jefferson, claims to own it; but his is painted in oil color, while Jefferson writes to Joseph Delaplaine, in 1813, that it is "in water color"; and six years later writes to General Dearborn that Stuart did it "on paper with crayon." Dr. Thornton, to whom Jefferson lent it to copy, calls it a "drawing," as does also Jefferson, which would imply that it was either in crayon or water color. Dr. Thornton made his copy in Swiss crayon, which would indicate that to be the medium of the original he was copying. For the original Jefferson paid Stuart $100, June 18, 1805, covering the payment in the following note: "Mr. Jefferson presents his compliments to Mr. Stewart, and begs leave to send him the inclosed for the trouble he gave him in taking the head *a la antique*. Mr. Stewart seemed to contemplate having an engraving made either from that or the first portrait; he is free to use the one or the other at his choice; the one not proposed to be used I will be glad to receive at Mr. Stewart's convenience; the other when he shall be done with it." This Stuart profile was so popular that William Birch copied it in enamel, and also employed Edwin to engrave it, that he might give the prints away and a proper likeness of Jefferson be circulated.

Bass Otis, a very indifferent painter, made a portrait of Jefferson in the summer of 1816, for Delaplaine's gallery, which was engraved by Nagle, and the original is now owned by Mr. W. J. Campbell of Philadelphia. Relative to this portrait Dr. Thornton writes to Jefferson, July 20, 1816: "Never was such injustice done to you except by sign painters and General Kosciusko, than which last nothing can be so bad, and when I saw it I did not wonder that he lost Poland —not that it is necessary that a general should be a painter, but he should be a man of such sense as to discover that he is not a painter." The profile of Jefferson by Kosciuszko is nothing less than a grotesque caricature. The original drawing was destroyed, but it is preserved, as an iconographic curiosity, in a fac-simile aquatint in colors, by Ml. Sokolnicki.

Charles Peale Polk, who was a nephew, pupil, and imitator of Charles Willson Peale, painted a portrait of Jefferson from life, about 1800, which, if it is, as I think it is, the picture owned by Mrs. F. A. March of Easton, Pennsylvania, exhibits some marked characteristics of the original, but very crudely rendered. Edward Savage painted and engraved in mezzotinto a portrait of Jefferson, and introduced an admirable whole-length figure of Jefferson, in profile, when completing Pine's picture of "The Congress voting Independence," which highly interesting and important painting is owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

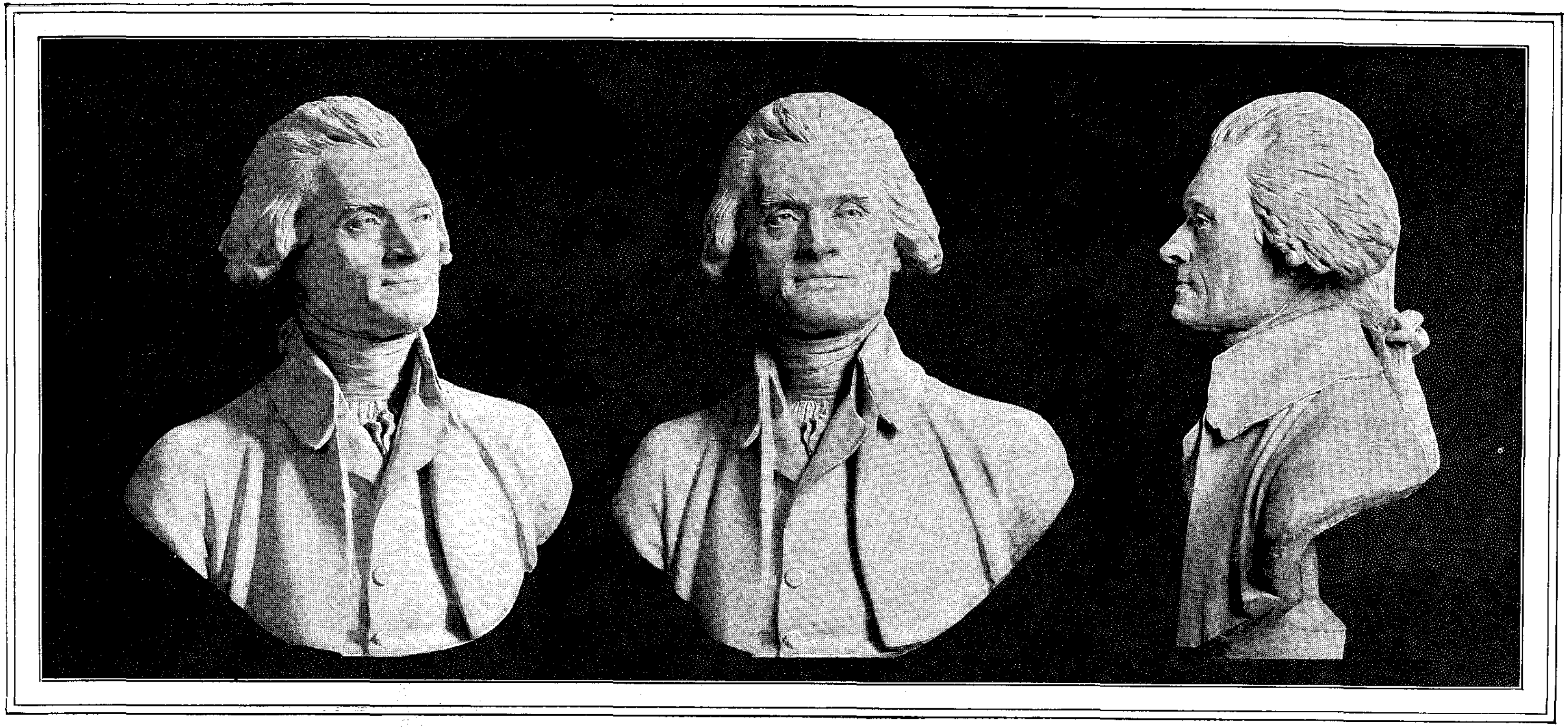
Jefferson's figure was commanding, six feet two and a half inches in height, well formed, neither stout nor thin, indicating strength, activity, and robust health. His carriage was erect, and his step firm and elastic, which he preserved till his death. His hair was of a reddish cast, his complexion sandy, and his eyes, blue when young, changed to a hazel gray as he advanced in years. When he died, at the age of eighty-four, he had not lost a tooth, nor had he a defective one.

There is no known portrait of Martha Wayles, who became the wife of Thomas Jefferson on New Year's Day, 1772, and died September 6, 1782, at the age of thirty-four.



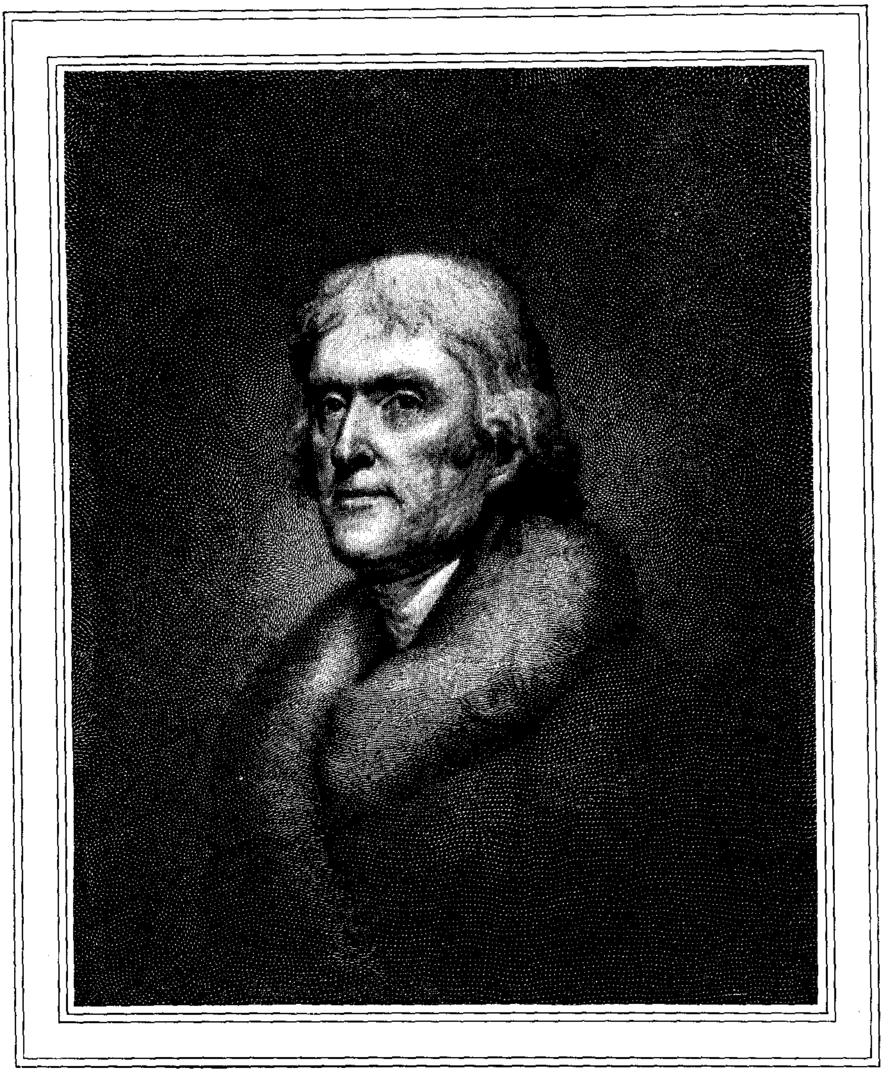
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1786. AGE 43. PAINTED BY MATHER BROWN. THE EARLIEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON KNOWN.

From the original portrait painted by Mather Brown; now owned by Mr. Henry Adams, Washington, D. C. Canvas, 28 by 36 inches. Mather Brown died in London, May 25, 1831, at an advanced age and very poor. He was a native of Boston and a grandson of the famous Tory clergyman Mather Byles. He went to London and had some instruction from West, and at one time held a prominent position there, as a portrait painter. The portrait of Jefferson here reproduced was painted, in London, for John Adams, and the artist's receipt for the price of the picture is attached to the back of the canvas: "London May 12, 1786, Rec'd of his Excellency John Adams Esq Six Guinneas for a kit-kat portrait of Mr. Jefferson." A replica was painted for Jefferson, and Brown also painted a portrait of John Adams for his famous colleague, which picture, with the Jefferson replica and one of Thomas Paine, which Brown also painted for Jefferson, has disappeared. Trumbull wrote from London to Jefferson at Paris, "Brown is busy about the pictures. Mr. Adams is like—yours I do not think so well of." The portrait has, however, considerable historical importance as being the earliest delineation of Jefferson that has come down to us.



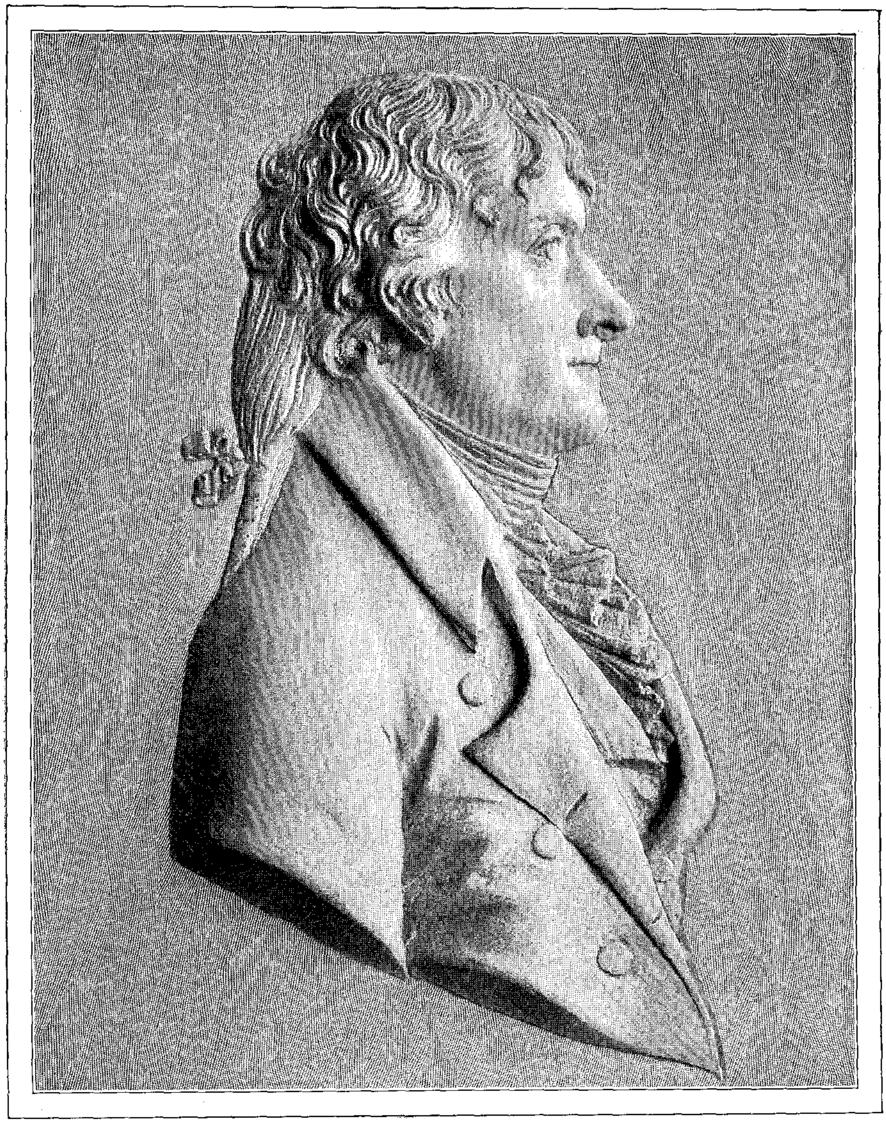
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1789. AGE 46. MODELED BY HOUDON.

From a plaster cast of the bust modeled by Houdon, now owned by the New York Historical Society. Jefferson's relations with the great French sculptor, Houdon, were of the closest personal and official character, Jefferson having been charged with the commission to engage the sculptor to execute the statue of Washington for the State of Virginia. It can readily be understood, therefore, that Houdon's bust of the author of the Declaration of Independence was no perfunctory piece of modeling. Houdon took a mask of Jefferson's face; and for the bust in marble, Jefferson paid Houdon, July 3, 1789, one thousand francs. This same year it was exhibited in the Salon, where it masqueraded, according to the catalogue, as "M. Sesserson, envoyé des Etats de la Virginie." Unfortunately, the original marble was destroyed, by the carelessness of workmen, at Monticello, during Jefferson's lifetime. But there are two signed plaster casts of it; the one in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, New York City, and the other in the hall of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. The latter was given by Jefferson to David Rittenhouse, and was engraved by Longacre, for Tucker's "Life of Jefferson." Its characterization is very fine, and although decidedly French in its contour, it gives an aspect of Jefferson's face which is perfectly natural.



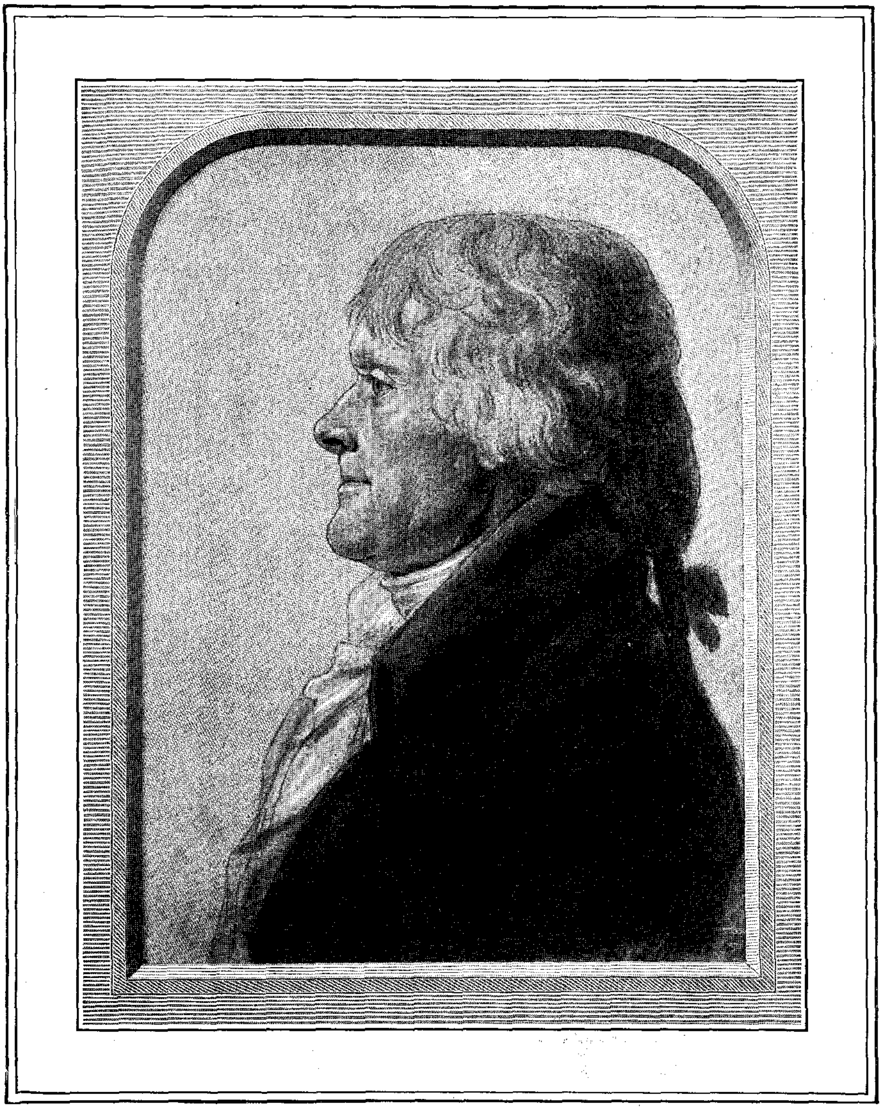
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1803. AGE 60. PAINTED BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

From the original portrait painted by Rembrandt Peale, now owned by the New York Historical Society. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. Rembrandt Peale, the second son of Charles Willson Peale, was born February 22, 1778, and died October 3, 1860. There are at least two portraits of Jefferson painted at the beginning of the century by "R." Peale which are known at the present day only through contemporary copper-plate engravings by David Edwin and Cornelius Tiebout. It is true that both Rembrandt and his elder brother, Raffaelle, were painting at this time, but as Raffaelle is known only as a painter of still-life and a few miniatures, the initial "R" on these engraved portraits of Jefferson must stand for Rembrandt. The earliest print, by Edwin, was published by J. Savage in 1800; and Tiebout's plate bears the imprint of Matthew Carey, Feb. 20, 1801. Early in this year Peale went abroad, and doubtless took with him impressions of Tiebout's plate; for in August there was published, in Paris, an engraving by Desnoyers from a drawing of the Tiebout print by Bouch, which has been repeatedly engraved on the other side, and is the Frenchman's portrait of Jefferson. These "R." Peale portraits of Jefferson have a special interest from the frequency with which they were engraved during Jefferson's lifetime. One of them, "Engraved by Harrison Junr.," was used in the Philadelphia edition (1801) of "Notes on Virginia," thus giving it the mark of Jefferson's approval. This, however, may not be of much value, in view of what Jefferson wrote to Joseph Delaplaine,—"There is nothing to which a man is so incompetent, as to judge of his own likeness." Peale returned home in 1803, and almost his first work after his return seems to have been to paint the portrait of Jefferson here reproduced. This picture shows plainly the benefit he derived from his experience abroad, for it is a beautifully painted portrait, being indeed the best example of Rembrandt Peale's work that I know. It was painted for the Peale Museum, and there it remained until the public sale of the collection in 1854, when it was bought by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Bryan, of Philadelphia, for $125. Later Mr. Bryan presented it, with his important collection of pictures, to the New York Historical Society.



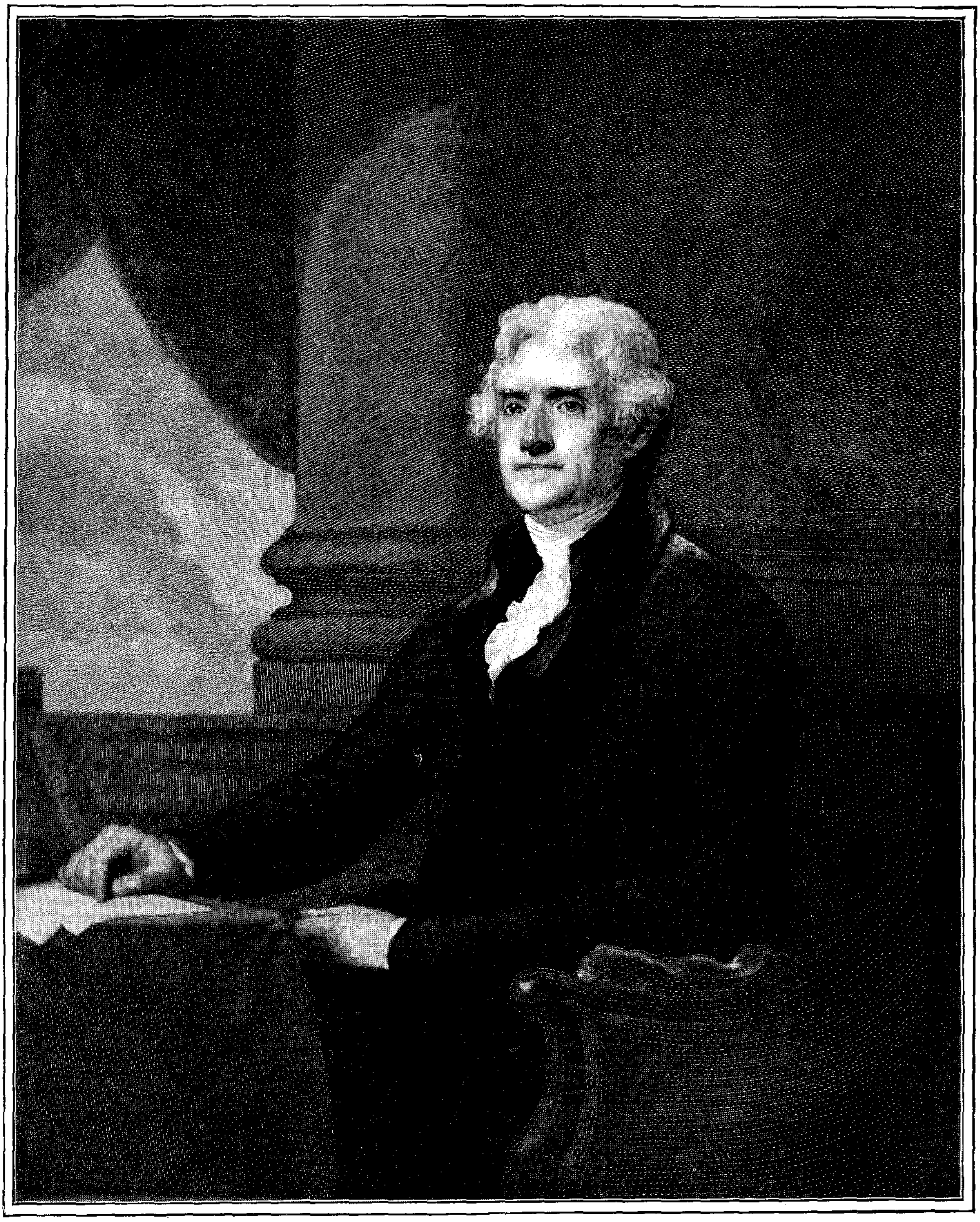
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1803. AGE 60. MODELED BY GEORGE MILLER.

From the original bas-relief in gypsum by George Miller, now owned by the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia. Size, 4 by 6 inches. This finely executed portrait and the one of Washington (reproduced in McClure's Magazine for February, 1897) are the only works of this character by Miller that have come under my notice. Miller was one of the original associates of the Society of American Artists, formed in May, 1810. That he had versatility as a modeler is shown in that he made not only life-size busts and miniature bas-reliefs, but also a statue of Venus, in wax, "life size and coloured to nature," which was exhibited in Philadelphia at the Apollodorean Gallery from 1812 to 1815, when it was taken to Baltimore. It is curious to note that in the earlier days it was not considered derogatory to art for the craftsman to liberally advertise. Thus we find Miller, in 1815, announcing in the Philadelphia newspapers that he has "taken a shop directly opposite the new theatre, where he continues to model likenesses in wax, composition and in plaster of paris of any size." He concludes by "returning his most grateful acknowledgments to those ladies and gentlemen who seconded his efforts by their kind patronage and protection, without which he must have abandoned this branch of the fine arts or sought another clime to have exerted his abilities. Peace has opened a new field for his prospects, and he hopes through the fostering protection of a discerning public to succeed in his labors." Dunlap says, "from necessity he turned gold beater." So much for the state of the arts among us fourscore years ago. The bas-relief reproduced was originally the property of Zeligman Phillips, one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1805, a prominent criminal lawyer, and a pronounced follower of Jefferson's school of politics. From him it descended to his son, the late Hon. Henry M. Phillips, of Philadelphia, who presented it to the American Philosophical Society, of which Jefferson was the third president. It is inscribed with the date and artist's name, in the handwriting of its original owner, Zeligman Phillips.



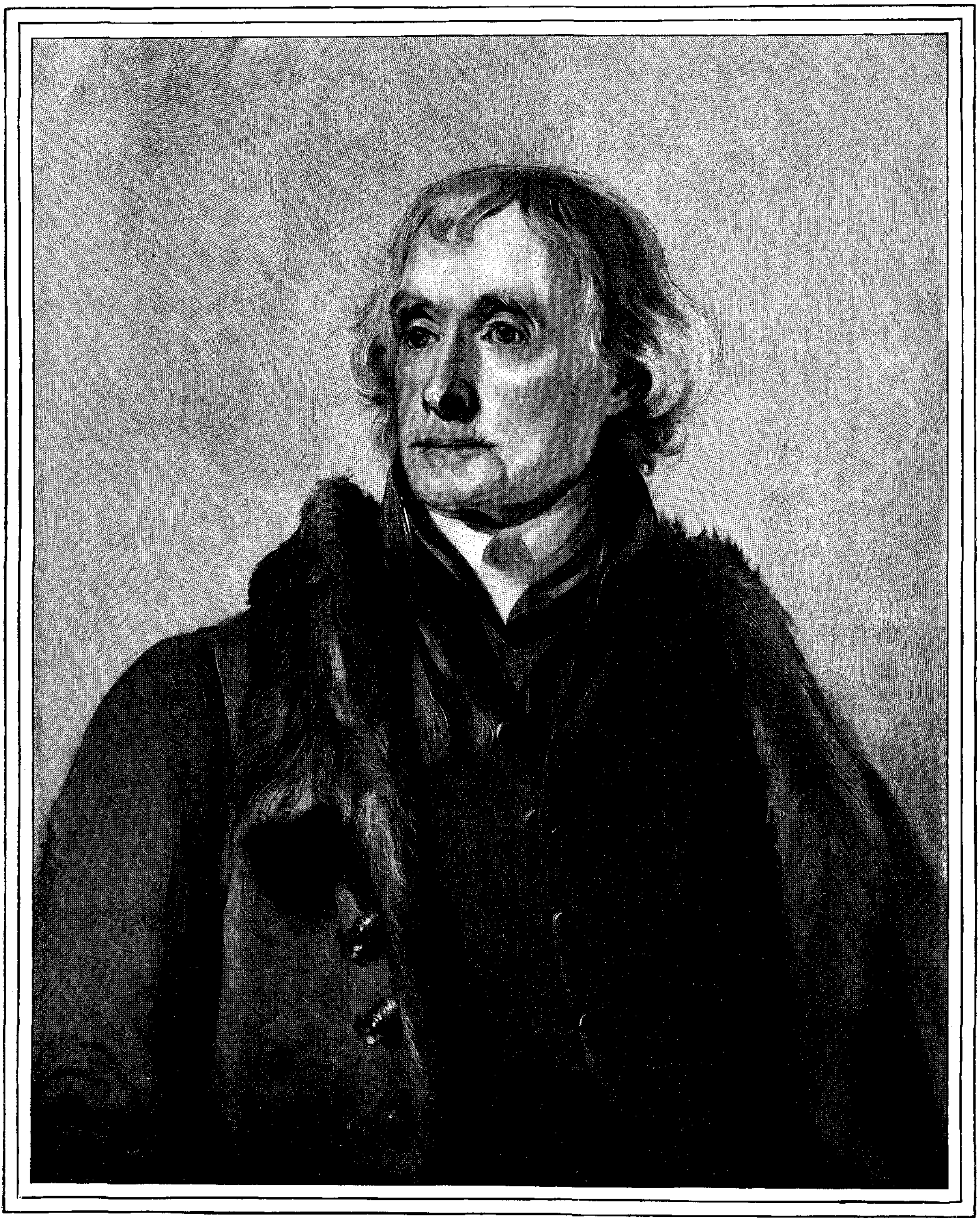
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1805. AGED 62. DRAWN BY ST. MÉMIN.

From the original crayon drawing by C. B. J. Févret de St. Mémin, now owned by Mr. John C. Bancroft of Boston. Size, 12 by 18 inches. St. Mémin's American itinerary was New York, 1793 to 1798; New Jersey, 1798; Philadelphia, 1798 to 1804; Baltimore, Annapolis, and Washington, 1804 to 1807; Virginia, 1808; South Carolina, 1809; New York, 1810; and thence back to France in 1814. He never made a stronger or more characteristic drawing than the profile of Jefferson here reproduced. It was for many years the treasured possession of the distinguished historian, George Bancroft, from whom it passed to his son, the present owner. St. Mémin made a drawing of Jefferson the previous year, which he engraved in his usual two-inch circle. But the present portrait was engraved in an oval, of which only one impression, besides those preserved in the two complete sets of St. Mémin's works, is known to exist, and it is in a small album, containing sixteen portraits, belonging to Mr. C. S. Bement of Philadelphia, which is inscribed, by St. Mémin: "Gagne-pain du exilé aux États Unis d'Amérique de 1793 a 1814. Dijon 1842. Le nombre des portraits de ce genre dessinés et gravés par M. de St. M. dans les principales villes des États Unis d'Amérique s'élève a 760. Offert a Monsieur G. Peignot comme un faible hommage au sincère respectueux et tres affectueuse dévouement du dessinateur et graveur Févret de St. Mémin." Thus it will be seen we are indebted to this ingenious Frenchman, driven from his native land by the turmoils of the Revolution, for the preservation of the lineaments of a large number of our citizens. All were not persons of the highest consideration who sought the physionotrace and graver of St. Mémin to hand down to posterity their counterfeit presentments; for St. Mémin's engraved portraits were the *carte de visite* photographs of the period. He furnished the original life-size crayon drawing on pink paper, with the small engraved plate and a dozen impressions of the portrait, for the sum of thirty-three dollars. But for the hand of St. Mémin we should be without portraits of many important personages, whose likenesses his art has alone preserved.



THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1800. AGE 57. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

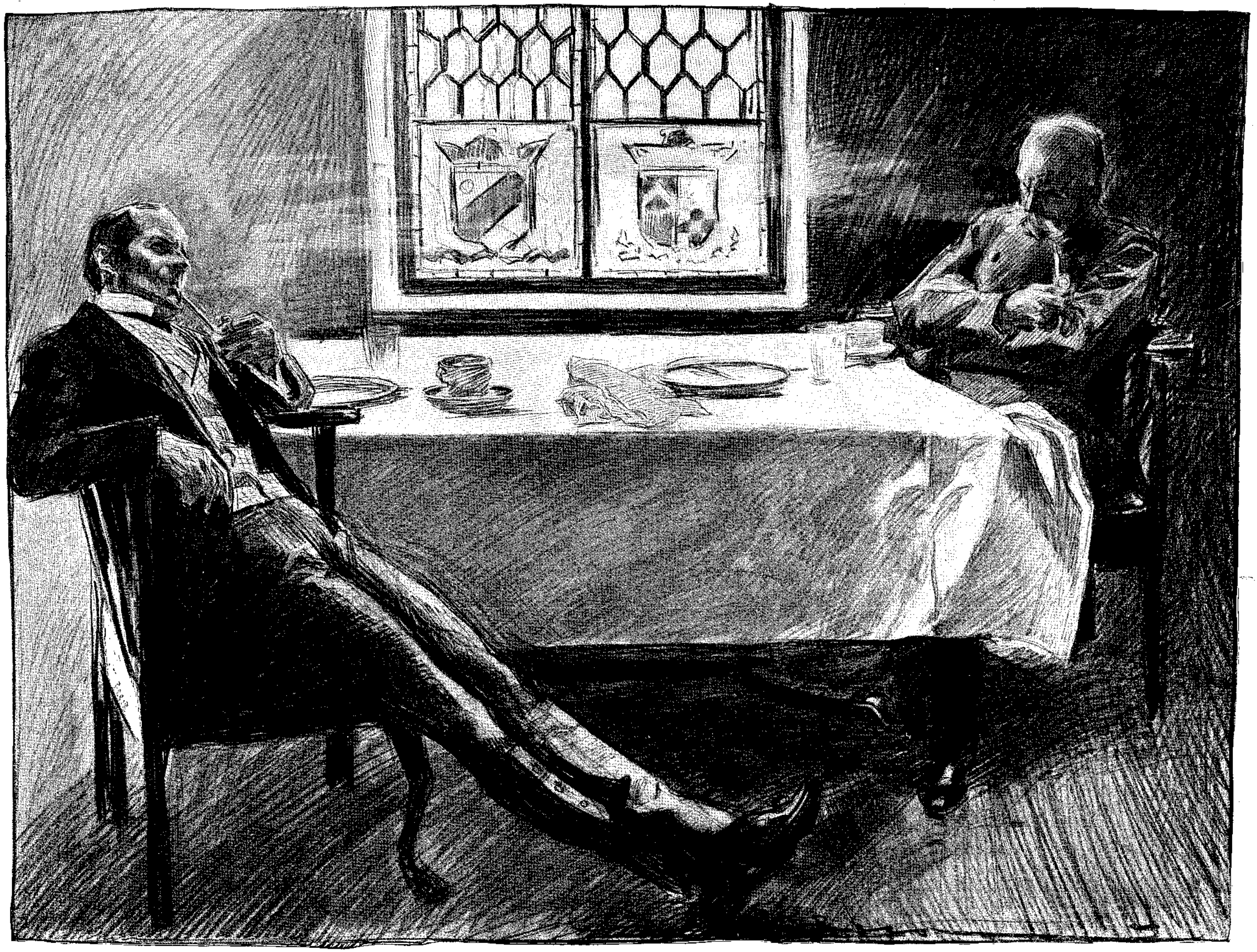
From the original portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart, now owned by Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. Canvas, 41 by 49 inches. The history of Stuart's portraits of Jefferson cannot be written in a brief note. There has been endless controversy as to how many times and when Jefferson sat to Stuart, and which pictures are the original portraits painted from life. The entire story is an interesting one, throwing strong side lights upon the characters of painter and subject. Suffice it to say that Stuart painted Jefferson's portrait from life three times. The first was painted in May, 1800, at Philadelphia, and the second and third in 1805, at Washington. The result of the first sitting is the elaborate and superb picture here reproduced. The second sitting gave the portrait that Jefferson finally obtained from the painter after much difficulty, in the summer of 1821; and the third sitting produced the profile *à la antique* spoken of in the introduction. Jefferson preferred the first picture, and for it he paid the painter $100. But it was no uncommon thing with Stuart to get pay for a picture that he never delivered, or did not deliver until he was paid for it a second time. Thus Stuart parted with the first portrait to the Hon. James Bowdoin, who subsequently bequeathed it to the college that bears his name. He then put Jefferson off with trifling excuses and prevarications until it is extremely doubtful if the portrait finally sent to Jefferson was even the original of the second sitting; it is more probably a late replica. It is now at Edgehill, near Charlottesville, Virginia, the home of the Randolphs, where the writer saw it in September, 1897.



THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1821. AGE 78. PAINTED BY THOMAS SULLY. THE LAST LIFE PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON.

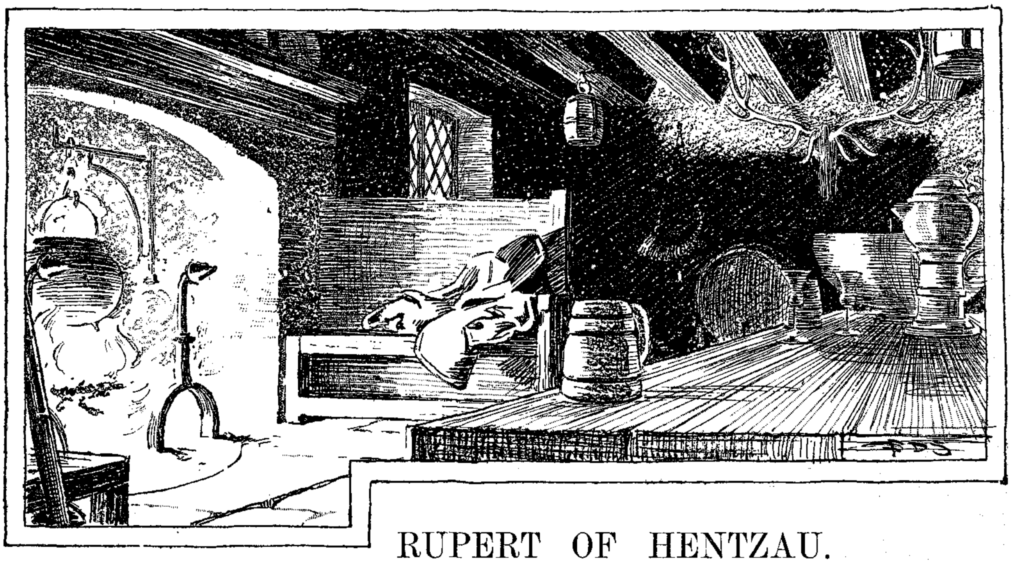
From the original portrait painted by Thomas Sully, now owned by the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. Thomas Sully was born in Horncastle, Lincolnshire, England, June 8, 1783, and died in Philadelphia November 5, 1872. He was brought to this country when a child, and having adopted art as his profession, settled in Philadelphia, where for many years he was a much respected citizen and the leading portrait painter in the community. Persons who are not familiar with Sully's early work, and know him only by his artificial, romantic portraits of women, have no idea how masterful a painter he was. A scrutiny of his portraits of George Frederic Cooke, as Richard III., painted in 1811, and of Senator James Ross, painted in 1814, both in the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, will well repay any one interested in the history and traditions of our home art. At the request of the professors of the United States Military Academy at West Point, Jefferson consented to sit to Sully for a portrait for that institution, and in March, 1821, the artist visited Monticello and painted the portrait here reproduced. From it he painted the whole-length picture now at West Point, for which he was paid $500. It is the last portrait of Jefferson painted from life, and is a good example of Sully's higher qualities as a painter. The canvas is endorsed by Sully, "From Jefferson 1821, completed 1830."

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



" What may you be thinking about, friend James ? " See page 58.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," CHAPTER XV.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

By Anthony Hope.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

With full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. The queen and her friends—Rassendyll, Von Tarlenheim, Colonel Sapt, and Lieutenant Bernenstein—now put forth all their power and ingenuity to recover the letter. Despite their precautions, Rupert gets to the king one night, when the latter is staying at a remote hunting-lodge. But before Rupert can give him the letter, or tell him of it, they fall into a quarrel, and the king is killed. Rupert flies. Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Von Tarlenheim carries the news to the queen and Rassendyll, who are now at Strelsau, where Rassendyll is trying to get a meeting with Rupert, at Rupert's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse, and force the letter from him. At Strelsau are also Bernenstein, the queen's adherent, and Rischenheim, the adherent of Rupert. In public, Rassendyll is everywhere taken for the king, and at present he dare not correct the mistake, though it causes difficult complications.

CHAPTER XV.

A PASTIME FOR COLONEL SAPT.

The Constable of Zenda and James, Mr. Rassendyll's servant, sat at breakfast in the hunting-lodge. They were in the small room which was ordinarily used as the bedroom of the gentleman in attendance on the king: they chose it now because it commanded a view of the approach. The door of the house was securely fastened; they were prepared to refuse admission; in case refusal was impossible, the preparations for concealing the king's body and that of his huntsman Herbert were complete. Inquirers would be told that the king had ridden out with his huntsman at daybreak, promising to return in the evening but not stating where he was going; Sapt was under orders to await his return, and James was expecting instructions from his master the Count of Tarlenheim. Thus armed against discovery, they looked for news from me which should determine their future action.

Meanwhile there was an interval of enforced idleness. Sapt, his meal finished, puffed away at his great pipe; James, after much pressure, had consented to light a small black clay, and sat at his ease with

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his legs stretched before him. His brows were knit, and a curious half-smile played about his mouth.

"What may you be thinking about, friend James?" asked the constable between two puffs. He had taken a fancy to the alert, ready little fellow.

James smoked for a moment, and then took his pipe from his mouth.

"I was thinking, sir, that since the king is dead——" He paused.

"The king is no doubt dead, poor fellow," said Sapt, nodding.

"That since he's certainly dead, and since my master, Mr. Rassendyll, is alive——"

"So far as we know, James," Sapt reminded him.

"Why, yes, sir, so far as we know. Since, then, Mr. Rassendyll is alive and the king is dead, I was thinking that it was a great pity, sir, that my master can't take his place and be king." James looked across at the constable with an air of a man who offers a respectful suggestion.

"A remarkable thought, James," observed the constable with a grin.

"You don't agree with me, sir?" asked James deprecatingly.

"I don't say that it isn't a pity, for Rudolf makes a good king. But you see it's impossible, isn't it?"

James nursed his knee between his hands, and his pipe, which he had replaced, stuck out of one corner of his mouth.

"When you say impossible, sir," he remarked deferentially, "I venture to differ from you."

"You do? Come, we're at leisure. Let's hear how it would be possible."

"My master is in Strelsau, sir," began James.

"Well, most likely."

"I'm sure of it, sir. If he's been there, he will be taken for the king."

"That has happened before, and no doubt may happen again, unless——"

"Why, of course, sir, unless the king's body should be discovered."

"That's what I was about to say, James."

James kept silence for a few minutes. Then he observed,

"It will be very awkward to explain how the king was killed."

"The story will need good telling," admitted Sapt.

"And it will be difficult to make it appear that the king was killed in Strelsau; yet if my master should chance to be killed in Strelsau——"

"Heaven forbid, James! On all grounds, Heaven forbid!"

"Even if my master is not killed, it will be difficult for us to get the king killed at the right time, and by means that will seem plausible."

Sapt seemed to fall into the humour of the speculation.

"That's all very true. But if Mr. Rassendyll is to be king, it will be both awkward and difficult to dispose of the king's body and of this poor fellow Herbert," said he, sucking at his pipe.

Again James paused for a little while before he remarked:

"I am, of course, sir, only discussing the matter by way of passing the time. It would probably be wrong to carry any such plan into effect."

"It might be, but let us discuss it—to pass the time," said Sapt; and he leant forward, looking into the servant's quiet, shrewd face.

"Well, then, sir, since it amuses you, let us say that the king came to the lodge last night, and was joined there by his friend Mr. Rassendyll."

"And did I come too?"

"You, sir, came also, in attendance on the king."

"Well, and you, James? You came. How came you?"

"Why, sir, by the Count of Tarlenheim's orders, to wait on Mr. Rassendyll, the king's friend. Now, the king, sir . . . This is my story, you know, sir, only my story."

"Your story interests me. Go on with it."

"The king went out very early this morning, sir."

"That would be on private business?"

"So we should have understood. But Mr. Rassendyll, Herbert, and ourselves remained here."

"Had the Count of Hentzau been?"

"Not to our knowledge, sir. But we were all tired and slept very soundly."

"Now did we?" said the constable, with a grim smile.

"In fact, sir, we were all overcome with fatigue—Mr. Rassendyll like the rest—and full morning found us still in our beds. There we should be to this moment, sir, had we not been suddenly aroused in a startling and fearful manner."

"You should write story books, James. Now what was this fearful manner in which we were aroused?"

James laid down his pipe, and, resting his hands on his knees, continued his story.

"This lodge, sir, this wooden lodge—for the lodge is all of wood, sir, without and within."

"This lodge is undoubtedly of wood, James, and, as you say, both inside and out."

"And since it is, sir, it would be mighty careless to leave a candle burning where the oil and firewood are stored."

"Most criminal!"

"But hard words don't hurt dead men; and you see, sir, poor Herbert is dead."

"It is true. He wouldn't feel aggrieved."

"But we, sir, you and I, awaking——"

"Aren't the others to awake, James?"

"Indeed, sir, I should pray that they had never awaked. For you and I, waking first, would find the lodge a mass of flames. We should have to run for our lives."

"What! Should we make no effort to rouse the others?"

"Indeed, sir, we should do all that men could do; we should even risk death by suffocation."

"But we should fail, in spite of our heroism, should we?"

"Alas, sir, in spite of all our efforts we should fail. The flames would envelop the lodge in one blaze; before help could come, the lodge would be in ruins, and my unhappy master and poor Herbert would be consumed to ashes."

"Hum!"

"They would, at least, sir, be entirely unrecognizable."

"You think so?"

"Beyond doubt, if the oil and the firewood and the candle were placed to the best advantage."

"Ah, yes. And there would be an end of Rudolf Rassendyll?"

"Sir, I should myself carry the tidings to his family."

"Whereas the King of Ruritania——"

"Would enjoy a long and prosperous reign, God willing, sir."

"And the Queen of Ruritania, James?"

"Do not misunderstand me, sir. They could be secretly married. I should say re-married."

"Yes, certainly, re-married."

"By a trustworthy priest."

"You mean by an untrustworthy priest?"

"It's the same thing, sir, from a different point of view." For the first time James smiled a thoughtful smile.

Sapt in his turn laid down his pipe now, and was tugging at his moustache. There was a smile on his lips too, and his eyes looked hard into James's. The little man met his glance composedly.

"It's an ingenious fancy, this of yours, James," the constable remarked. "What, though, if your master's killed too? That's quite possible. Count Rupert's a man to be reckoned with."

"If my master is killed, sir, he must be buried," answered James.

"In Strelsau?" came in quick question from Sapt.

"He won't mind where, sir."

"True, he won't mind, and we needn't mind for him."

"Why, no, sir. But to carry a body secretly from here to Strelsau——"

"Yes, that is, as we agreed at the first, difficult. Well, it's a pretty story, but—your master wouldn't approve of it. Supposing he were not killed, I mean."

"It's waste of time, sir, disapproving of what's done: he might think the story better than the truth, although it's not a good story."

The two men's eyes met again in a long glance.

"Where do you come from?" asked Sapt, suddenly.

"London, sir, originally."

"They make good stories there?"

"Yes, sir, and act them sometimes."

The instant he had spoken, James sprang to his feet and pointed out of the window.

A man on horseback was cantering towards the lodge. Exchanging one quick look, both hastened to the door, and, advancing some twenty yards, waited under the tree on the spot where Boris lay buried.

"By the way," said Sapt, "you forgot the dog." And he pointed to the ground.

"The affectionate beast will be in his master's room and die there, sir."

"Eh, but he must rise again first!"

"Certainly, sir. That won't be a long matter."

Sapt was still smiling in grim amusement when the messenger came up and, leaning from his horse, handed him a telegram.

"Special and urgent, sir," said he.

Sapt tore it open and read. It was the message that I sent in obedience to Mr. Rassendyll's orders. He would not trust my cipher, but, indeed, none was necessary. Sapt would understand the message, although it said simply, "The king is in Strelsau. Wait orders at the lodge. Business here in progress, but not finished. Will wire again."

Sapt handed it to James, who took it with a respectful little bow. James read it with attention, and returned it with another bow.

"I'll attend to what it says, sir," he remarked.

"Yes," said Sapt. "Thanks, my man," he added to the messenger. "Here's a crown for you. If any other message comes for me and you bring it in good time, you shall have another."

"You shall have it quick as a horse can bring it from the station, sir."

"The king's business won't bear delay, you know," nodded Sapt.

"You shan't have to wait, sir," and, with a parting salute, the fellow turned his horse and trotted away.

"You see," remarked Sapt, "that your story is quite imaginary. For that fellow can see for himself that the lodge was not burnt down last night."

"That's true; but, excuse me, sir——"

"Pray go on, James. I've told you that I'm interested."

"He can't see that it won't be burnt down to-night. A fire, sir, is a thing that may happen any night."

Then old Sapt suddenly burst into a roar, half-speech, half-laughter.

"By God, what a thing!" he roared; and James smiled complacently.

"There's a fate about it," said the constable. "There's a strange fate about it. The man was born to it. We'd have done it before if Michael had throttled the king in that cellar, as I thought he would. Yes, by heavens, we'd have done it! Why, we wanted it! God forgive us, in our hearts both Fritz and I wanted it. But Rudolf would have the king out. He would have him out, though he lost a throne—and what he wanted more—by it. But he would have him out. So he thwarted the fate. But it's not to be thwarted. Young Rupert may think this new affair is his doing. No, it's the fate using him. The fate brought Rudolf here again, the fate will have him king. Well, you stare at me. Do you think I'm mad, Mr. Valet?"

"I think, sir, that you talk very good sense, if I may say so," answered James.

"Sense?" echoed Sapt with a chuckle. "I don't know about that. But the fate's there, depend on it!"

The two were back in their little room now, past the door that hid the bodies of the king and his huntsman. James stood by the table, old Sapt roamed up and down, tugging his moustache, and now and again sawing the air with his sturdy hairy hand.

"I daren't do it," he muttered: "I daren't do it. It's a thing a man can't set his hand to of his own will. But the fate'll do it—the fate'll do it. The fate'll force it on us."

"Then we'd best be ready, sir," suggested James quietly.

Sapt turned on him quickly, almost fiercely.

"They used to call me a cool hand," said he. "By Jove, what are you?"

"There's no harm in being ready, sir," said James, the servant.

Sapt came to him and caught hold of his shoulders.

"Ready?" he asked in a gruff whisper.

"The oil, the firewood, the light," said James.

"Where, man, where? Do you mean, by the bodies?"

"Not where the bodies are now. Each must be in the proper place."

"We must move them then?"

"Why, yes. And the dog too."

Sapt almost glared at him; then he burst into a laugh.

"So be it," he said. "You take command. Yes, we'll be ready. The fate drives."

Then and there they set about what they had to do. It seemed indeed as though some strange influence were dominating Sapt; he went about the work like a man who is hardly awake. They placed the bodies each where the living man would be by night—the king in the guest-room, the huntsman in the sort of cupboard where the honest fellow had been wont to lie. They dug up the buried dog, Sapt chuckling convulsively, James grave as the mute whose grim doings he seemed to travesty: they carried the shot-pierced, earth-grimed thing in, and laid it in the king's room. Then they made their piles of wood, pouring the store of oil over them, and setting bottles of spirit near, that the flames having cracked the bottles, might gain fresh fuel. To Sapt it seemed now as if they played some foolish game that was to end with the playing, now as if they obeyed some mysterious power which kept its great purpose hidden from its instruments. Mr. Rassendyll's servant moved and arranged and ordered all as deftly as he folded his master's clothes or stropped his master's razor. Old Sapt stopped him once as he went by.

"Don't think me a mad fool, because

I talk of the fate," he said, almost anxiously.

"Not I, sir," answered James, "I know nothing of that. But I like to be ready."

"It would be a thing!" muttered Sapt.

The mockery, real or assumed, in which they had begun their work, had vanished now. If they were not serious, they played at seriousness. If they entertained no intention such as their acts seemed to indicate, they could no longer deny that they had cherished a hope. They shrank, or at least Sapt shrank, from setting such a ball rolling; but they longed for the fate that would give it a kick, and they made smooth the incline down which it, when thus impelled, was to run. When they had finished their task and sat down again opposite to one another in the little front room, the whole scheme was ready, the preparations were made, all was in train; they waited only for that impulse from chance or fate which was to turn the servant's story into reality and action. And when the thing was done, Sapt's coolness, so rarely upset, yet so completely beaten by the force of that wild idea, came back to him. He lit his pipe again and lay back in his chair, puffing freely, with a meditative look on his face.

"It's two o'clock, sir," said James. "Something should have happened before now in Strelsau."

"Ah, but what?" asked the constable.

Suddenly breaking on their ears came a loud knock at the door. Absorbed in their own thoughts, they had not noticed two men riding up to the lodge. The visitors wore the green and gold of the king's huntsmen; the one who had knocked was Simon, the chief huntsman, and brother of Herbert, who lay dead in the little room inside.

"Rather dangerous!" muttered the Constable of Zenda as he hurried to the door, James following him.

Simon was astonished when Sapt opened the door.

"Beg pardon, Constable, but I want to see Herbert. Can I go in?" And he jumped down from his horse, throwing the reins to his companion.

"What's the good of your going in?" asked Sapt. "Herbert's not here."

"Not here? Then where is he?"

"Why, he went with the king this morning."

"Oh, he went with the king, sir? Then he's in Strelsau, I suppose?"

"If you know that, Simon, you're wiser than I am."

"But the king is in Strelsau, sir."

"The deuce he is! He said nothing of going to Strelsau. He rose early and rode off with Herbert, merely saying they would be back to-night."

"He went to Streslau, sir. I am just from Zenda, and his Majesty is known to have been in town with the queen. They were both at Count Fritz's."

"I'm much interested to hear it. But didn't the telegram say where Herbert was?"

Simon laughed.

"Herbert's not a king, you see," he said. "Well, I'll come again to-morrow morning, for I must see him soon. He'll be back by then, sir?"

"Yes, Simon, your brother will be here to-morrow morning."

"Or what's left of him after such a two-days of work," suggested Simon jocularly.

"Why, yes, precisely," said Sapt, biting his moustache and darting one swift glance at James. "Or what's left of him, as you say."

"And I'll bring a cart and carry the boar down to the castle at the same time, sir. At least, I suppose you haven't eaten it all?"

Sapt laughed; Simon was gratified at the tribute, and laughed even more heartily himself.

"We haven't even cooked it yet," said Sapt, "but I won't answer for it that we shan't have by to-morrow."

"All right, sir; I'll be here. By the way, there's another bit of news come on the wires. They say Count Rupert of Hentzau has been seen in the city."

"Rupert of Hentzau? Oh, pooh! Nonsense, my good Simon. He daren't show his face there for his life."

"Ah, but it may be no nonsense. Perhaps that's what took the king to Strelsau."

"It's enough to take him if it's true," admitted Sapt.

"Well, good day, sir."

"Good day, Simon."

The two huntsmen rode off. James watched them for a little while.

"The king," he said then, "is known to be in Strelsau; and now Count Rupert is known to be in Strelsau. How is Count Rupert to have killed the king here in the forest of Zenda, sir?"

Sapt looked at him almost apprehensively.

"How is the king's body to come to the forest of Zenda?" asked James. "Or how is the king's body to go to the city of Strelsau?"

"Stop your damned riddles!" roared Sapt. "Man, are you bent on driving me into it?"

The servant came near to him, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"You went into as great a thing once before, sir," said he.

"It was to save the king."

"And this is to save the queen and yourself. For if we don't do it, the truth about my master must be known."

Sapt made him no answer. They sat down again in silence. There they sat, sometimes smoking, never speaking, while the tedious afternoon wore away, and the shadows from the trees of the forest lengthened. They did not think of eating or drinking; they did not move, save when James rose and lit a little fire of brushwood in the grate. It grew dusk, and again James moved to light the lamp. It was hard on six o'clock, and still no news came from Strelsau.

Then there was the sound of a horse's hoofs. The two rushed to the door, beyond it, and far along the grassy road that gave approach to the hunting-lodge. They forgot to guard the secret, and the door gaped open behind them. Sapt ran as he had not run for many a day, and outstripped his companion. There was a message from Strelsau!

The constable, without a word of greeting, snatched the envelope from the hand of the messenger and tore it open. He read it hastily, muttering under his breath "Good God!" Then he turned suddenly round and began to walk quickly back to James, who, seeing himself beaten in the race, had dropped to a walk. But the messenger had his cares as well as the constable. If the constable's thoughts were on a crown, so were his. He called out in indignant protest:

"I have never drawn rein since Hofbau, sir. Am I not to have my crown?"

Sapt stopped, turned, and retraced his steps. He took a crown from his pocket. As he looked up in giving it, there was a queer smile on his broad, weather-beaten face.

"Aye," he said, "every man that deserves a crown shall have one, if I can give it him."

Then he turned again to James, who had now come up, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Come along, my king-maker," said he.

James looked in his face for a moment. The constable's eyes met his; and the constable nodded.

So they turned to the lodge where the dead king and his huntsman lay. Verily the fate drove.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CROWD IN THE KÖNIGSTRASSE.

THE project that had taken shape in the thoughts of Mr. Rassendyll's servant, and had inflamed Sapt's daring mind as the dropping of a spark kindles dry shavings, had suggested itself vaguely to more than one of us in Strelsau. We did not indeed coolly face and plan it, as the little servant had, nor seize on it at once with an eagerness to be convinced of its necessity, like the Constable of Zenda; but it was there in my mind, sometimes figuring as a dread, sometimes as a hope, now seeming the one thing to be avoided, again the only resource against a more disastrous issue. I knew that it was in Bernenstein's thoughts no less that in my own; for neither of us had been able to form any reasonable scheme by which the living king, whom half Strelsau now knew to be in the city, could be spirited away, and the dead king set in his place. The change could take place, as it seemed, only in one way and at one cost: the truth, or the better part of it, must be told, and every tongue set wagging with gossip and guesses concerning Rudolf Rassendyll and his relations with the queen. Who that knows what men and women are would not have shrank from that alternative? To adopt it was to expose the queen to all or nearly all the peril she had run by the loss of the letter. We indeed assumed, influenced by Rudolf's unhesitating self-confidence, that the letter would be won back, and the mouth of Rupert of Hentzau shut; but enough would remain to furnish material for eager talk and for conjectures unrestrained by respect or charity. Therefore, alive as we were to its difficulties and its unending risks, we yet conceived of the thing as possible, had it in our hearts, and hinted it to one another—my wife to me, I to Bernenstein, and he to me—in quick glances and half-uttered sentences that declared its presence while shunning the open confession of it. For the queen herself I cannot speak. Her thoughts, as I judged them, were bounded by the longing to see Mr. Rassendyll again, and dwelt on the visit that he promised as the horizon of hope. To Rudolf we had dared to disclose nothing of the part our imaginations set him to play: if he were to accept it, the acceptance would be of his own act, because the fate that old Sapt talked of drove him, and on no persuasion of ours. As he had said, he left the rest, and had centered all his efforts on the immediate task which fell to his hand to perform, the task that was to be accomplished at the dingy old house in the Königstrasse. We were indeed awake to the fact that even Rupert's death would not make the secret safe. Rischenheim, although for the moment a prisoner and helpless, was alive and could not be mewed up for ever; Bauer was we knew not where, free to act and free to talk. Yet in our hearts we feared none but Rupert, and the doubt was not whether we could do the thing so much as whether we should. For in moments of excitement and intense feeling a man makes light of obstacles which look large enough as he turns reflective eyes on them in the quiet of after days.

A message in the king's name had persuaded the best part of the idle crowd to disperse reluctantly. Rudolf himself had entered one of my carriages and driven off. He started not towards the Königstrasse, but in the opposite direction: I supposed that he meant to approach his destination by a circuitous way, hoping to gain it without attracting notice. The queen's carriage was still before my door, for it had been arranged that she was to proceed to the palace and there await tidings. My wife and I were to accompany her; and I went to her now, where she sat alone, and asked if it were her pleasure to start at once. I found her thoughtful but calm. She listened to me; then, rising, she said, "Yes, I will go." But then she asked suddenly, "Where is the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?"

I told her how Bernenstein kept guard over the count in the room at the back of the house. She seemed to consider for a moment, then she said:

"I will see him. Go and bring him to me. You must be here while I talk to him, but nobody else."

I did not know what she intended, but I saw no reason to oppose her wishes, and I was glad to find for her any means of employing this time of suspense. I obeyed her commands and brought Rischenheim to her. He followed me slowly and reluctantly; his unstable mind had again jumped from rashness to despondency: he was pale and uneasy, and, when he found himself in her presence, the bravado of his bearing, maintained before Bernenstein, gave place to a shamefaced sullenness. He could not meet the grave eyes that she fixed on him.

I withdrew to the farther end of the room; but it was small, and I heard all that passed. I had my revolver ready to cover Rischenheim in case he should be moved to make a dash for liberty. But he was past that: Rupert's presence was a tonic that nerved him to effort and to confidence, but the force of the last dose was gone and the man was sunk again to his natural irresolution.

"My lord," she began gently, motioning him to sit, "I have desired to speak with you, because I do not wish a gentleman of your rank to think too much evil of his queen. Heaven has willed that my secret should be to you no secret, and therefore I may speak plainly. You may say my own shame should silence me; I speak to lessen my shame in your eyes, if I can."

Rischenheim looked up with a dull gaze, not understanding her mood. He had expected reproaches, and met low-voiced apology.

"And yet," she went on, "it is because of me that the king lies dead now; and a faithful humble fellow also, caught in the net of my unhappy fortunes, has given his life for me, though he didn't know it. Even while we speak, it may be that a gentleman, not too old yet to learn nobility, may be killed in my quarrel; while another, whom I alone of all that know him may not praise, carries his life lightly in his hand for me. And to you, my lord, I have done the wrong of dressing a harsh deed in some cloak of excuse, making you seem to serve the king in working my punishment."

Rischenheim's eyes fell to the ground, and he twisted his hands nervously in and out, the one about the other. I took my hand from my revolver: he would not move now.

"I don't know," she went on, now almost dreamily, and as though she spoke more to herself than to him, or had even forgotten his presence, "what end in Heaven's counsel my great unhappiness has served. Perhaps I, who have place above most women, must also be tried above most; and in that trial I have failed. Yet, when I weigh my misery and my temptation, to my human eyes it seems that I have not failed greatly. My heart is not yet humbled, God's work not yet done. But the guilt of blood is on my soul—even the face of my dear love I can see now only through its scarlet mist; so that if what seemed my perfect joy were now granted me, it would come spoilt and stained and blotched!"

She paused, fixing her eyes on him again; but he neither spoke nor moved.

"You knew my sin," she said, "the sin so great in my heart; and you knew how little my acts yielded to it. Did you think, my lord, that the sin had no punishment, that you took it in hand to add shame to my suffering? Was Heaven so kind that men must temper its indulgence by their severity? Yet I know that because I was wrong, you, being wrong, might seem to yourself not wrong, and in aiding your kinsman might plead that you served the king's honour. Thus, my lord, I was the cause in you of a deed that your heart could not welcome nor your honour praise. I thank God that you have come to no more hurt by it."

Rischenheim began to mutter in a low thick voice, his eyes still cast down: "Rupert persuaded me. He said the king would be very grateful, and—would give me—" His voice died away, and he sat silent again, twisting his hands.

"I know—I know," she said. "But you wouldn't have listened to such persuasions if my fault hadn't blinded your eyes."

She turned suddenly to me, who had been standing all the while aloof, and stretched out her hands towards me, her eyes filled with tears.

"Yet," said she, "your wife knows, and still loves me, Fritz."

"She should be no wife of mine, if she didn't," I cried. "For I and all of mine ask no better than to die for your Majesty."

"She knows, and yet she loves me," repeated the queen. I loved to see that she seemed to find comfort in Helga's love. It is women to whom women turn, and women whom women fear. "But Helga writes no letters," said the queen.

"Why, no," said I, and I smiled a grim smile. Well, Rudolf Rassendyll had never wooed my wife.

She rose, saying: "Come, let us go to the palace."

As she rose, Rischenheim made a quick impulsive step towards her.

"Well, my lord," said she, turning towards him, "will you also go with me?"

"Lieutenant von Bernenstein will take care——" I began. But I stopped. The slightest gesture of her hand silenced me.

"Will you go with me?" she asked Rischenheim again.

"Madame," he stammered, "Madame——"

She waited. I waited also, although I had no great patience with him. Suddenly he fell on his knee, but he did not venture to take her hand. Of her own accord she came and stretched it out to him, saying sadly: "Ah, that by forgiving I could win forgiveness!"

Rischenheim caught at her hand and kissed it.

"It was not I," I heard him mutter. "Rupert set me on, and I couldn't stand out against him."

"Will you go with me to the palace?" she asked, drawing her hand away, but smiling.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim," I made bold to observe, "knows some things that most people do not know, madame."

She turned on me with dignity, almost with displeasure.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim may be trusted to be silent," she said. "We ask him to do nothing against his cousin. We ask only his silence."

"Aye," said I, braving her anger, "but what security shall we have?"

"His word of honor, my lord." I knew that a rebuke to my presumption lay in her calling me "my lord," for, save on formal occasions, she always used to call me Fritz.

"His word of honor!" I grumbled. "In truth, madame——"

"He's right," said Rischenheim; "he's right."

"No, he's wrong," said the queen, smiling. "The count will keep his word, given to me."

Rischenheim looked at her and seemed about to address her, but then he turned to me, and said in a low tone:

"By heaven, I will, Tarlenheim. I'll serve her in everything."

"My lord," said she most graciously, and yet very sadly, "you lighten the burden on me no less by your help than because I no longer feel your honour stained through me. Come, we will go to the palace." And she went to him, saying, "We will go together."

There was nothing for it but to trust him. I knew that I could not turn her.

"Then I'll see if the carriage is ready," said I.

"Yes, do, Fritz," said the queen. But as I passed she stopped me for a moment, saying in a whisper, "Show that you trust him."

I went and held out my hand to him. He took and pressed it.

"On my honor," he said.

Then I went out and found Bernenstein

sitting on a bench in the hall. The lieutenant was a diligent and watchful young man; he appeared to be examining his revolver with sedulous care.

"You can put that away," said I rather peevishly—I had not fancied shaking hands with Rischenheim. "He's not a prisoner any longer. He's one of us now."

"The deuce he is!" cried Bernenstein, springing to his feet.

I told him briefly what had happened, and how the queen had won Rupert's instrument to be her servant.

"I suppose he'll stick to it," I ended; and I thought he would, though I was not eager for his help.

A light gleamed in Bernenstein's eyes, and I felt a tremble in the hand that he laid on my shoulder.

"Then there's only Bauer now," he whispered. "If Rischenheim's with us, only Bauer!"

I knew very well what he meant. With Rischenheim silent, Bauer was the only man, save Rupert himself, who knew the truth, the only man who threatened that great scheme which more and more filled our thoughts and grew upon us with an increasing force of attraction as every obstacle to it seemed to be cleared out of the way. But I would not look at Bernenstein, fearing to acknowledge even with my eyes how my mind jumped with his. He was bolder, or less scrupulous—which you will.

"Yes, if we can shut Bauer's mouth——" he went on.

"The queen's waiting for the carriage," I interrupted snappishly.

"Ah, yes, of course, the carriage," and he twisted me round till I was forced to look him in the face. Then he smiled, and even laughed a little. "Only Bauer now!" said he.

"And Rupert," I remarked sourly.

"Oh, Rupert's dead bones by now," he chuckled, and with that he went out of the hall door and announced the queen's approach to her servants. It must be said for young Bernenstein that he was a cheerful fellow-conspirator. His equanimity almost matched Rudolf's own; I could not rival it myself.

I drove to the palace with the queen and my wife, the other two following in a second carriage. I do not know what they said to one another on the way, but Bernenstein was civil enough to his companion when I rejoined them. With us my wife was the principal speaker: she filled up, from what Rudolf had told her, the gaps in our knowledge of how he had spent his night in Strelsau, and by the time we arrived we were fully informed in every detail. The queen said little. The impulse which had dictated her appeal to Rischenheim and carried her through it seemed to have died away; she had become again subject to fears and apprehension. I saw her uneasiness when she suddenly put out her hand and touched mine, whispering:

"He must be at the house by now."

Our way did not lie by the house, and we came to the palace without any news of our absent chief (so I call him—as such we all, from the queen herself, then regarded him). She did not speak of him again; but her eyes seemed to follow me about as though she were silently asking some service of me; what it was I could not understand. Bernenstein had disappeared, and the repentant count with him: knowing they were together, I was in no uneasiness; Bernenstein would see that his companion contrived no treachery. But I was puzzled by the queen's tacit appeal. And I was myself on fire for news from the Königstrasse. It was now two hours since Rudolf Rassendyll had left us, and no word had come of him or from him. At last I could bear it no longer. The queen was sitting with her hand in my wife's; I had been seated on the other side of the room, for I thought that they might wish to talk to one another; yet I had not seen them exchange a word. I rose abruptly and crossed the room to where they were.

"Have you need of my presence, madame, or have I your permission to be away for a time?" I asked.

"Where do you wish to go, Fritz?" the queen asked with a little start, as though I had come suddenly across her thoughts.

"To the Königstrasse," said I.

To my surprise she rose and caught my hand.

"God bless you, Fritz!" she cried. "I don't think I could have endured it longer. But I wouldn't ask you to go. But go, my dear friend, go and bring me news of him. Oh, Fritz, I seem to dream that dream again!"

My wife looked up at me with a brave smile and a trembling lip.

"Shall you go into the house, Fritz?" she asked.

"Not unless I see need, sweetheart," said I.

She came and kissed me. "Go, if you are

wanted," she said. And she tried to smile at the queen, as though she risked me willingly.

"I could have been such a wife, Fritz," whispered the queen. "Yes, I could."

I had nothing to say; at the moment I might not have been able to say it if I had. There is something in the helpless courage of women that makes me feel soft. We can work and fight; they sit and wait. Yet they do not flinch. Now I know that if I had to sit and think about the thing I should turn cur.

Well, I went, leaving them there together. I put on plain clothes instead of my uniform, and dropped my revolver into the pocket of my coat. Thus prepared, I slipped out and made my way on foot to the Königstrasse.

It was now midday. Many folks were at their dinner and the streets were not full. Two or three people recognized me, but I passed by almost unnoticed. There was no sign of stir or excitement, and the flags still floated high in the wind. Sapt had kept his secret; the men of Strelsau thought still that their king lived and was among them. I feared that Rudolf's coming would have been seen, and expected to find a crowd of people near the house. But when I reached it there were no more than ten or a dozen idle fellows lounging about. I began to stroll up and down with as careless an air as I could assume.

Soon, however, there was a change. The workmen and business folk, their meal finished, began to come out of their houses and from the restaurants. The loafers before No. 19 spoke to many of them. Some said, "Indeed!" shook their heads, smiled and passed on: they had no time to waste in staring at the king. But many waited; lighting their cigars or cigarettes or pipes, they stood gossiping with one another, looking at their watches now and again, lest they should overstay their leisure. Thus the assembly grew to the number of a couple of hundred. I ceased my walk, for the pavement was too crowded, and hung on the outskirts of the throng. As I loitered there, a cigar in my mouth, I felt a hand on my shoulder. Turning round, I saw the lieutenant. He was in uniform. By his side was Rischenheim.

"You're here too, are you?" said I. "Well, nothing seems to be happening, does it?"

For No. 19 showed no sign of life. The shutters were up, the door closed; the little shop was not open for business that day.

Bernenstein shook his head with a smile. His companion took no heed of my remark; he was evidently in a state of great agitation, and his eyes never left the door of the house. I was about to address him, when my attention was abruptly and completely diverted by a glimpse of a head, caught across the shoulders of the bystanders.

The fellow whom I saw wore a brown wideawake hat. The hat was pulled down low over his forehead, but nevertheless beneath its rim there appeared a white bandage running round his head. I could not see the face, but the bullet-shaped skull was very familiar to me. I was sure from the first moment that the bandaged man was Bauer. Saying nothing to Bernenstein, I began to steal round outside the crowd. As I went, I heard somebody saying that it was all nonsense; the king was not there: what should the king do in such a house? The answer was a reference to one of the first loungers; he replied that he did not know what the devil the king did there, but that the king or his double had certainly gone in, and had as certainly not yet come out again. I wished I could have made myself known to them and persuaded them to go away; but my presence would have outweighed my declarations, and been taken as a sure sign that the king was in the house. So I kept on the outskirts and worked my way unobstrusively towards the bandaged head. Evidently Bauer's hurt had not been so serious as to prevent him leaving the infirmary to which the police had carried him: he was come now to await, even as I was awaiting, the issue of Rudolf's visit to the house in the Königstrasse.

He had not seen me, for he was looking at No. 19 as intently as Rischenheim. Apparently neither had caught sight of the other, or Rischenheim would have shown some embarrassment, Bauer some excitement. I wormed my way quickly towards my former servant. My mind was full of the idea of getting hold of him. I could not forget Bernenstein's remark, "Only Bauer now!" If I could secure Bauer we were safe. Safe in what? I did not answer to myself, but the old idea was working in me. Safe in our secret and safe in our plan—in the plan on which we all, we here in the city, and those two at the hunting-lodge, had set our minds! Bauer's death, Bauer's capture, Bauer's silence, however procured, would clear the greatest hindrance from its way.

Bauer stared intently at the house; I crept cautiously up behind him. His arm was in his trousers' pocket; where the curve of the elbow came there was a space between arm and body. I slipped in my left arm and hooked it firmly inside his. He turned round and saw me.

"Thus we meet again, Bauer," said I.

He was for a moment flabbergasted, and stared stupidly at me.

"Are you also hoping to see the king?" I asked.

He began to recover himself. A slow, cunning smile spread over his face.

"The king?" he asked.

"Well, he's in Strelsau, isn't he? Who gave you the wound on your head?"

Bauer moved his arm as though he meant to withdraw it from my grasp. He found himself tightly held.

"Where's that bag of mine?" I asked.

I do not know what he would have answered, for at this instant there came a sound from behind the closed door of the house. It was as if some one ran rapidly and eagerly towards the door. Then came an oath in a shrill voice, a woman's voice, but harsh and rough. It was answered by an angry cry in a girl's intonation. Full of eagerness, I drew my arm from Bauer's and sprang forward. I heard a chuckle from him and turned round, to see his bandaged head retreating rapidly down the street. I had no time to look to him, for now I saw two men, shoulder to shoulder, making their way through the crowd, regardless of any one in their way, and paying no attention to abuse or remonstrances. They were the lieutenant and Rischenheim. Without a moment's hesitation I set myself to push and battle a way through, thinking to join them in front. On they went, and on I went. All gave place before us in surly reluctance or frightened willingness. We three were together in the first rank of the crowd when the door of the house was flung open, and a girl ran out. Her hair was disordered, her face pale, and her eyes full of alarm. There she stood on the doorstep, facing the crowd, which in an instant grew as if by magic to three times its former size, and, little knowing what she did, she cried in the eager accents of sheer terror.

"Help, help! The king! The king!"

CHAPTER XVII.

YOUNG RUPERT AND THE PLAY-ACTOR.

THERE rises often before my mind the picture of young Rupert, standing where Rischenheim left him, awaiting the return of his messenger and watching for some sign that should declare to Strelsau the death of its king which his own hand had wrought. His image is one that memory holds clear and distinct, though time may blur the shape of greater and better men, and the position in which he was that morning gives play enough to the imagination. Save for Rischenheim, a broken reed, and Bauer, who was gone, none knew where, he stood alone against a kingdom which he had robbed of its head, and a band of resolute men who would know no rest and no security so long as he lived. For protection he had only a quick brain, his courage, and his secret. Yet he could not fly—he was without resources till his cousin furnished them—and at any moment his opponents might find themselves able to declare the king's death and raise the city in hue and cry after him. Such men do not repent; but it may be that he regretted the enterprise which had led him on so far and forced on him a deed so momentous; yet to those who knew him it seems more likely that the smile broadened on his firm full lips as he looked down on the unconscious city. Well, I daresay he would have been too much for me, but I wish I had been the man to find him there. He would not have had it so; for I believe that he asked no better than to cross swords again with Rudolf Rassendyll and set his fortunes on the issue.

Down below, the old woman was cooking a stew for her dinner, now and then grumbling to herself that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim was so long away, and Bauer, the rascal, drunk in some pothouse. The kitchen door stood open, and through it could be seen the girl Rosa, busily scrubbing the tiled floor; her color was high and her eyes bright; from time to time she paused in her task, and, raising her head, seemed to listen. The time at which the king needed her was past, but the king had not come. How little the old woman knew for whom she listened! All her talk had been of Bauer—why Bauer did not come and what could have befallen him. It was grand to hold the king's secret for him, and she would hold it with her life; for he had been kind and gracious to her, and he was her man of all the men in Strelsau. Bauer was a stumpy fellow; the Count of Hentzau was handsome, handsome as the devil; but the king was her man. And the king had trusted her; she would die before hurt should come to him.

There were wheels in the street—quick-rolling wheels. They seemed to stop a few doors away, then to roll on again past the house. The girl's head was raised; the old woman, engrossed in her stewing, took no heed. The girl's straining ear caught a rapid step outside. Then it came—the knock, the sharp knock followed by five light ones. The old woman heard now: dropping her spoon into the pot, she lifted the mess off the fire and turned round, saying: "There's the rogue at last! Open the door for him, Rosa."

Before she spoke Rosa had darted down the passage. The door opened and shut again. The old woman waddled to the threshold of the kitchen. The passage and the shop were dark behind the closed shutters, but the figure by the girl's side was taller than Bauer's.

"Who's there?" cried Mother Holf sharply. "The shop's shut to-day: you can't come in."

"But I am in," came the answer, and Rudolf stepped towards her. The girl followed a pace behind, her hands clasped and her eyes alight with excitement. "Don't you know me?" asked Rudolf, standing opposite the old woman and smiling down on her.

There, in the dim light of the low-roofed passage, Mother Holf was fairly puzzled. She knew the story of Mr. Rassendyll; she knew that he was again in Ruritania, it was no surprise to her that he should be in Strelsau; but she did not know that Rupert had killed the king, and she had not seen the king close at hand since his illness and his beard impaired what had been a perfect likeness. In fine, she could not tell whether it were indeed the king who spoke to her or his counterpart.

"Who are you?" she asked, curt and blunt in her confusion.

The girl broke in with an amused laugh.

"Why, it's the——" She paused. Perhaps the king's identity was a secret.

Rudolf nodded to her. "Tell her who I am," said he.

"Why, mother, it's the king," whispered Rosa, laughing and blushing. "The king, mother."

"Aye, if the king's alive, I'm the king," said Rudolf. I suppose he wanted to find out how much the old woman knew.

She made no answer, but stared up at his face. In her bewilderment she forgot to ask how he had learnt the signal that gained him admission.

"I've come to see the Count of Hentzau," Rudolf continued. "Take me to him at once."

The old woman was across his path in a moment, all defiant, arms akimbo.

"Nobody can see the count. He's not here," she blurted out.

"What, can't the king see him? Not even the king?"

"King!" she cried, peering at him. "Are you the king?"

Rosa burst out laughing.

"Mother, you must have seen the king a hundred times," she laughed.

"The king, or his ghost—what does it matter?" said Rudolf lightly.

The old woman drew back with an appearance of sudden alarm.

"His ghost? Is he——?"

"His ghost!" rang out in the girl's merry laugh. "Why, here's the king himself, mother. You don't look much like a ghost, sir."

Mother Holf's face was livid now, and her eyes staring fixedly. Perhaps it shot into her brain that something had happened to the king, and that this man had come because of it—this man who was indeed the image, and might have been the spirit, of the king. She leant against the door post, her broad bosom heaving under her scanty stuff gown. Yet still—was it not the king?

"God help us!" she muttered in fear and bewilderment.

"He helps us, never fear," said Rudolf Rassendyll. "Where is Count Rupert?"

The girl had caught alarm from her mother's agitation.

"He's upstairs in the attic at the top of the house, sir," she whispered in frightened tones, with a glance that fled from her mother's terrified face to Rudolf's set eyes and steady smile.

What she said was enough for him. He slipped by the old woman and began to mount the stairs.

The two watched him, Mother Holf as though fascinated, the girl alarmed but still triumphant: she had done what the king bade her. Rudolf turned the corner of the first landing and disappeared from their sight. The old woman, swearing and muttering, stumbled back into her kitchen, set her stew on the fire, and began to stir it, her eyes set on the flames and careless of the pot. The girl watched her mother for a moment, wondering how she could think of the stew, not guessing that she turned the spoon without a thought of what she did; then she began to crawl, quickly but noiselessly, up the staircase in the track of Rudolf Rassendyll. She looked back once: the old woman stirred with a monotonous circular movement of her fat arm. Rosa, bent half-double, skimmed upstairs, till she came in sight of the king whom she was so proud to serve. He was on the top landing now, outside the door of a large attic where Rupert of Hentzau was lodged. She saw him lay his hand on the latch of the door; his other hand rested in the pocket of his coat. From the room no sound came; Rupert may have heard the step outside and stood motionless to listen. Rudolf opened the door and walked in. The girl darted breathlessly up the remaining steps, and, coming to the door, just as it swung back on the latch, crouched down by it, listening to what passed within, catching glimpses of forms and movements through the chinks of the crazy hinge and the crevices where the wood of the panel sprung and left a narrow eyehole for her absorbed gazing.

Rupert of Hentzau had no thought of ghosts; the men he killed lay still where they fell, and slept where they were buried. And he had no wonder at the sight of Rudolf Rassendyll. It told him no more than that Rischenheim's errand had fallen out ill, at which he was not surprised, and that his old enemy was again in his path, at which (as I verily believe) he was more glad than sorry. As Rudolf entered, he had been half-way between window and table; he came forward to the table now, and stood leaning the points of two fingers on the unpolished dirty-white deal.

"Ah, the play-actor!" said he, with a gleam of his teeth and a toss of his curls, while his second hand, like Mr. Rassendyll's, rested in the pocket of his coat.

Mr. Rassendyll himself has confessed that in old days it went against the grain with him when Rupert called him a play-actor. He was a little older now, and his temper more difficult to stir.

"Yes, the play-actor," he answered, smiling. "With a shorter part this time, though."

"What part to-day? Isn't it the old one, the king with a pasteboard crown?" asked Rupert, sitting down on the table. "Faith, we shall do handsomely in Ruritania: you have a pasteboard crown, and I (humble man though I am) have given the other one a heavenly crown. What a brave show! But perhaps I tell you news?"

"No, I know what you've done."

"I take no credit. It was more the dog's doing than mine," said Rupert carelessly. "However, there it is, and dead he is, and there's an end of it. What's your business, play-actor?"

At the repetition of this last word, to her so mysterious, the girl outside pressed her eyes more eagerly to the chink and strained her ears to listen more sedulously. And what did the count mean by the "other one" and "a heavenly crown"?

"Why not call me king?" asked Rudolf.

"They call you that in Strelsau?"

"Those that know I'm here."

"And they are——?"

"Some few score."

"And thus," said Rupert, waving an arm towards the window, "the town is quiet and the flags fly?"

"You've been waiting to see them lowered?"

"A man likes to have some notice taken of what he has done," Rupert complained. "However, I can get them lowered when I will."

"By telling your news? Would that be good for yourself?"

"Forgive me—not that way. Since the king has two lives, it is but in nature that he should have two deaths."

"And when he has undergone the second?"

"I shall live at peace, my friend, on a certain source of income that I possess." He tapped his breast-pocket with a slight, defiant laugh. "In these days," said he, "even queens must be careful about their letters. We live in moral times."

"You don't share the responsibility for it," said Rudolf, smiling.

"I make my little protest. But what's your business, play-actor? For I think you're rather tiresome."

Rudolf grew grave. He advanced towards the table, and spoke in low, serious tones.

"My lord, you're alone in this matter now. Rischenheim is a prisoner; your rogue Bauer I encountered last night and broke his head."

"Ah, you did?"

"You have what you know of in your hands. If you yield, on my honor I will save your life."

"You don't desire my blood, then, most forgiving play-actor?"

"So much, that I daren't fail to offer you life," answered Rudolf Rassendyll. "Come, sir, your plan has failed: give up the letter."

Rupert looked at him thoughtfully.

"You'll see me safe off if I give it you?" he asked.

"I'll prevent your death. Yes, and I'll see you safe."

"Where to?"

"To a fortress, where a trustworthy gentleman will guard you."

"For how long, my dear friend?"

"I hope for many years, my dear Count."

"In fact, I suppose, as long as——?"

"Heaven leaves you to the world, Count. It's impossible to set you free."

"That's the offer, then?"

"The extreme limit of indulgence," answered Rudolf.

Rupert burst into a laugh, half of defiance, yet touched with the ring of true amusement. Then he lit a cigarette and sat puffing and smiling.

"I should wrong you by straining your kindness so far," said he; and in wanton insolence, seeking again to show Mr. Rassendyll the mean esteem in which he held him, and the weariness his presence was, he raised his arms and stretched them above his head, as a man does in the fatigue of tedium. "Heigho!" he yawned.

But he had overshot the mark this time. With a sudden swift bound Rudolf was upon him; his hands gripped Rupert's wrists, and with his greater strength he bent back the count's pliant body till trunk and head lay flat on the table. Neither man spoke; their eyes met; each heard the other's breathing and felt the vapor of it on his face. The girl outside had seen the movement of Rudolf's figure, but her cranny did not serve her to show her the two where they were now; she knelt on her knees in ignorant suspense. Slowly and with patient force Rudolf began to work his enemy's arms towards one another. Rupert had read his design in his eyes and resisted with tense muscles. It seemed as though his arms must crack; but at last they moved. Inch by inch they were driven closer; now the elbows almost touched; now the wrists joined in reluctant contact. The sweat broke out on the count's brow, and stood in large drops on Rudolf's. Now the wrists were side by side, and slowly the long sinewy fingers of Rudolf's right hand, that held one wrist already in their vise, began to creep round the other. The grip seemed to have half numbed Rupert's arms, and his struggles grew fainter. Round both wrists the sinewy fingers climbed and coiled; gradually and timidly the grasp of the other hand was relaxed and withdrawn. Would the one hold both? With a great spasm of effort Rupert put it to the proof. The smile that bent Mr. Rassendyll's lips gave the answer. He could hold both, with one hand he could hold both: not for long, no, but for an instant. And then, in the instant, his left hand, free at last, shot to the breast of the count's coat. It was the same that he had worn at the hunting-lodge, and was ragged and torn from the boarhound's teeth. Rudolf tore it further open, and his hand dashed in.

"God's curse on you!" snarled Rupert of Hentzau.

But Mr. Rassendyll still smiled. Then he drew out a letter. A glance at it showed him the queen's seal. As he glanced Rupert made another effort. The one hand, wearied out, gave way, and Mr. Rassendyll had no more than time to spring away, holding his prize. The next moment he had his revolver in his hand—none too soon, for Rupert of Hentzau's barrel faced him, and they stood thus, opposite to one another, with no more than three or four feet between the mouths of their weapons.

There is, indeed, much that may be said against Rupert of Hentzau, the truth about him well-nigh forbidding that charity of judgment which we are taught to observe towards all men. But neither I nor any man who knew him ever found in him a shrinking from danger or a fear of death. It was no feeling such as these, but rather a cool calculation of chances, that now stayed his hand. Even if he were victorious in the duel, and both did not die, yet the noise of the firearms would greatly decrease his chances of escape. Moreover, he was a noted swordsman, and conceived that he was Mr. Rassendyll's superior in that exercise. The steel offered him at once a better prospect for victory and more hope of a safe fight. So he did not pull his trigger, but, maintaining his aim the while, said:

"I'm not a street bully, and I don't excel in a rough-and-tumble. Will you fight now like a gentleman? There's a pair of blades in the case yonder."

Mr. Rassendyll, in his turn, was keenly alive to the peril that still hung over the queen. To kill Rupert would not save her if he himself also were shot and left dead, or so helpless that he could not destroy the letter; and while Rupert's revolver was at his heart he could not tear it up nor reach the fire that burnt on the other side of the room. Nor did he fear the result of a trial with steel, for he had kept himself in practice and improved his skill since the days when he came first to Strelsau.

"As you will," said he. "Provided we settle the matter here and now, the manner is the same to me."

"Put your revolver on the table, then, and I'll lay mine by the side of it."

"I beg your pardon," smiled Rudolf, "but you must lay yours down first."

"I'm to trust you, it seems, but you won't trust me!"

"Precisely. You know you can trust me; you know that I can't trust you."

A sudden flush swept over Rupert of Hentzau's face. There were moments when he saw, in the mirror of another's face or words, the estimation in which honorable men held him; and I believe that he hated Mr. Rassendyll most fiercely, not for thwarting his enterprise, but because he had more power than any other man to show him that picture. His brows knit in a frown, and his lips shut tight.

"Aye, but though you won't fire, you'll destroy the letter," he sneered. "I know your fine distinctions."

"Again I beg your pardon. You know very well that, although all Strelsau were at the door, I wouldn't touch the letter."

With an angry muttered oath Rupert flung his revolver on the table. Rudolf came forward and laid his by it. Then he took up both, and, crossing to the mantelpiece, laid them there; between them he placed the queen's letter. A bright blaze burnt in the grate; it needed but the slightest motion of his hand to set the letter beyond all danger. But he placed it carefully on the mantelpiece, and, with a slight smile on his face, turned to Rupert, saying: "Now shall we resume the bout that Fritz von Tarlenheim interrupted in the forest of Zenda?"

All this while they had been speaking in subdued accents, resolution in one, anger in the other, keeping the voice in an even, deliberate lowness. The girl outside caught only a word here and there; but now suddenly the flash of steel gleamed on her eyes through the crevice of the hinge. She gave a sudden gasp, and, pressing her face closer to the opening, listened and looked. For Rupert of Hentzau had taken the swords from their case and put them on the table. With a slight bow Rudolf took one, and the two assumed their positions. Suddenly Rupert lowered his point. The frown vanished from his face, and he spoke in his usual bantering tone.

"By the way," said he, "perhaps we're letting our feelings run away with us. Have you more of a mind now to be King of Ruritania? If so, I'm ready to be the most faithful of your subjects."

"You honor me, Count."

"Provided, of course, that I'm one of the most favored and the richest. Come, come, the fool is dead now; he lived like a fool and he died like a fool. The place is empty. A dead man has no rights and suffers no wrongs. Damn it, that's good law, isn't it? Take his place and his wife. You can pay my price then. Or are you still so virtuous? Faith, how little some men learn from the world they live in! If I had your chance——"

"Come, Count, you'd be the last man to trust Rupert of Hentzau."

"If I made it worth his while?"

"But he's a man who would take the pay and betray his associate."

Again Rupert flushed. When he next spoke his voice was hard, cold, and low.

"By God, Rudolf Rassendyll," said he, "I'll kill you here and now."

"I ask no better than that you should try."

"And then I'll proclaim that woman for what she is in all Strelsau." A smile came on his lips as he watched Rudolf's face.

"Guard yourself, my lord," said Mr. Rassendyll.

"Aye, for no better than——. There, man, I'm ready for you." For Rudolf's blade had touched his in warning.

The steel jangled. The girl's pale face was at the crevice of the hinge. She heard the blades cross again and again. Then one would run up the other with a sharp, grating slither. At times she caught a glimpse of a figure in quick forward lunge or rapid wary withdrawal. Her brain was almost paralyzed. Ignorant of the mind and heart of young Rupert, she could not conceive that he tried to kill the king. Yet the words she had caught sounded like the words of men quarreling, and she could not persuade herself that the gentlemen fenced only for pastime. They were not speaking now; but she heard their hard breathing and the movement of their unresting feet on the bare boards of the floor. Then a cry rang out, clear and merry with the fierce hope of triumph:

"Nearly! nearly!"

She knew the voice for Rupert of Hentzau's, and it was the king who answered calmly, "Nearly isn't quite."

Again she listened. They seemed to have paused for a moment, for there was no sound, save of the hard breathing and deep-drawn pants of men who rest an instant in the midst of intense exertion. Then came again the clash and the slitherings; and one of them crossed into her view. She knew the tall figure and she saw the red hair: it was the king. Backward step by step he seemed to be driven, coming nearer and nearer to the door. At last there was no more than a foot between him and her; only the crazy panel prevented her putting out her hand to touch him. Again the voice of Rupert rang out in rich exultation, "I have you now! Say your prayers, King Rudolf!"

"Say your prayers!" Then they fought. It was earnest, not play. And it was the king—her king—her dear king, who was in great peril of his life. For an instant she knelt, still watching. Then with a low cry of terror she turned and ran headlong down the steep stairs. Her mind could not tell what to do, but her heart cried out that she must do something for her king. Reaching the ground floor, she ran with wide-open eyes into the kitchen. The stew was on the hob, the old woman still held the spoon, but she had ceased to stir and fallen into a chair.

"He's killing the king! He's killing the king!" cried Rosa, seizing her mother by the arm. "Mother, what shall we do? He's killing the king!"

The old woman looked up with dull eyes and a stupid, cunning smile.

"Let them alone," she said. "There's no king here."

"Yes, yes. He's upstairs in the count's room. They're fighting, he and the Count of Hentzau. Mother, Count Rupert will kill him!"

"Let them alone. He the king? He's no king," muttered the old woman again.

For an instant Rosa stood looking down on her in helpless despair. Then a light flashed into her eyes.

"I must call for help," she cried.

The old woman seemed to spring to sudden life. She jumped up and caught her daughter by the shoulder.

"No, no," she whispered in quick accents. "You—you don't know. Let them alone, you fool! It's not our business. Let them alone."

"Let me go, mother, let me go! Mother, I must help the king!"

"I'll not let you go," said Mother Holf.

But Rosa was young and strong; her heart was fired with terror for the king's danger.

"I must go," she cried; and she flung her mother's grasp off from her so that the old woman was thrown back into her chair, and the spoon fell from her hand and clattered on the tiles. But Rosa turned and fled down the passage and through the shop. The bolts delayed her trembling fingers for an instant. Then she flung the door wide. A new amazement filled her eyes at the sight of the eager crowd before the house. Then her eyes fell on me where I stood between the lieutenant and Rischenheim, and she uttered her wild cry, "Help! The king!"

With one bound I was by her and in the house, while Bernenstein cried, "Quicker!" from behind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DESTROYERS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.

In a word, the torpedo has brought into the navy a fresh zest, a new romance, and possibilities more brilliant than were existent before its adoption.—*Torpedoes and Torpedo Vessels:* Lieutenant G. E. Armstrong.

The strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal—
The line that holds the signalled course,
The hate that swings the whole:
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
Half guessed and gone again—
The brides of death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain!

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Darkling and desperate we dare
The blind-fold game of war.

Nearer the wheeling beams that spell
The council of our foes;
Clearer the anxious guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.

Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our fatted prey,
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their sweeping lights along. . . .
Not here, not here your danger lies—
(Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek
The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the syren's whimpering shriek—
The driven death is here!
Look to your van a league away,—
What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
Her crackling tops ablaze?

Hit and hard hit! The blow went home
The muffled, knocking stroke—
The steam that over-runs the foam—
The foam that thins to smoke—
The smoke that clokes the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave
Long since her slayer fled:
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave
Astern, abeam, ahead!
Panic that shells the drifting spar,
Loud waste with none to check,
Mad fear that rakes the low-hung star
Or sweeps a consort's deck.

Now while their silly smoke hangs thick
Now ere their wits they find
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
Our gallied whales are blind.
Good luck to those that see the end
Goodbye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
And God for all! *Shut down!*

The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command:
The hand that heaves the headlong force
The hate that backs the hand:
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed—
The mine that splits the main—
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
The Choosers of the Slain!

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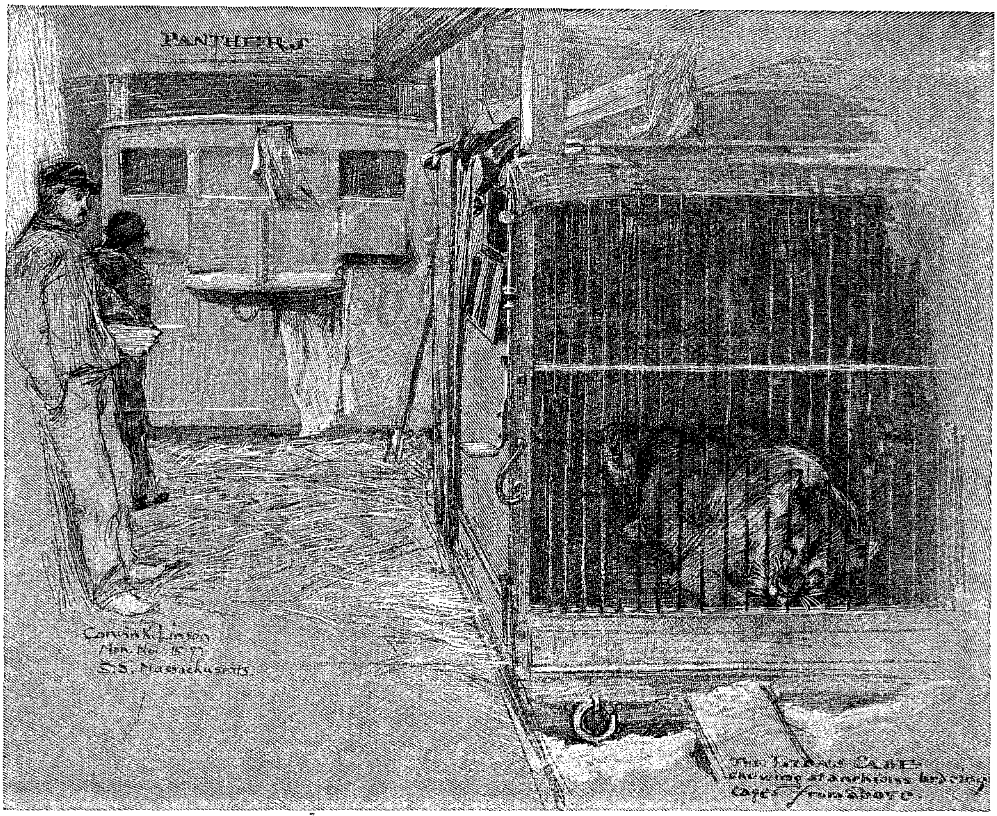


The Iron Cages showing stanchions bracing cages from above.

AT SEA WITH THE CIRCUS.

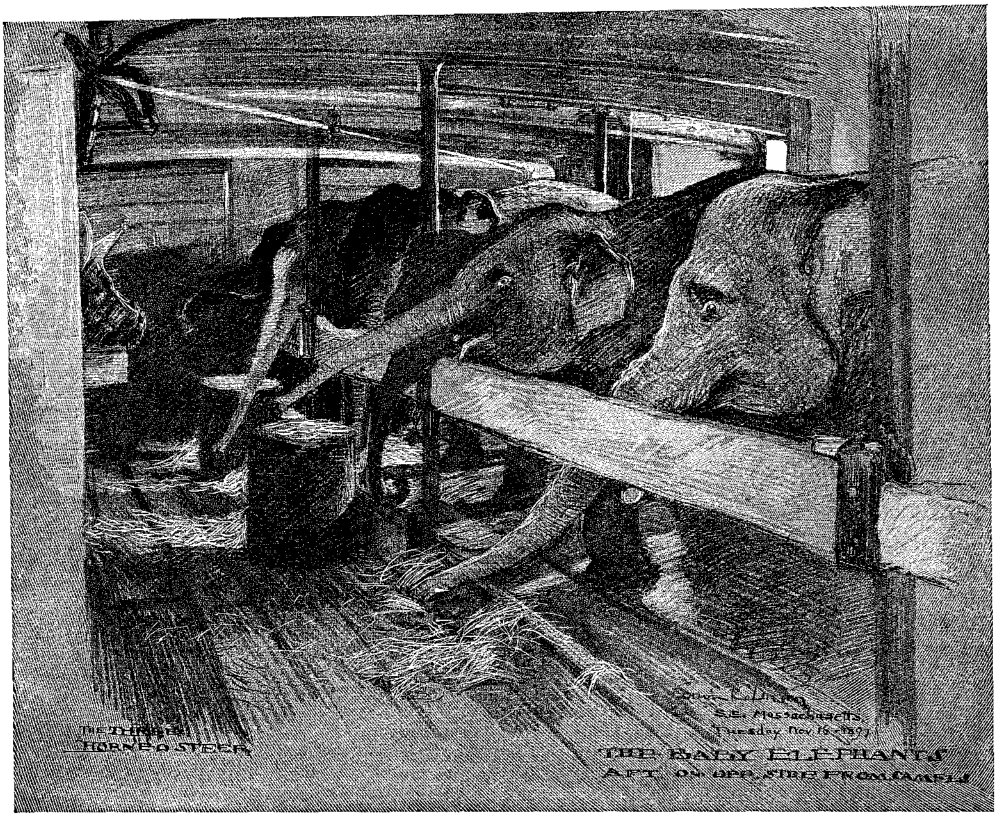
By Charles Theodore Murray.

Illustrated with Drawings from Life by C. K. Linson.

THOSE who go to sea with the circus and have wild beasts for company certainly enjoy a novel and interesting experience. And the novelty begins at once, with the loading of the ship.

When I was notified to be on board the "Massachusetts," of the Atlantic Transport Line, at the foot of Houston Street, at seven o'clock in the morning, to make the trip to London with a great circus, I had every reason to suppose that the ship would sail with the morning tide. But I found the pier and vicinity still littered with red vans, wagon gear, baggage, horses, elephants, and other circus bric-à-brac and menagerie paraphernalia. The loading had been going on for two days. Yet the great Chapman derrick still floated alongside, and heavy red cages, covered with protecting canvas, were dangling in the air, or being ranged on deck. The little elephants had gaily trotted over the gang-plank, holding by each other's tails in the most comical manner, and were already safely installed below; but the big fellows, each in a stout cage of iron-bound planking, had to be swung over by means of the derrick, and lashed securely fore and aft. Horses were being led in by the hundred. The great forty-horse team that had thrilled millions of people in the street parades during the summer, was marched to a quarter of its own; and the seventy Kentucky thoroughbreds that appear in a single act in the ring were still more particularly housed.

All day the members of the circus company gather and huddle about the decks, and saunter up and down the dock, bidding friends good-by so many times that both

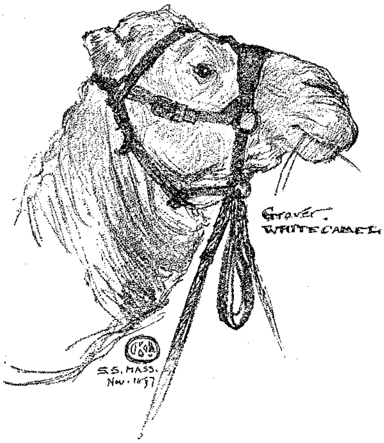


sides are heartily bored and wish to goodness the ship would pull out and get away. Our saloon list is composed of fifty persons—the limit of our cabin capacity—being the heads of the various departments of the big show, the "bosses" of this and the assistant "bosses" of that, and a few performers, male and female. The wives and children of the principal officials accompany them. Nearly every one of the passengers knows all the rest; and, in that respect, a more congenial company never assembled for a sea voyage. There is a marked *esprit de corps* among circus people; and it is at once apparent here. These doormen and ticket sellers, private secretaries, superintendents, animal experts, master mechanics, owners of trained animals, layers-out, are typical showmen, mostly veterans in the business. Performers are inclined to waive circus etiquette, and join social forces with them for the trip. But the performers are few—most of them having gone on ahead from week to week. Two lithe, young equestriennes, as many male riders, a charming young woman charioteer, some Arab acrobats, men and women with trained dogs, pigs, monkeys, geese, and seals—these are all.

All of the summer circus outfit—forty-eight wagons with tents, horses, men, and so on—is to follow us in February. They are not needed during the London engagement. The total of wagons runs up to ninety-six, and of people to 474. The rest of the men required will be hired over the water. Seven more elephants are booked for the next vessel, for lack of room here.

We finally say good-by for good and all—about the dusk of the evening—and pull out into the Hudson, to the tune of "Mr. Johnson, Turn me Loose," executed by the side-show band. This is not "sprung" on us until it is too late to go ashore; but our friends on the dock, who have been knocking about all day half frozen, look so glad to see us go! We take the band with us.

How beautiful the lights of New York look when one is about to leave them behind indefinitely! Round the sweep of Sandy Hook they become merged in one vast red aurora of the North. We are at sea. The swell raises the deck under our feet, and the ship becomes a sentient thing. The pilot-boat, hovering near us the while, puts out a small boat to take off our pilot. The frail shell, with its two hardy sailors, dances up and down in the darkness like a leaf. We watch the red lantern until it drifts under our quarter. Then there is a wait, and presently a rushing to and fro on our bridge; then the clang of the engine bells, and the ship is brought to, lying idly rocking there for the next hour.


Grover.
WHITE CAMEL.
S.S. MASS.
Nov. 1897

And then it is whispered about that the little pilot-boat was swamped, and that two more lives were given to the ocean's insatiate maw. And the news goes softly from deck to deck, and from cabin to cabin, and from hold to hold, until the ragged and grizzled animal man, between the cages far down forward, has heard it, and roused his mate from the straw to impart the sad intelligence.

Meanwhile the ship is once more heading for the open sea, and the handle of the little dipper shines invitingly beyond the foremast.

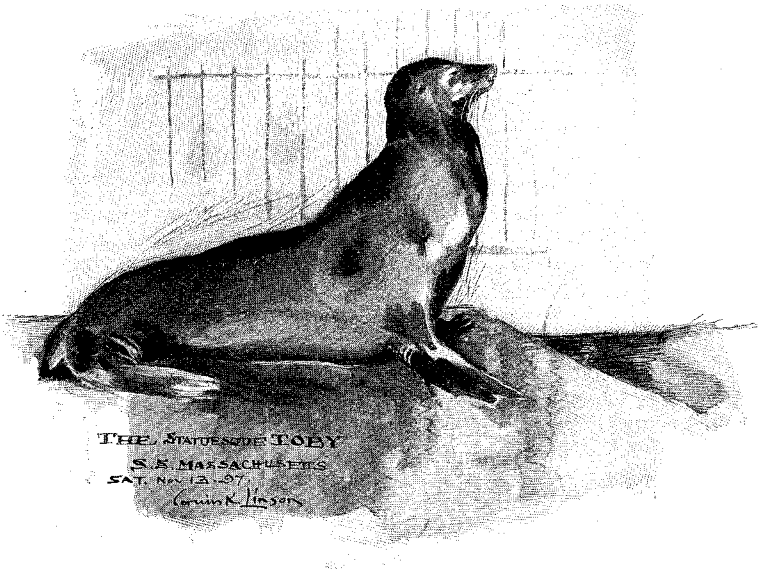
THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.

The third day out, we are startled by the announcement that our giraffe is dead. Poor "Daisy" was found doubled up in her roomy cage, under the forward hatch, with her neck broken in two places. She had evidently pitched forward in the heavy sea running the night before, and lost her balance. She had last been seen alive on Sunday, her keeper having made his usual inspection with some anxiety, owing to the rough weather. An hour later, he saw her down and congratulated himself on the animal's good sense. The next morning, at eight o'clock, he found her doubled up in the same position. She was dead. The catastrophe was especially depressing to the managers, for "Daisy" was one of their leading attractions. She belonged to a rare species, and one growing rarer year by year. She was the last giraffe in America, and had been heavily "billed" for London.

All hands and the cook gathered on deck to witness the burial of the dead giraffe. By means of a block and tackle rigged to a boom, the body was raised to the deck, and thence swung to the top of the elephants' cages. Here the animal was stripped of her beautiful hide. Then the sailors began to struggle with the denuded carcass. "Catch 'old of 'er rudder, you bloomin' lubber!" sang out the big boatswain's mate, a man with rings in his ears and a knife between his teeth. And overboard went all that remained of unfortunate "Daisy," the boatswain's mate saying tenderly, as she went, "Good-by, old sport!"

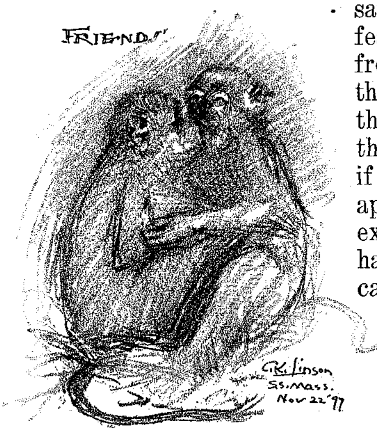
AMONG THE ELEPHANTS.

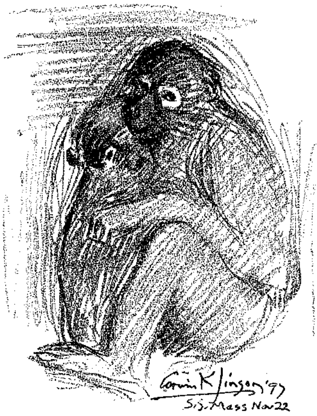
The smaller elephants are ranged in narrow stalls in a row, on the side of the ship, aft, opposite the camels. There is just enough room for them to lie down, in elephant fashion, and, with their trunks, they can reach across the narrow passageway. Whenever the voice of Mr. Conklin, the elephant man, is heard, they set up a chorus of trumpetings. And, when he makes his appearance in the



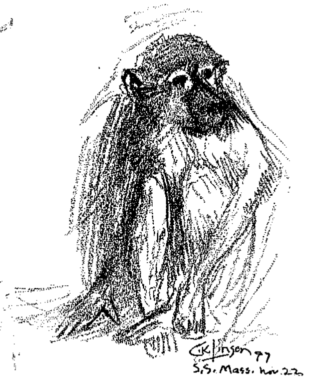
passage, they seek to caress him with their trunks. There is a tender glance for him in every eye. No little children ever showed more unmistakable signs of pleasure at a mother's appearance than these unemotional-looking creatures display at every coming of the keeper.

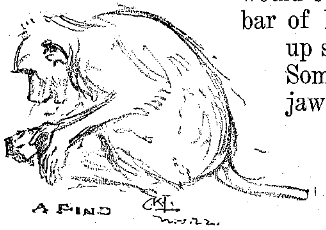
The larger elephants are housed in special cages, arranged facing each other, on either side of the forward and after hatchways. The space between the cages (about eight feet square) was at first left open to the sky, but the second day out found the two elephants on the after starboard side drenched with salt water. They trumpeted loudly against this treatment.





The rolling of the ship started one of the cages from its position, and, had it continued in the direction it started, it would soon have gone crashing down into the hold, elephant and all. The elephant himself gave the first warning of the danger. The instincts of an elephant are keenest when he comes to any uncertainty as to his footing. Conscious of his own weight, he is slow to believe any structure safe until its safety is actually demonstrated. This is why, in preparing for the present voyage, it was considered useless to try to get the larger elephants aboard by driving them over a gangplank. In the case of the slipping of the cage, the man on watch found the elephant, late one night, showing pitiful signs of fear and distress; but was unable to discover the cause. He examined the lashings of the cage, and found them apparently all right. He watched the elephant carefully, and he noted that he tried to brace backward, with his full weight, every time the rolling vessel keeled to starboard, and at the same time trumpeted loudly, as if in special fear. When the watchman sought shelter from the weather by standing near the cage, the elephant would thrust his long trunk through the openings between the planks of the cage and wrap it round the watchman, as if to hold on, like a child clutching to an apron string. When daylight came, a closer examination revealed the fact that the cage had slipped about two inches. Workmen came and doubly braced it with stout stanchions, and the elephant wagged his head in manifest satisfaction, and the neighboring elephants seemed to share this pleasure with him.





Two elephants evidently suffered, for the first forty-eight hours out, with sea-sickness. One of these was the most unhappy-looking object ever seen. Mucus dropped from his mouth and trunk, and tears rolled at intervals from his watery eyes. He would curl his trunk around the lower bar of his cage and let it hang there up side down, wrong side outward. Sometimes he placed his ponderous jaw on the rail and wept. Then he permitted his proboscis to lie in the hay, "any old way," for some minutes at a time. He would pluck up a little now and then, and make a feint of eating a mouthful of hay; but it was "no go"—he rolled the morsel up carefully and put it away with a deep groan. If an animal suffers in proportion to its size, how he must have felt! The way in which he rolled his swimming eyes up to me, standing above him, was touching. The two rivulets of brine that furrowed down his massive cheeks reminded me of the tear-tracks on a dirty-faced boy.

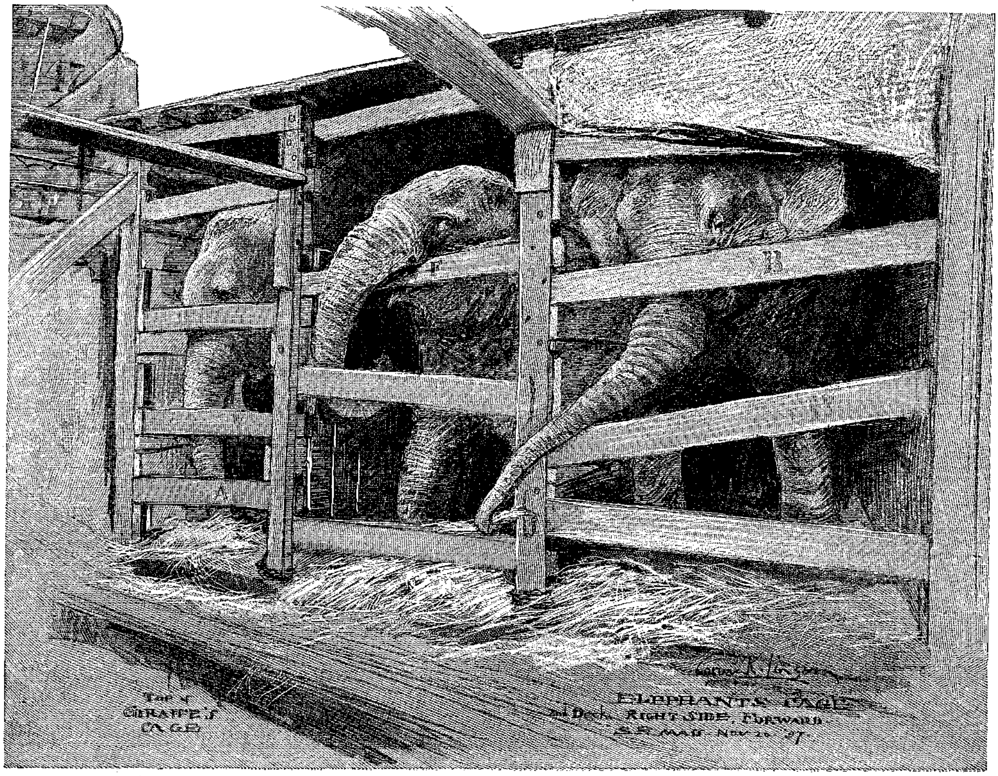
Occasionally, too, he whimpered like a boy. Oh, he did look so sick—and I know from experience, that he wished he was dead! Three or four days later, however, I saw him with clear eyes, swinging head, and an appetite that threatened to clear the ship out of baled hay.

"My monks down there could stand a little more light," said an animal man, in charge of the monkeys. "A monk is all right as long as he can see what's going on. Shut him up long and, like a bird under similar conditions, he will soon die. People who crowd around the monks at the show amuse the little chaps." This is the other way of putting it.

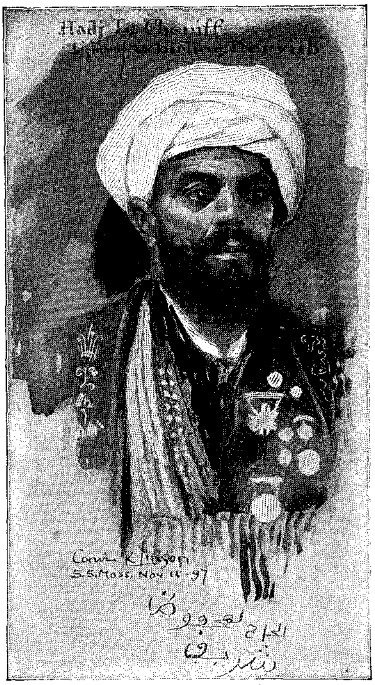
One day, one of the "little chaps" got out, and amused himself at the expense of the keepers. He leaped upon the tigers' cage, and disappeared in the gloom of the hold, chattering joyfully the while. Everybody in sight started for him, or called to him, for it was "Philip," the pet. But Philip merely grinned, and chattered in his own language, and dodged from cage to cage. He seemed to delight in letting some one get close to him and then jumping away, to laugh at his would-be captor's discomfiture. It was not till dinner-time that Philip consented to come back to camp. When it became a question between liberty and dinner, it was easily and satisfactorily settled.

THE DISPOSITION OF PASSENGERS AND CARGO.

The decks of the "Massachusetts" resemble more the back door of a circus than they do the visible area of an ocean-going steamer outward bound. Red wagons, white wagons, chariots of gold, wardrobe vans, fairy floats, canvas-covered cages, and other circus equipage fill all available space. And among these effects, and below, forward and aft, somewhere—heaven only knows just where—are stowed 186 people, exclusive of the ship's crew. They are canvas men, railroad men, animal men, mechanics, property men, hostlers, grooms, and jockeys. Down in the bowels of the big ship are hundreds of horses, camels, elephants, zebras, lions, tigers, and curious cattle and savage beasts of every variety and clime. They are confined in rows of stalls, or in groups of cages—the ordinary circus cage removed from its running-gear, and placed flat on the deck, and securely braced from the beams above. The only animals on the exposed deck are the polar bears, the sea-lions, and the trained



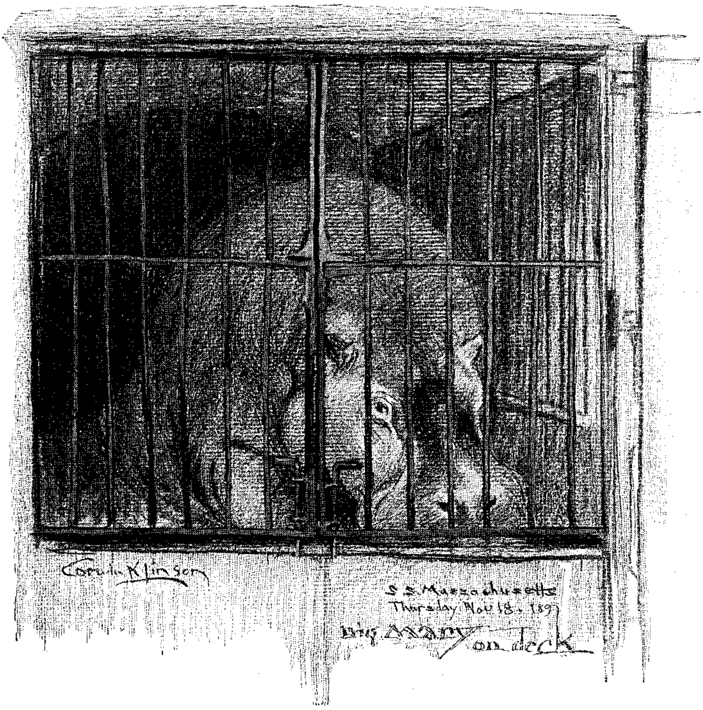
pigs and dogs—cold-weather beasts. Yes, there is the hippopotamus, too, which can scarcely be called a cold-weather animal, though traces of his kind have been discovered almost anywhere between the equator and the eternal snows.

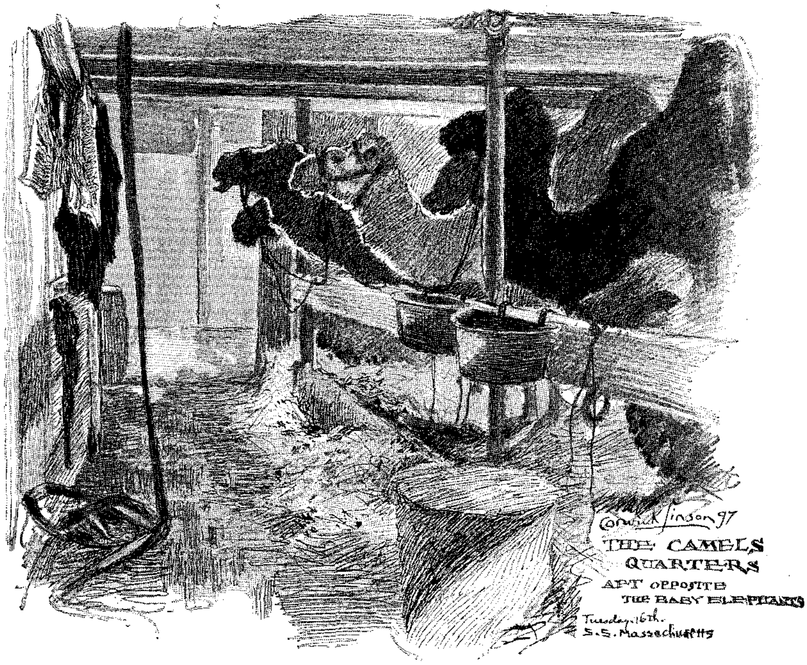


Our total in wagons, animals, and food is something enormous; for, unlike the circus on land, the circus at sea cannot secure material from day to day. There are 324 horses, nineteen elephants, thirty-two "led animals," such as camels, zebras, and three-horned oxen, and twenty-five ponies. We have, therefore, between decks some 600 animals to be properly cared for during a twelve or fourteen days' sea-voyage, and to be safely debarked at the end of the trip. If it were simply feeding and caring for 600 animals of a single species, the problem would be a very simple one. But when it is remembered that here we have a great variety of species, each requiring different food and special treatment, it will be seen that the problem is complicated enough to be interesting. Even of one species, all can not be dealt with alike. Take the horses: the delicate thoroughbred of the ring cannot be treated as "baggage stock."

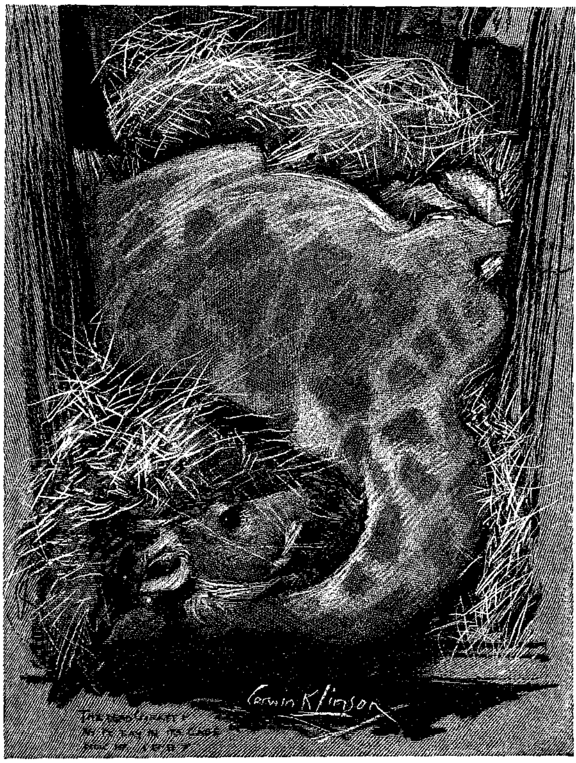
The task could never be accomplished, of course, but for the skill acquired in long, intelligent experience. How, otherwise, could it be known that our savage collection will require 2,700 pounds of beef? Or that 100 cabbages go with seventy pounds of bread daily; and with six barrels of apples, 700 pounds of fish, seventy tons of hay, two cases of wine, 2,000 bushels of oats, one case of eggs, three barrels of onions, and so on.

When I was a farmer's boy, my father used to say that not more than one man in a hundred who owned horses knew how to take care of a horse—a common, every-day horse. Think what must it mean to get proper care taken of the 600 horses of a great circus, whether at sea or on land! In the first place, for show purposes, horses are not bought young. The baggage stock—those great, powerful, sleek-looking fellows—are from seven to twenty-five years old. Poor "Pilot," the big white baggage horse that we buried the second day out, had drawn a cage with seven others of his patient kind for the last eighteen years. In the next place, these horses are of high and low degree, and are not all to be approached, cared for, fed,





coaxed, or driven in the same way. Each must have, in some measure, a special treatment; and that they all have it shows what a wonderful organization the great circus is.



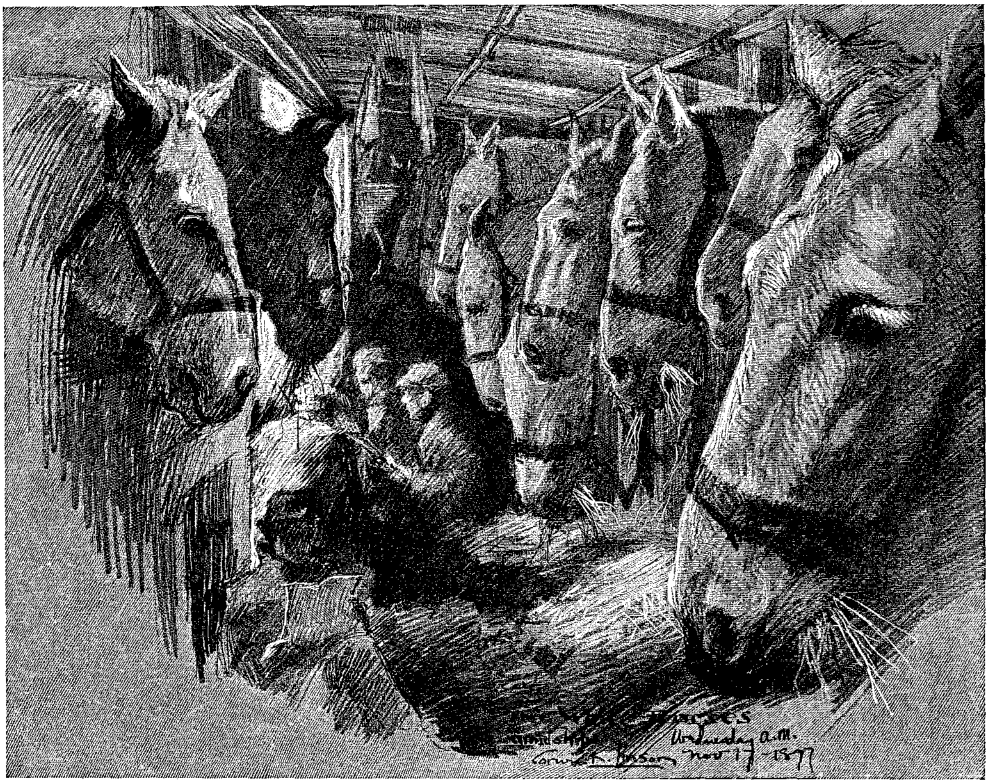
A VISIT TO THE WILD ANIMALS.

Down in the forward hold of the ship, braced with stout stanchions to the iron beams above, and arranged in any way to preserve the economy of space, are the cages of the wild animals. The gloom is scarcely penetrated by the dimly shining lanterns, swinging here and there in the narrow ways. There is just room to pass beyond the reach of savage claws through the open front of one cage, by rubbing along the unopened back of another. Every lurch of the ship threatens to throw you up against the iron bars, through which you see faint outlines of a crouching or uneasily moving form, illuminated by a pair of round, unwinking orbs that seem to glow and burn as if of red molten metal. To slip here may mean a clawing that shreds the arm, or a stroke that smites a bone from its socket or crushes the skull. Yet, with that species of idiocy which seems to attack everybody on shipboard, I began to steady myself as I passed along, by holding on to the bars of a lion's cage. My blood stood still, though, when I caught sight of "Nellie," the lioness who has killed two keepers and maimed half a dozen men for life. She seemed too much dazed at my impudence to resent it; but the incident made such an impression on my nerves that, a few minutes later, when a pelican reached out in the darkness and nipped me on the leg, I almost fainted from fright. The opportune break of a wave over the cages on deck sent an icy shower down into the hold, drenching both Mr. Linson and myself, and so brought speedy recovery; but it ruined a very clever sketch of Nellie that the artist had nearly finished.

On a Monday we went down to see them feed the wild animals. Those of the cat kind are never fed on Sunday; that is how they know it is Sunday. Nobody seems to know who invented this custom; its beginning falls in that dim time whereof "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The mere smell of the meat, as it is lowered into the hold, drives the animals crazy this morning. It is chopped up on a cutting table, between the cages, by a stalwart keeper in a butcher's apron. The ship rolls and pitches to an extent that makes an unsupported footing precarious. The ears are assailed by a combination of sounds: the roar of the raging sea is drowned by the bellowing of the king of beasts, the snapping and snarling of the pumas, the impatient growl of the Bengal tiger. And now and then, from out the darkness forward, comes the unearthly shriek of the hyenas, sinking all the rest. The darkness, the flashing eyes, the pent-up uncertainty, the creaking of ship's timbers, the low moans that rise to a human whine and explode in wild, hysterical laughter—no madhouse could inspire such terrors. Under the dim light of a lantern, two men go from cage to cage. One brandishes an iron bar, while the other quickly thrusts a chunk of meat beneath the foot-board. Then follows the flash of two lightning paws, and then a low growl or a loud purr of content as the morsel is crunched between the powerful jaws.

Poor Johanna! Johanna is the famous gorilla. A lantern swings in front of her cage, just forward of the lion's noisy den. By its fitful gleams, I saw her leaning disconsolately in a corner. She had been very sea-sick. On our second day out, her indefatigable keeper, McKay, gave her hot lemonade and occasionally a stiff snifter of whisky, and ran back and forth between her cage and the cook's galley, bringing dainties of fruit and chicken, and hot broths and the like. No royal sea-sick lady could have been more ardently served in her distress.



Our circus family amuse themselves on deck with the side-show band, the mandolins, and the guitars; pitching pennies; watching ships and porpoises. Madam Hodji Tahar, a pretty Arabian acrobat, with the smoothest of dark olive complexions, black eyes, and hair of midnight, entertains us—occasionally—with a wild Spanish dance. Penny-ante in the smoking-room seems "on" night and day unceasingly. Our indefatigable artist passes his day among the animals between decks, and gathers an interested circle of mothers and children about him in the cabin in the evening. And there also, at the piano, sits Oxford, warbling in a low sweet tenor, songs in French, Italian, Spanish, and the four or five other languages he knows. And the bright eyes of the little Moorish woman who also speaks half a dozen languages, but can neither read nor write any of them, swim with pleasure, and her hands and feet and swaying figure describe the time of the castanets and ankle bells. Everybody shouts across the cabin, calling everybody else by his or her first name. It is "George," and "John," and "Charlie," and "Bill," and "Emma," and "Lizzie," and "Jennie." And so the circus family, below and above, get on happily together from start to finish.

In the very face of the Bishop Rock light we bury "Eagle," the beautiful black stallion whose particular accomplishment it was to dance the couchee-couchee with John O'Brien on his back. Eagle was thirty-six years old, and came from Hamburg. He had been with the show since 1869, and was probably one of the most intelligent, as well as beautiful, horses that ever appeared in the ring. They buried him by the dim light of a lantern in British waters—"darkly at dead of night"—and his groom stood by in the shadow of a wardrobe wagon and wept alone. Another horse, a baggage horse, died soon after, and was buried in the English Channel.

Up the Channel we steam, through the fog, that is the wonted foretaste of London, to the ominous screech of the siren; with the rattle of chains and the creaking of blocks; with all the steam windlasses going fore and aft, and the men all busy removing the lashings of the cages, and getting everything ready for a quick unloading to-morrow. And so ends the voyage.

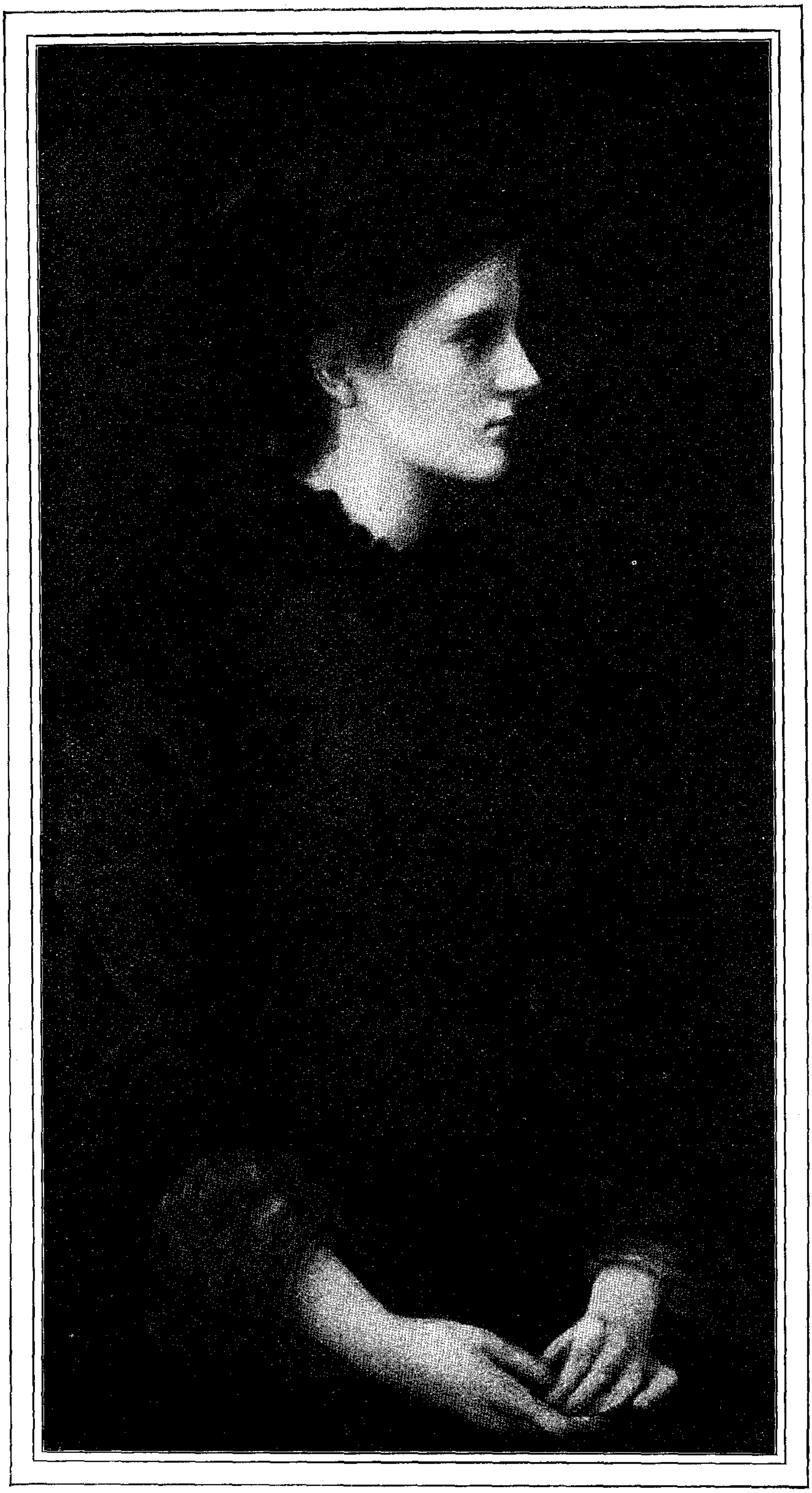
A PORTRAIT BY BURNE-JONES.

By M. L. van Vorst.

The shadows fold her 'round
And sink profound
Into intense blackness of background,
Against which, lily white,
Pure as a sun's ray, she springs to light.

And she sits there, still, so still
That I can hear the far-off call of thrushes
On summer mornings from the hawthorn bushes
Or orchards full of mellow sound.
Thus I fill
Another canvas with tall trees abloom,
And the chaste blue of English skies
Over an English home.

As clear streams,
Untroubled to their sweet depths, are her eyes
What warm surprise
Will make her red who pale
Now reads life to a limit, and there stops?
One shall part the veil;
And open vistas of fair years to be,
And little forms that cling about the knee
Shall steal, dear guests, unlooked for, silently
Into the virgin spirit of her dreams.

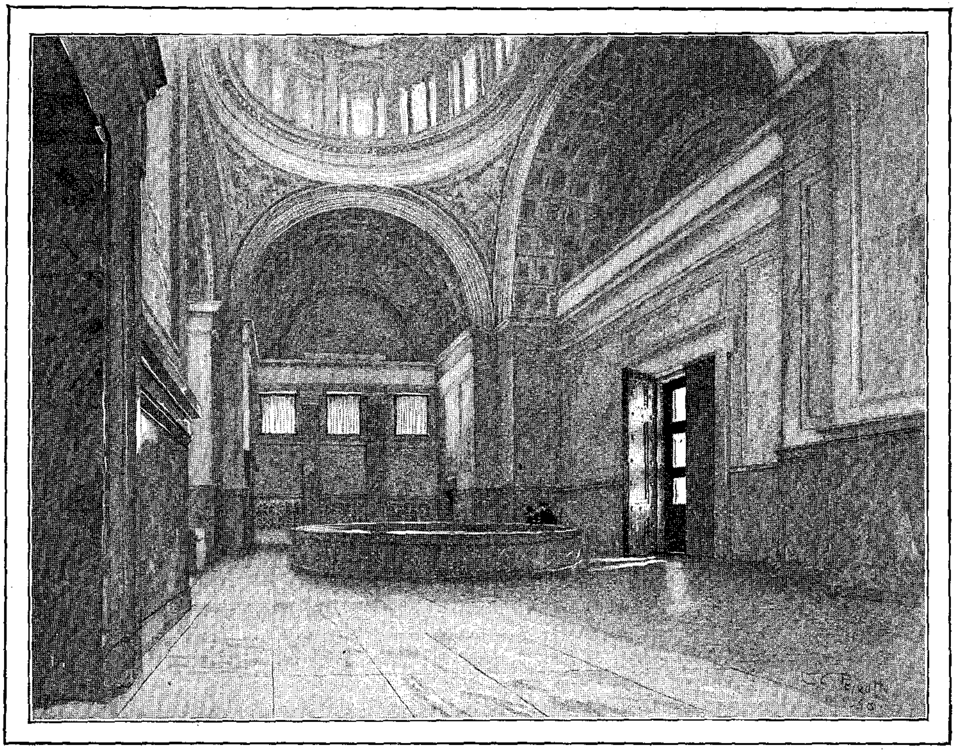


A PORTRAIT.

PAINTED BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

From a copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, after the painting.

INTERIOR OF GRANT'S TOMB.



ULYSSES GRANT—HIS LAST YEAR.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

On the first day of June, 1884, General Grant's physical condition, as well as his financial situation, was deplorable. He was still lame from the effects of a fall suffered some months before; he was sixty-two years of age, without a profession, and unfitted for business, both by ill health and by education. Having been an actor in more dramatic events than any other American that ever lived; having been Lieutenant-General of the United States Armies, and for two terms President of the United States, it now seemed as if nothing more remained for him but to slowly slip down into the decrepitude, comparative obscurity, and despair of an idle old age. This feeling, as much as any other cause, sapped his vitality and his resolution. He saw nothing more for him to do. A special fund donated to him by citizens of New York and invested in stock of the Wabash Railroad was decreasing in value, and seemed likely to decrease further. He was threatened with actual need. His fellow citizens were harshly critical, and he was charged with bringing the whole of his financial trouble upon himself by undue greed. It was a time which taxed his resources to the utmost.

Before the failure of the firm of Grant and Ward, which occurred in May, 1884, the editors of the "Century Magazine" had approached Grant with a proposal to write an article on the battle of Shiloh, which was still being hotly contested on writing-tables North and South. But the old general was as little inclined to write as to make a speech, and bluntly refused to undertake the task.

But now the conditions had changed; and when, after the Grant and Ward failure, the editors again approached him, he consented. He began at once an article on Shiloh. He had always held in reverence commanders like Halleck and McClellan, who could write a book, and considered himself the last man in the world to attempt anything more than a report. The article grew in his hands from a dry statement of facts to a very full account, with which the editors were delighted. From regarding it as a laborious task, he became deeply interested in it, and readily consented to continue his work by an article on Vicksburg. It took his mind off his troubles, and carried him back amid the splendid and dramatic events of 1862 and 1863.

The second article was even more successful than the first, being less controversial in effect. And now the publishers of the country, hearing that Grant was writing his memoirs, made him the most liberal offers for a book. Then it was that he realized his power to earn not merely money for his daily needs, but to provide a competency for his wife, if he should die before her. This consideration decided him to set to work in earnest upon the retrospect of his life. He had secretly resigned himself to the thought that he was an old man and an infirm man, and that any work he had to do must be done quickly.

He called in General Adam Badeau, his military biographer, and began writing with his usual single-hearted intensity upon the account of his school-days. He worked five or six hours each day, at his house in Sixty-sixth Street, not far from the Park. He did not venture down town, and the men of Wall Street never saw him again. He was done with business, and the pleasures of his life were found in the glow of his own fire, in an occasional drive, and in the light of his grandchildren's faces. He wrote busily with his own hand, and handed the manuscript over to his son and General Badeau for revision and preparation for the printer. He was a ready and fluent writer, and little change was necessary.

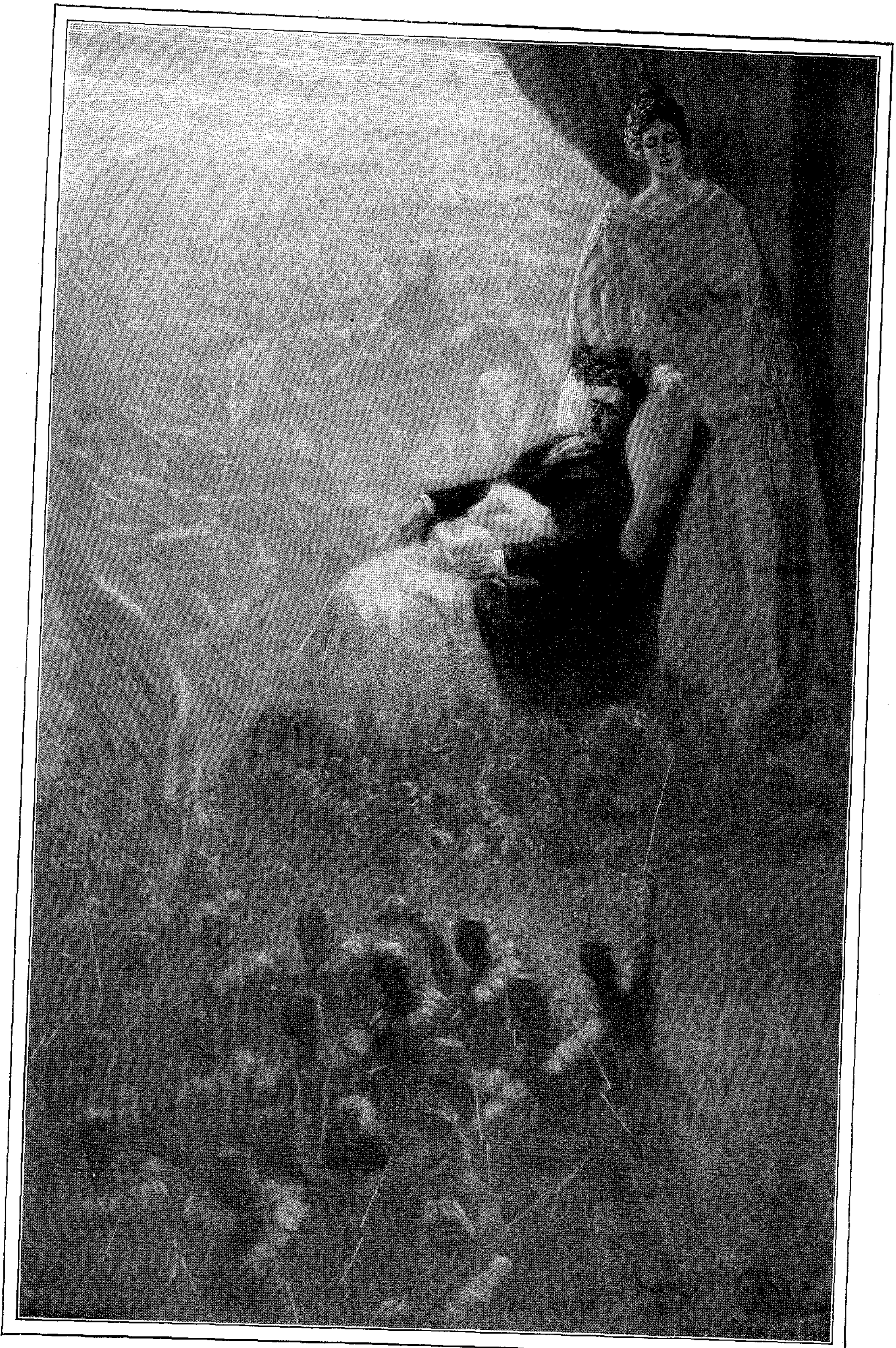
BEGINNING OF GRANT'S LAST ILLNESS.

One day in the early autumn, 1884, after eating a peach, General Grant complained of pain in his throat. The pain was slight, but it returned again when he swallowed solid food. Thereafter, eating grew each day more painful; but as the spasm passed quickly away after each effort, he gave little thought to it until there came an exterior swelling of the throat that increased perceptibly. Then the seriousness of the case became apparent to Mrs. Grant. She insisted upon his calling upon Dr. Barker, the family physician. Dr. Barker considered it serious enough to advise the care of a specialist, and suggested Dr. J. H. Douglas. Dr. Douglas made an examination, and prescribed certain lotions and gargles, and the General went back to his work, in which he was now completely absorbed. He worked five or six hours each day, and his mind was deep in the past. He was resolute to complete his book during the winter. The publishers foresaw the great value of the book, and made him feel it, in order to encourage him to proceed.

He went every day to see his physician, using the street cars from motives of economy. But notwithstanding all the lotions and alleviating washes, the pains in the throat increased, till eating became an agony which even Grant's iron will could not conceal from the watchful eyes of Mrs. Grant. Solid foods at last became impossible to him. He kept his place at the table, but seldom had a part in the meal.

In such wise the winter wore on. Steadfast friends occasionally called. Old army officers, being in the city, dropped in to see "the old commander," and neighbors from Galena or Georgetown always found a welcome. Nevertheless, Grant's life would have been very irksome had it not been for the writing which filled much of his time and nearly all of his thoughts. He was now practically unregarded by the great world of commerce and business. His friends in Congress were trying to help him by means of a bill restoring him to his rank as General of the Army and retiring him on full pay; but each attempt met with bitter opposition. The bill had been once defeated in 1881. Since then the matter had rested. A pension had been suggested, but this the General steadily refused to consider.

There now arose a new occasion of distress to him. Some of the small creditors of the firm of Grant and Ward were attempting to levy on the souvenirs and tokens which General Grant had made over to Mr. William K. Vanderbilt in security for a loan procured by General Grant in the interest of Grant and Ward. General Grant was poor, but he was not abject. He wrote to Mr. Vanderbilt and requested him to offer for sale all the property he held, including the souvenirs and trophies of peace and war. To this Mr. Vanderbilt replied, expressing a willingness to turn over all the personal articles to be held in trust by Mrs. Grant and the General during their lifetime, and to become the property of the Government after



THE GENERAL'S LAST DREAM.—MOUNT McGREGOR, JULY, 1885.

PAINTED BY B. J. ROSENMEIER.

With acknowledgments to a sketch published in "Frank Leslie's Weekly" of April 18, 1885.

their death. This General Grant declined to accept, and the articles were turned over directly to the Government, and placed in the museum at Washington.

On February 20, 1885, the first bulletin of General Grant's condition reached the public: "The action of Congress in refusing to pass the bill restoring him to his honors, has been very depressing to him," the physicians said; "but he is feeling very comfortable otherwise." They were making the best of a very bad case, for Grant was already reduced in weight from nearly two hundred pounds to barely one hundred and forty-five, though his face did not show this emaciation. By February 17th he had nearly ceased to work on his book. The first volume was finished, and the second was begun; but the resolution of even his indomitable soul could not master the growing weakness and lassitude of his body. He became silent and distrait, and sat amidst his family in abstraction which filled them with terror. When alone, he lay stretched out on his reclining-chair, facing the fire, with eyes which saw neither flame nor wall. Occasionally, when roused by some friend, he spoke of his book, and expressed a desire to finish it. He spoke of it as one might who wished to complete some task before going on an inevitable journey. He was waiting the summons of the bugle, and was ready to obey.

His activity of mind was enormous. He could do nothing but think. His great brain, filled with innumerable scenes, conceptions, plans, and deeds, kept up its ceaseless whirl, turning night into day, and day into a phantasmagoric dream of the past. The writing of the book had recalled and made present all his changeful and epic history; and as the external lost power and interest, his mind turned back upon itself.

RESTORATION TO HIS OLD RANK.

He was confined not merely to the house, but to his room. To walk around the hall and back was a long walk. Visitors were at last denied him, but he had around him nearly his entire family. His sons were with him constantly, and his daughter Nellie had been sent for. Little by little the details of the General's condition became public, and the returning regard of the world began to make itself felt. Resolutions of sympathy began to come in from State legislatures and other bodies. The Assembly of New York expressed to the New York delegation in Congress its wish that the bill in aid of General Grant should pass, and interest was again revived in it.

At last, just in the final hour of the session, an agreement was reached whereby a vote was taken. Congressman Randall moved that, by unanimous consent, the bill be taken up, and to this the Democratic majority of the House agreed, provided a certain contested election case was taken up and voted upon. Thereupon Mr. Wilson of Iowa, the holder of the contested seat, who had thus far successfully filibustered against his opponent, generously rose and said: "In order that this Congress shall do justice to the hero of Donelson and Appomattox, I yield to the request of the gentleman from Pennsylvania." It cost him his seat and his salary, but the bill restoring Grant to his military rank and placing him on the retired list was passed. President Arthur was in the Capitol, waiting to sign the bill. He affixed his signature, the formal nomination of Grant went immediately to the Senate, and the Senate at once confirmed it.

The honor came almost too late for "the old commander." When the telegram announcing it was read to him, his eyes did not brighten, and he uttered no word of pleasure nor even of interest. He had gone beyond the reach of acts of Congress. He had loosened his hold on life. "I am a very sick man," he said to a friend; and in his eyes was the look of a hunted creature, weary and hopeless of rest.

A FATAL DIAGNOSIS.

During all this time the disease never rested. The ulcer ate its way deep into his throat, sapping his vitality and undermining his superb courage. It was recognized at last to be a very grave matter indeed, and the friends of the General began to allude to it as cancer. Up to this time the ulceration had not been considered incurable. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Barker grew alarmed at last, and called in other physicians for consultation. Even then no decision as to the character of the disease was reached. About the 10th of March a piece of the diseased tissue was placed before Dr. G. R. Elliot, an expert microscopist, who also submitted it to Dr. George F. Shrady. Dr. Shrady, who was afterwards called into the case as one of the consulting surgeons, corroborated the opinion of Dr. Elliot. Without knowing whence the tissue came nor anything of the case at the time, he made an examination, and immediately reported: "This tissue comes from the throat and base of the tongue, and is affected with cancer."

Dr. Elliot, though this was also his own conclusion, said: "This is a very important matter; are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure. The patient from whom this tissue comes has epithelial cancer."

Almost in a whisper the other said: "That tissue comes from the throat of General Grant."

Dr. Shrady replied slowly: "Then General Grant is doomed."

This appalling verdict of the men of science was made public after a consultation at General Grant's house, and the news was flashed round the world that General Grant was attacked by cancer and was fighting his last battle. The nation awoke to sympathy. All criticism of the great General was for the time laid aside, and the Christian public offered daily prayers for his recovery. But he grew daily weaker. He could not sleep without morphia, and yet he fought against its use. He feared becoming a victim to its power, and endured to the utmost the agonies of sleeplessness before asking for relief. He was the most docile of patients. "You are in command here," he would say to Dr. Shrady.

In order to take even liquid food, he was forced to fling the contents of the bowl down his throat at one gulp, before the spasm closed his throat. It required all his resolution to do this. Yet he seldom uttered a word of complaint. He never forgot to be courteous and mindful of others. He obeyed his nurses like a child, at the same time that his great brain pondered upon questions national in scope. He concealed his despondency with studied care from his wife, and was careful that she should not see him at his worst. His son Frederick and his physicians perceived the whole truth of his condition. The expediency of performing a radical surgical operation was discussed early in the case, but the surgeons considered the cancer too deeply rooted to be removed by the knife.

The anodyne and the disease combined at times to produce a dazing effect, and his mind wandered. Once he said: "I am detailed from four to six." He was back at West Point, a ruddy youth again. Once he clutched his throat, and cried out, "The cannon did it," thinking, perhaps, of the officer whose head was blown away by solid shot at Palo Alto. He longed for spring to come, and thought if he could get out and see the green grass and the budding trees it would help him. His illness brought out the purely human side of the great historical character. He became as gentle and patient as a woman.

The 27th of March being a fine, warm day, he was taken to ride in the Park, and seemed brightened by the change. Upon his return he was met by several attorneys engaged in the trial of Fish, the former president of the Marine Bank. General Grant's testimony was needed; and though emaciated, worn with loss of sleep, and speaking with great difficulty, the General went to his duty resolutely and with a certain readiness. He told all he knew concerning the case, sparing neither Fish nor Ward. He said that he had no knowledge of any speculation in government contracts, and that he had distinctly charged Ward not to have any such business, and had informed him that if the firm of Grant and Ward was concerned in any way with such business, he must retire.

The examination occupied less than an hour, but it exhausted him, and he had a very bad night. Three days later he had a choking spell so deadly in its sudden seizure that he rose from his chair in agony, crying out to his nurse: "Oh, I can't stand it! I must die! I must go!" But the spasm passed away, and under the ministrations of the physicians he became easier.

It was now certain that General Grant was dying, and the usually quiet street swarmed with reporters and with curious and sympathetic people, who walked slowly past, looking up at the windows shining with the flare of gas-jets at full flame.

AN INSTANCE OF GRANT'S UNSELFISHNESS.

The 31st of March was made memorable by a strange incident. A professed astrologer had cast the General's horoscope, and predicted that he would die on the 31st of March. The family were anxious to keep all such matters from the General, and papers containing them were excluded from his chamber. But one morning, when the family returned to the General's room from breakfast, they found him intent on the astrologer's prediction.

They made no remark about it, but tried to keep his mind off the thought of death, and yet he seemed to dwell upon it. As the date set in the prediction drew near, he seemed to be asking very often, "What day of the month is to-day?" He sometimes asked twice in the same day; and when his son Ulysses answered on one occasion, he said: "You told me that before."

"I know I did, father; but it was this morning."

"I had forgotten it," he replied. The anodynes had affected his memory.

The family were alarmed at his anxiety. He seemed to be dwelling on that particular day in March. At last the dreaded day came, and then it fell out that it was the day on which he was to receive his first month's pay as General Grant. He had been thinking of that, and not of the astrologer's prediction. He could scarcely wait until the money came. When it was placed in his hands, he at once made it up into rolls, which he passed to his sons and his wife, retaining only twenty-five dollars. He cared nothing for money himself, but he was eager to put it into their hands. It was the final seal upon his restoration to honor and trust. His constant reference to the 31st of March showed how deeply, after all, he appreciated the return of the nation's confidence and pride in him. His indifference had been concealment.

"He is the most suppressive man I ever knew," said one of his physicians at the time. "He is not devoid of emotional nature, but his emotions from early life have been diverted from their natural channels of expression, and have expended themselves at the vital centers. What has been called imperturbability in him is simply introversion of his feelings."

Toward the end of the day, as he grew easier, the General said reassuringly: "Yes, I am much better. I think I shall pull through after all."

To his son Ulysses he said: "I am ready to go. No Grant ever feared to die. I am not afraid to die, but your mother is not ready to let me go away. My only wish is to leave her so that she will not want."

But that night the physicians did not leave the house. They feared the worst. Some time in the early morning, Dr. Shrady, who was sleeping in a near-by room, was roused by Dr. Douglas, who called him in great excitement, saying, "Get up; the General is dying."

As the two physicians reëntered the room, the members of the family were all gathered about the General's chair. Mrs. Grant was kneeling by his side, imploring him to speak. His head was fallen upon his breast, and he was drawing his breath with great difficulty. There was no time to be lost.

"What shall we do?" asked Dr. Douglas, who was overcome with emotion.

"Hold on; let us try some stimulants; the General is not dead yet," replied Dr. Shrady; and with Dr. Douglas's consent, he began to inject brandy into the veins of the General's wrist. In a short time after the first touch of the syringe, the pulse perceptibly improved. The stimulant was having its effect. To the weeping family, Dr. Shrady said: "Don't despair; the pulse is improving. The General must not die. We will take the last chance."

Meanwhile, the Rev. Dr. Newman appeared with a baptismal bowl filled with water, from which he solemnly and with due form baptized the unconscious and apparently dying man.

In a few minutes the General was able to speak. He wanted to know what had happened. "I am surprised," he said gently to his wife, as he comprehended the meaning of the baptismal water. He then murmured something about Hamilton Fish and his book. A little later he was able to say, "I want to live and finish my book." That seemed to be the most important thing.

A MARKED CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

A marvellous change for the better now took place in the patient's condition. The sloughing of the diseased tissue left him easier, and the gnawing of the disease seemed to stop. He swallowed with less pain than for many weeks. He relished his food, and his gain was perceptible from hour to hour. Two days after the night when he seemed to be dying, he was walking about the room, and smiling and bowing at the window to the great crowds in the street. On Easter Sunday, when a great crowd was before the house, Dr. Shrady, upon whom the writing of the daily bulletins had fallen, said: "General, there are hundreds of people in the street waiting to hear how you are this morning."

"They are very good. I am very grateful to them," Grant replied.

"What shall I say to them?"

"Say I am very comfortable."

"Why not tell me, General, what you would like to have said, and I will embody it in a special bulletin as coming from you?"

Then in faltering speech the General said: "I am very much touched—and grateful—

for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends—" he hesitated—" and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

His inherent delicacy would not let him speak of any one as his enemy at this time. He was magnanimous beyond most men; but there were those whom he could not forgive, and to whom he never alluded.

He was still gaining miraculously on the 9th of April, the twentieth anniversary of Appomattox. The date was referred to by General Badeau, but Grant only answered with a sad smile. He had no desire to celebrate it in any way. He was still troubled about the future of his family, and as he grew stronger, the desire to finish his book came back. With that done, he would consider his work on earth finished.

Now that this sudden turn to strength took place, the papers took on an injured tone. Their sympathy had been wasted. The General was reported to be taking his meals with his family, and actually eating solid food once more. Every one was glad to have the illustrious patient recover, of course, but no one liked to be misled by a corps of doctors. Therefore, the attending physicians were denounced as men of little knowledge and of no discernment. The funny men fell upon them with a rush. Imaginary bulletins were printed, giving humorous details of the condition of the doctors, signed, " U. S. Grant." Comic head-lines abounded. " Grant Thinks the Doctors Will Pull Through." " The Doctors Still Gain Slowly." " A Bad Day for the Doctors. General Grant Watching Them Closely." Their pulse was reported as " rising almost as high as their bills." They were called " the silent men," in derision of their sudden abandonment of bulletins. Great pressure was brought to bear to get outsiders admitted to a trial of their hands upon the patient.

The General remained loyal to his physicians. He believed in them, and no pressure could move him. He said to Dr. Shrady: " Never mind what people say. You are right. Don't be afraid. I am the one to be pleased, and I am satisfied. Hold the fort."

Spring opened warm and wet, and the patient was oppressed by it. His gain was fitful. There were days when he worked, and days when he did little but sit and dream, always in that strangely suggestive attitude, propped in a reclining chair, his limbs wrapped in a gray robe, his hands folded on his breast, his eyes looking straight ahead, searching dim seas of speculation. Sometimes he drove out for a short time, tottering to his carriage. Surrounded by the street scenes and the brisk, agile, and curious pedestrians, he seemed but the wraith of his stern, self-reliant manhood. When he felt particularly well, he dictated to a stenographer, walking painfully up and down the room, till his voice failed him; after that he whispered his words into the stenographer's ear. At last he was forced to write it all with his own hand. The malignant ulcer, like a living thing, had reached out and laid hold upon the vocal cords, and silenced the voice of The Great Commander forever. But he toiled with a desperate resolution painful to witness.

About the middle of May, interested persons spread the report that the General was not writing his book himself. This was contradicted by those who saw him working day by day, and the General himself despatched a letter to his publishers wherein he stated conclusively that the book was his own and that no one else had any claim upon it.

He took pleasure in his work, for it helped him forget his pain and weariness. " It is my life," he said to a friend. " Every day, every hour, is a week of agony. I am easier when employed."

REMOVAL TO MOUNT McGREGOR.

As May grew old, the weather became more and more oppressive, and Grant began again to fail. Then the question of removing him to the mountains came up, and it was decided to take him out of the city at once. The press of the nation grew serious again. It was perceived that the physicians knew their business after all. A friend (Mr. Joseph W. Drexel) put his cottage on Mount McGregor at the General's service, and it was decided to accept of the offer, and June 16th was fixed upon as the day of removal. Thereafter Grant was eager to get away. He longed with ever-increasing wistfulness for the trees and the sky and the wholesome influence of nature's springtime life.

He did not deceive himself. He knew he was going away to die, but he was eager to escape the town and the close confinement of his room. When he came out to enter his carriage that beautiful June day, he was like a man walking toward his open grave. His tottering step, his emaciated limbs, and his pale and weary face were indices of the power of the dread disease. There was no more joking on the part of the public. The crowd stood in silent awe to see him pass.

As he entered the train, some of the officials saluted him, and he disengaged his hand from his son's arm to return the salute. Some ladies bowed to him, and he returned their salutations with instant courtesy; and so he entered the car and was whirled away up the pleasant shores of the Hudson River. Naturally he thought of West Point, which had seemed so beautiful to him when he first saw it, a country youth of seventeen, and it seemed more beautiful still, now that as a dying man of three score years and three he was looking upon it for the last time. As he passed it, he turned to his wife and smiled a sad smile, and tried to speak, but could not—his voice was utterly gone.

The day after Grant's arrival at Mount McGregor was made memorable by a significant message. After returning from a walk which he seemed to enjoy, Grant grew restless and unaccountable in action. He moved to and fro in the cottage as if seeking something, and at last, by signs, he made known his wish for pencil and paper. Being furnished therewith, he sat writing busily for some time, and then handed two letters to Colonel Grant. One was addressed to Dr. Douglas; the other one bore the superscription: "Memoranda for my family."

There was something ominous in his action, and the son tore open the letter in great anxiety. It was a message of death. "I feel that I am failing," he had written; and then passed on to certain things which he wished taken care of after his death.

The family were thrown into an agony of grief, but the General sat quietly in his chair, as if resignedly waiting the end. Fear was not in his face; only weariness and lofty patience. His work was done. He had given up the fight. His invincible will to live was withdrawn; henceforward the physicians must fight alone.

The days that followed were simply days of pain and brave endurance, as his life forces slowly ebbed away. Occasionally he hobbled out into the sunshine on the piazza, but for the most part he kept to his chair and mused in statue-like immobility on incommunicable themes.

People from the surrounding country came in procession past the cottage, eager to catch a glimpse of the most renowned man of his time. The railway brought other swarms of curious or sympathetic tourists, and they stole near and gazed silently upon the dying man, and then moved on. He was not annoyed as another might have been by these passing shadows. Once he wrote of them: "To pass my time pleasantly, I should like to talk with them if I could." If they bowed to him he returned their salutes; and once, when a woman passing removed her bonnet, he struggled to his feet and removed his hat in acknowledgment. His favorite seat was a willow chair which stood at the northeast corner of the veranda, and there he sat during the middle hours of each day to enjoy the sun and air; as it grew chill, he returned to his fireside. He listened as courteously to the spokesman of a troop of school children, or to a little girl presenting a bouquet, as to a delegation of leading citizens or foreign journalists.

PASSAGES FROM GRANT'S LAST CONVERSATIONS.

Toward the latter part of June, Dr. Shrady was summoned to see him. He seemed to find a pleasure in his young physician, who was a keen, alert man, military in his decision and promptness: a man of humor, also, and a certain buoyancy of spirits. With him Grant had a great deal of conversation, laborious on the latter's part, for he was obliged to write every word.

"I am having a pretty tough time, doctor," he wrote in answer to a question, "though I do not suffer so much acute pain. . . . My trouble is in getting my breath. . . . I sleep pretty well, though rarely more than an hour at a time. . . . I am growing lighter every day, although I have increased the amount of food."

Alluding to his work, he said, "I have no connected account now to write. Occasionally I see something that suggests a few remarks. . . . At times it taxes my brain to work, now it would not. If I had a chapter to write in my book, it would give me pleasure to write it. I am thankful, however, that the work is done and I am not to add to it."

Though he was pain-weary and foreboding death, he joked a little. Once he alluded to the doctor's close-cut hair, and said it was done in order that, if the doctor was stopped at Sing Sing, on his way to Mount McGregor, he would be properly clipped. During an examination of his throat, he wrote in explanation of an attempt to whisper another jocose remark: "I said if you want anything larger in the way of a spatula—is that what you call it?—I saw a man behind the house filling a ditch with a hoe. It was larger, and I think it can be borrowed." Referring to some report in a newspaper, he wrote: "The —— has been killing me off for a year and a half. If it does not change, it will get right in time."

But these moods were few; Grant knew too well his own condition. He said also: "I have had nearly two hours, with scarcely animation enough to draw my breath. . . . I have little hope for sleep to-day. . . . I do not feel satisfied with any position. I have thirteen fearful hours before me before I can expect relief." And again: "It is postponing the event. A great number of my friends who were alive when the papers began announcing that I was dying are now in their graves. They were neither old nor infirm people either. I am ready to go at any time. I know there is nothing but suffering for me while I do live."

Dr. Shrady took leave of him after promising to be with him in the final hour, which both men knew would come soon. The General computed the time it would take for the doctor to reach his bedside, and mapped out the route and studied the various means it would be necessary to employ. He planned it as he had been used to plan his campaigns.

In a letter to Dr. Douglas he reverted again to the "providential extension" of his time, and said: "I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly combat. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me in person from all parts of the country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederate and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, and religious societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure."

HIS LIFE ROUNDING TO A NOBLE CLOSE.

As his life rounded to a close, it took on epic scope and dignity. Had he died at the end of the war, he would have been a mighty hero, but the *man* would have been unknown. Had he died after his second administration, he would have left a name at the mercy of politicians. But to die now, after his work was done, his fame secure, was in reality glorious. He forgave the world, but there were men, old friends and subordinate officers, whom he could not invite to his side. They had broken faith with him; duplicity was to him a most hateful thing; and, being human after all, he turned his face from them. He wished them no harm, but he could not forget their perfidious deeds.

He continued to work a little on his book, for it was conceded that it could do him no harm and might relieve his suffering. The Fourth of July was a great anniversary for him. On that day he had won Vicksburg. He did not need to be reminded of it, but he did not refer to it himself; it was far from his wish to revive memories unpleasant to the people of the South. He was not of a nature to exult over the defeat of others.

A few days later there came to Mount McGregor a company of Mexican journalists, and, though suffering with special acuteness that day, the General welcomed them gladly. He received them in unwilling silence (for he could not even whisper), standing with bowed head while they said in formal terms: "We could not pass so near a great friend of Mexico without coming to pay our respects to him." They then passed before him, and were introduced. It was evident that his interest was very cordial. His face lighted up, and when they had all shaken his hand, he sat at a table and wrote this reply:

> "My great interest in Mexico is dated back to the war between the United States and that country. My interest was increased when four European monarchies attempted to set up their institutions on this continent, selecting Mexico, a territory adjoining us. It was an outrage on human rights for a foreign nation to attempt to transfer her institutions and her rulers to the territory of a civilized people without their consent. They were properly punished for their crime. I hope Mexico may soon begin an upward and prosperous departure. She has the people, she has the soil, she has the climate, and she has the minerals. The conquest of Mexico will not be an easy task in the future."

In answer to a Catholic priest who called to see him, he expressed his tolerance of all creeds. When told that all denominations and sects were praying for him, he wrote: "Yes, I know, and I feel grateful. All I can do is to pray that the prayers of all these people may be answered so far as to have us all meet in another and better world." To another he wrote: "I am glad that, while there is unblushing wickedness in the world, there is compensating grandeur of soul. In my case, I have not found republics ungrateful, nor are the people."

VISITED BY GENERAL BUCKNER.

About this time General Simon Buckner paid a visit to his old classmate and conqueror. "It is a purely personal visit," he said to General Grant. "I wanted you to know that many Confederate officers sympathize with you in your sickness and trouble."

"I appreciate your calling highly," the Northern chieftain wrote in reply. "I have witnessed since my illness just what I have wished to see since the war, harmony—harmony and good will between the sections. . . . We now look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a national strength which will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know, as I did not before, the value of our institutions."

As General Buckner passed out of the house the reporters fell upon him, eager to know what was said. "I cannot tell you," he said. "The visit was purely personal; and, besides," he added, with eyes dim with tears, "it was too sacred. Without General Grant's consent, I cannot speak."

After reaching New York, General Buckner received a despatch from General Grant permitting the interview to be made public. When it appeared that the interview might add to the harmony and good will between the North and the South, Grant was eager to have it sent far and wide. Throughout all his later life he had had two predominating desires: one, to put down the rebellion; and, when that was done, then his whole heart went out toward the task of reconstructing the nation. And so now, though having gone away into a mountain to die, he still desired that every word of his should make for a united and peaceful nation.

His wish was gratified. The words he wrote went to North and South as messengers of peace. Again he said, "Let us have peace." And, standing there on the high ground between earth and the things beyond the earth, his words had all the force of a command and a benediction.

In ever increasing calm and ever decreasing sensibility to pain, he drifted toward the shadowed world. His introspection increased, and the certainty of his speedy death grew very strong in his own mind. "I have admonitions that the doctors know not of," he wrote slowly upon his tablet; "I think it doubtful that I shall last much longer than the end of the month." Despair had no place in the growing serenity of his manner. There was a lofty courage which laid hold upon great conceptions of human destiny. He subscribed to no creed, but he had an unspeakable faith in the integrity of the universe. He had no map of the unseen land toward which he was marching, but he believed it to be a better land than this, and that light and the guidance of reason would be present there as in the world he was leaving. He did not know, but he had no fear.

His consideration and his instant courtesy never left him. His gratitude for little kindnesses was inexpressibly touching. His physicians could look upon it only with tears.

On the 22d of July he expressed a wish to be in a bed. His bones were intolerably weary of the chair in which he had spent night and day during months of ceaseless suffering. The physicians looked at each other significantly. He was transferred to his bed, and as he stretched out his tired limbs and lay full length at last, he drew a sigh of relief and smiled. He felt the delicious restfulness of the bed as he used to do when a boy after a hard day's work. That he knew it to be his deathbed is certain; but it was none the less grateful because of that—it was the more grateful by reason of that.

"Does it seem good to be in bed?"

"So good. So good," he whispered in reply.

A deep, untroubled sleep fell upon him almost at once, but the physicians read the advance of death in the labored breathing and fluttering pulse. Slowly the blood ceased to warm the body. The lower limbs grew cold as marble, and the breathing grew ever quicker and lighter. The lower cells of the lungs were closing. Life was retreating to the brain.

The family at last were all there. The loyal wife sat often by his side, where she could touch his face and press his hand. His eldest son, erect, calm, and soldierly, scarcely relaxed his painful vigil. It was a long and terrible watch, and when midnight came, it was evident that death was present in the room at last. The great soldier lay in a doze which was the lethargy of dissolution, but still responded to the agonized words of love from his wife and daughter by opening his eyes in a peculiarly clear, wide, penetrating glance. This was only momentary. Each time it was more difficult to penetrate beneath the freezing flesh to the living soul. At two o'clock of the morning, Colonel Grant laid his hand on the dying man's forehead and said: "Father, would you like a drink of water?"

In reply, Grant whispered, "Yes."

At three o'clock Colonel Grant again approached the bedside: "Father, is there anything you want?"

"Water," whispered the dying man, and this was his last word.

He could not swallow; but when his wife placed a sponge in his mouth, he closed his lips upon it and seemed relieved by the trickling moisture.

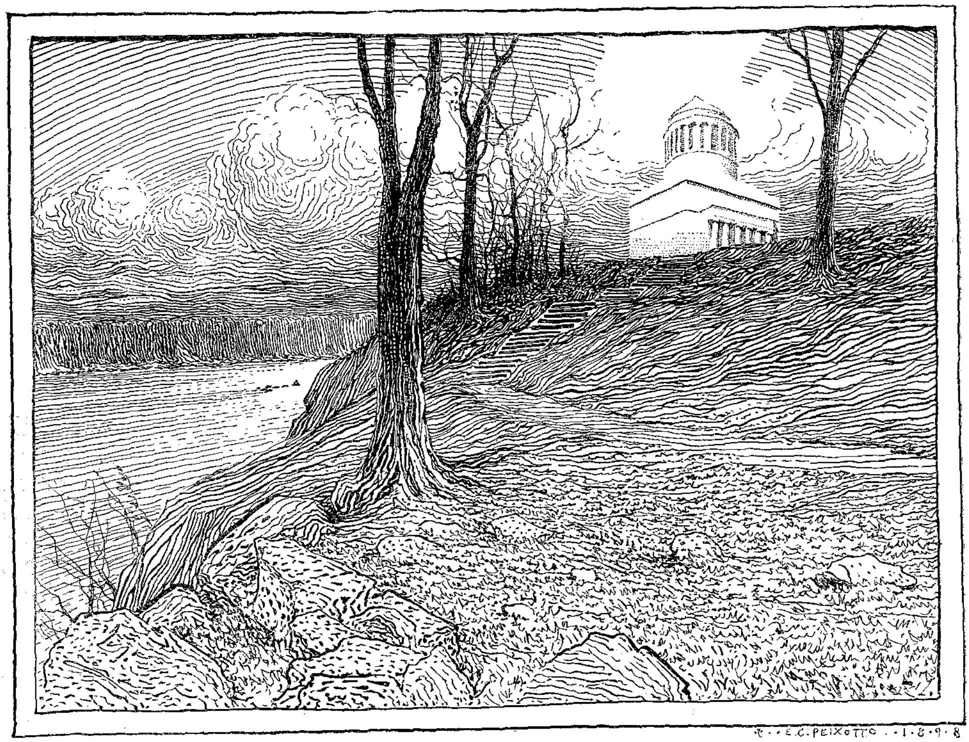
All danger of a violent death was over. He was passing peacefully away, his face calm and unlined by pain. His body, wasted and grave-weary, composed itself for final rest. The coldness crept slowly but inexorably toward the faintly-beating heart. The birds sang outside, and the sun rose, warming the earth, but no waking and no warmth came to The Great Commander lying so small and weak beneath his coverlet.

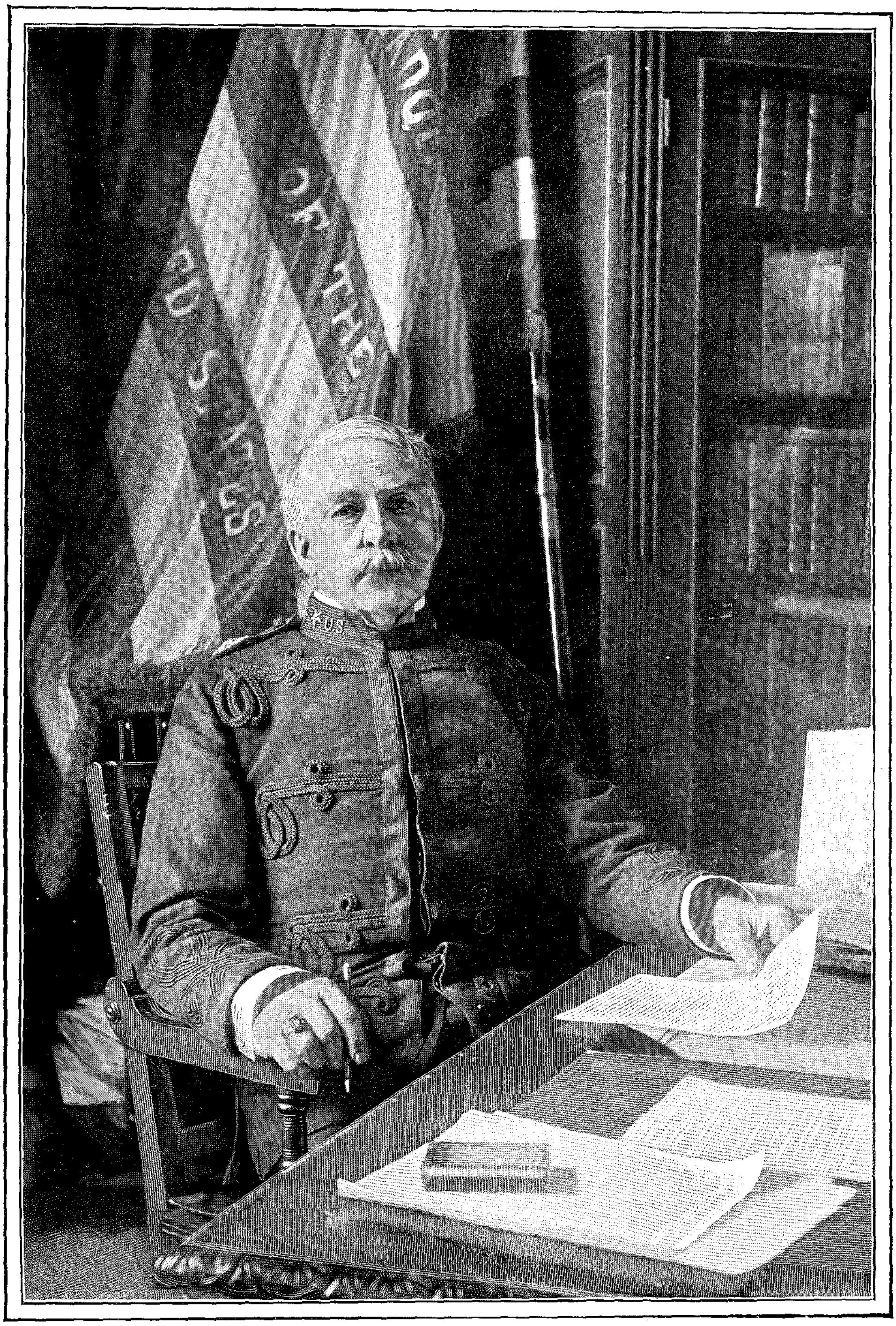
At seven minutes past eight, in the full flush of a glorious morning, he drew a deeper breath, and then uttered a long, gentle sigh, like one suddenly relieved of a painful burden. In the hush which followed, the watchers waited for the next breath. It did not come. The doctor stole softly to the bedside, and listened; then rose and said in a low voice: "It is all over."

Ulysses Grant was dead.

The pomp and pageantry of the funeral which followed surpassed anything ever seen in America. The wail of bugle, the boom of cannon, the rataplan of drum, the tramp of columned men were all of martial suggestiveness — ceremony for which Grant cared little; but if his spirit was able to look back toward its outworn vesture, it must have been glad to see Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marching side by side with their old classmates, Philip Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. Over the body of Grant, the great warrior of peace, the North and the South clasped hands in a union never again to be broken. It is well that on the majestic marble mausoleum erected to cover his dust, on a wall looking to the South, these words should be carved: LET US HAVE PEACE; for they express, more completely than any other symbols could do, the inner gentleness and patriotism of the man.

GRANT'S TOMB AT RIVERSIDE, NEW YORK CITY.





See page 129.

GENERAL MILES IN HIS OFFICE AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine April 16, 1898.